

JULY

No.12

10¢

# SMASH

## COMICS



ESPIONAGE



INVISIBLE HOOD



ABDUL THE ARAB



WINGS WENDALL



IN THIS ISSUE  
**Bozo the Robot**  
WITH HUGH HAZZARD  
CHIC CARTER, ARCHIE O'TOOLE, CLIP  
CHANCE, ABDUL THE ARAB, AND MANY  
OTHERS  
64 Pages of Thrilling Adventures





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

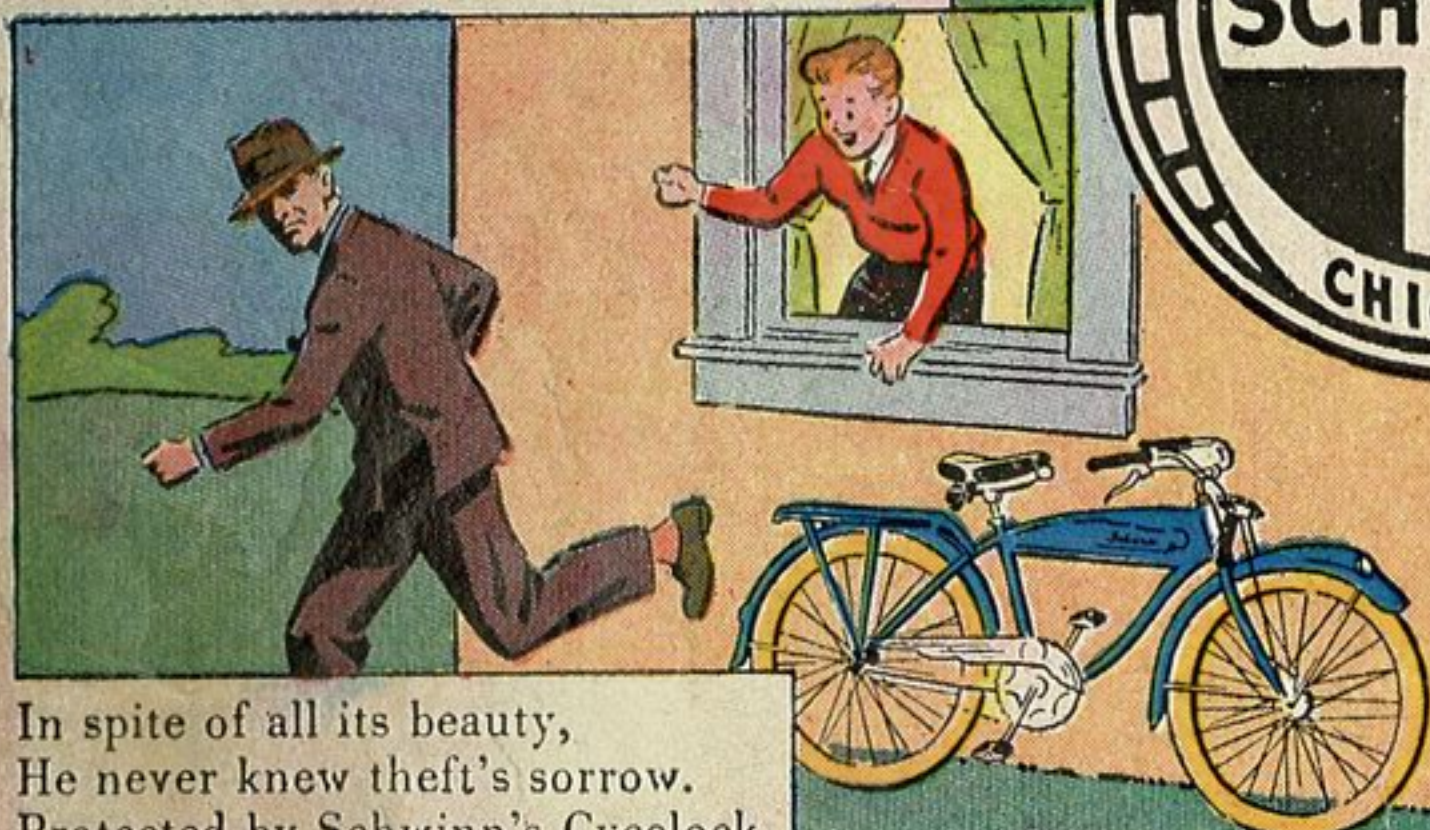


# FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!

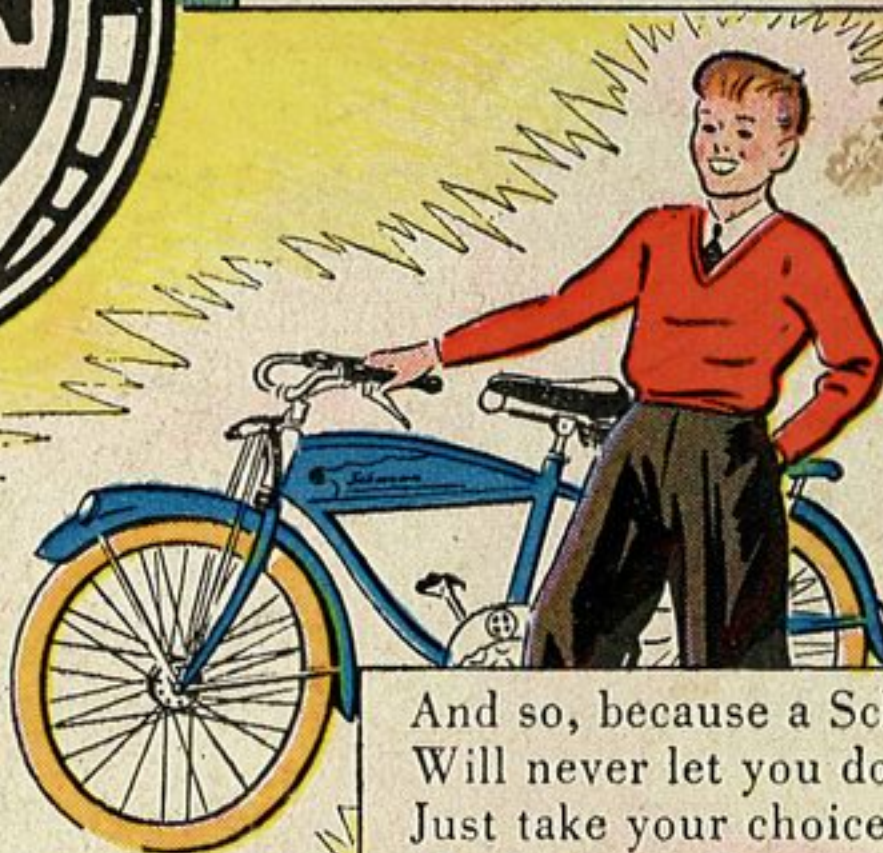


There was a boy in our town  
And he was wondrous wise,  
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike  
And showed the other guys!

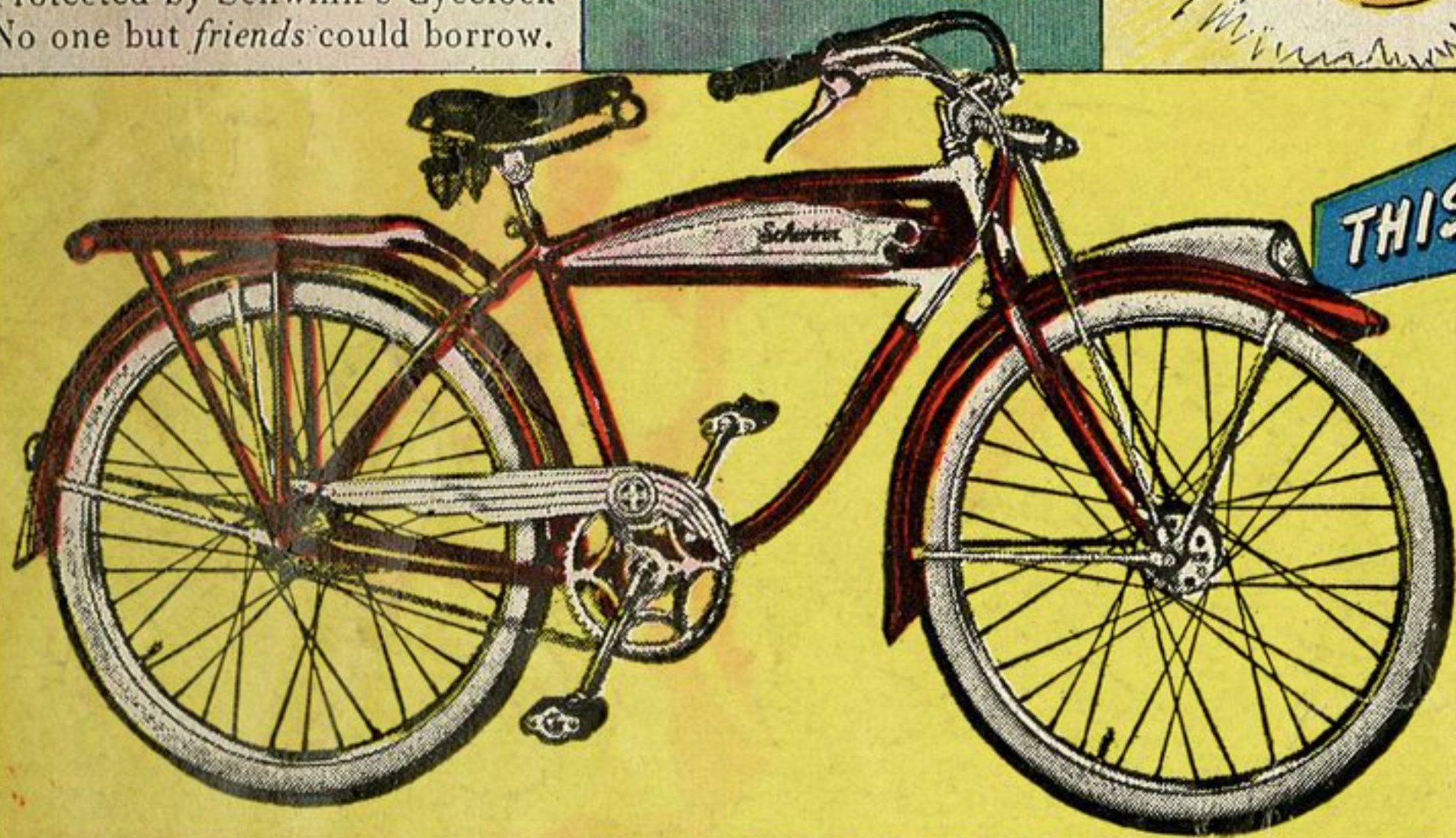
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake  
And Rear Expander, too,  
It was the very safest bike  
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,  
He never knew theft's sorrow.  
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclock  
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike  
Will never let you down,  
Just take your choice and you will be  
The leader in your town.



**THIS IS IT!**

Boy! What a bike! Just think  
what the gang will say when you  
spring *this* one on them!

And here's how! Get the  
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'  
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-  
tures galore, in natural color! 24  
pages of reasons why you *should*  
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail  
coupon for *free* copy of this valu-  
able booklet TODAY!

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# ESPIONAGE



## STARRING BLACK X and the Hunchback of Notre Dame

BY  
ERWIN

BEHIND THE BLARE OF NEWSPAPERS, BENEATH THE CENSORED DISPATCHES OF WAR, A FAR GRIMMER STRUGGLE WAGES IN THE SILENT BATTLEFIELD OF THE ESPIONAGE... SPIES, COUNTER-SPIES, STEALTH... A SHADOWY FIGURE, A SHOT IN THE DARK, ITS THE GRIM GAME PLAYED TO OBTAIN A TINY SCRAP OF INFORMATION, AND ABOVE ALL THIS LOOMS THIS MONSTROUS FIGURE OF THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME...

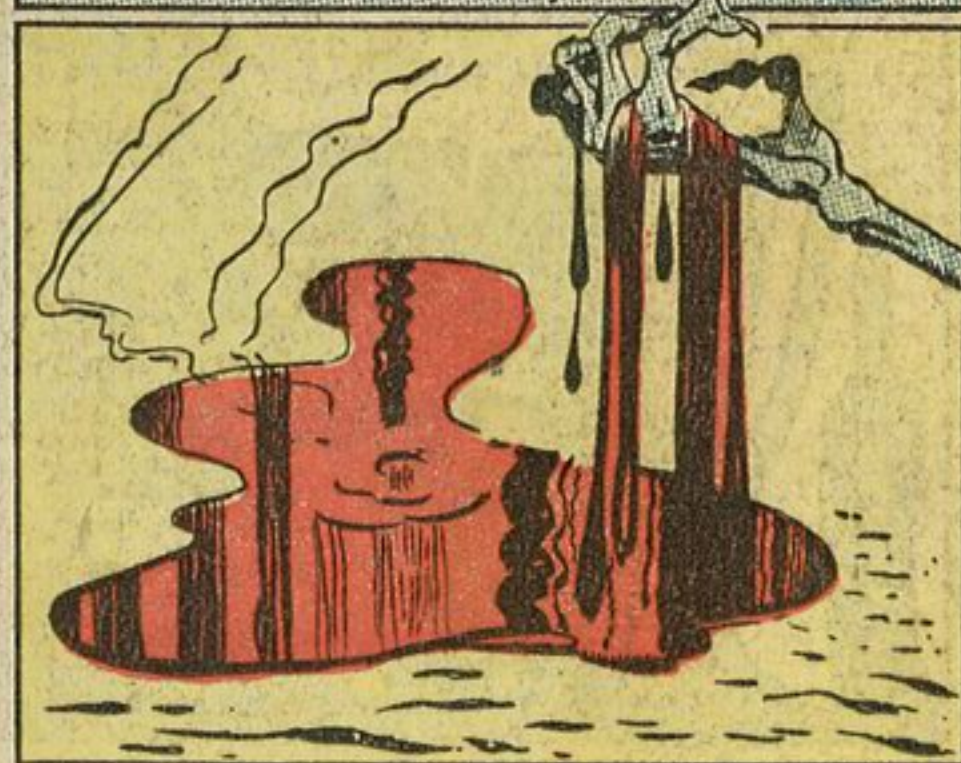


ALMOST SIX MONTHS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR HAD GONE BY... SIX MONTHS OF TENSE WAITING FOR THE REAL CONFLICT THAT WOULD DESTROY EUROPE...



ACROSS FRESH TRENCHES GRIM SOLDIERS AWAIT A SIGNAL...

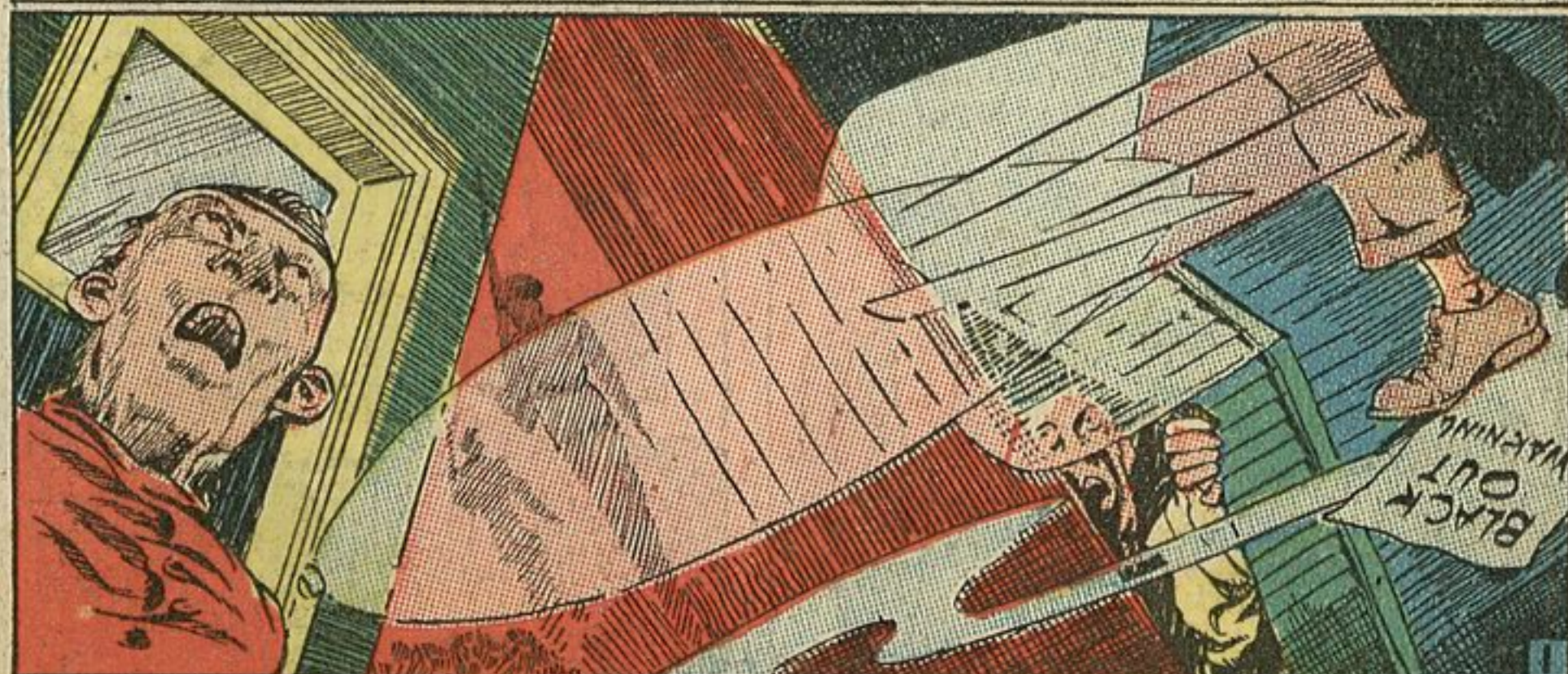
WINTER SLOWS OPERATIONS... THE MILITARY MACHINES HALT... WAIT FOR THE SPRING... BUT WAR IS NOT SUCH A GAME, IT SPREADS...



IN THE DARK CORRIDORS OF EMBASSIES, SMOOTH, SHREWD DIPLOMATS PLAY A DEADLY GAME IN HUSHED TONES...

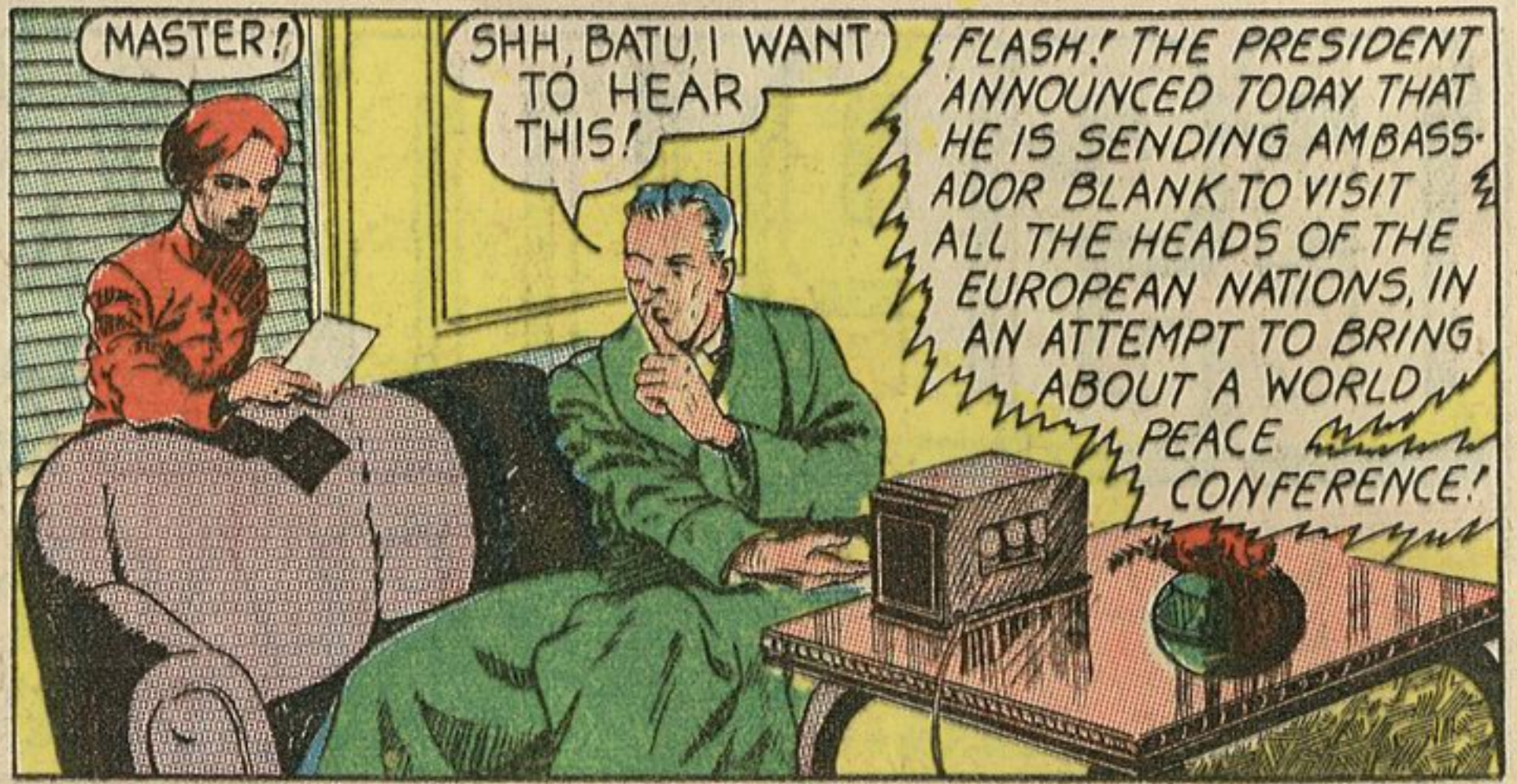


WHILE BACK HOME THEIR PEOPLE STARVE AND SCAN THE BLEAK SKIES FOR THE DESTRUCTION THEY KNOW WILL COME...

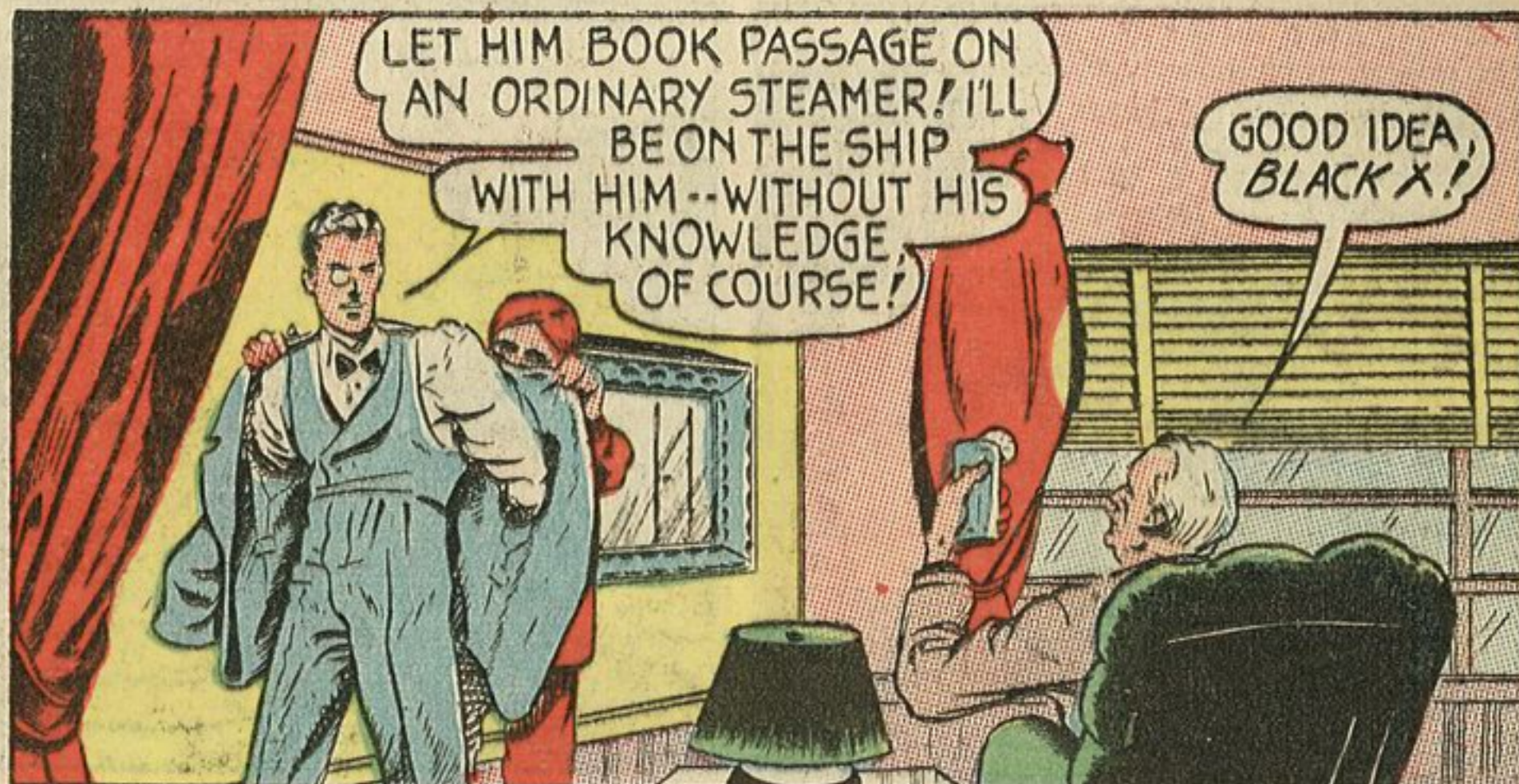
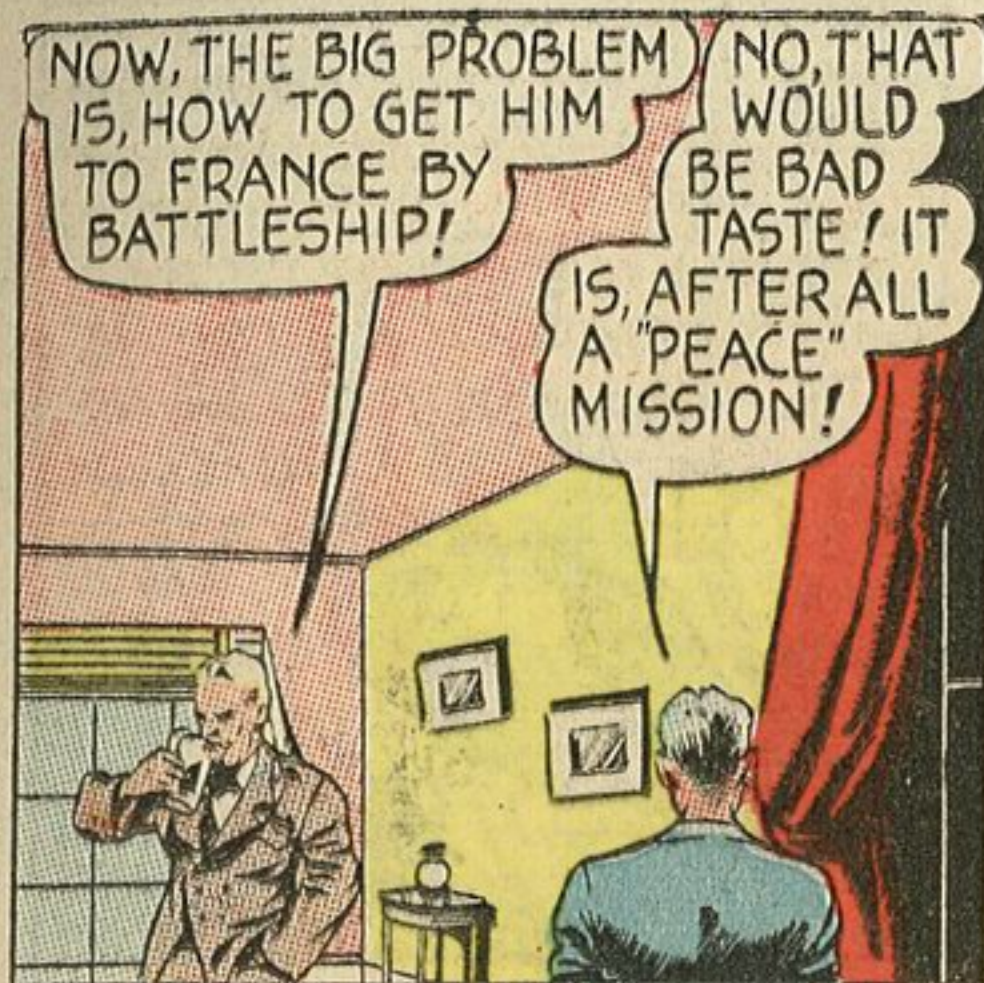




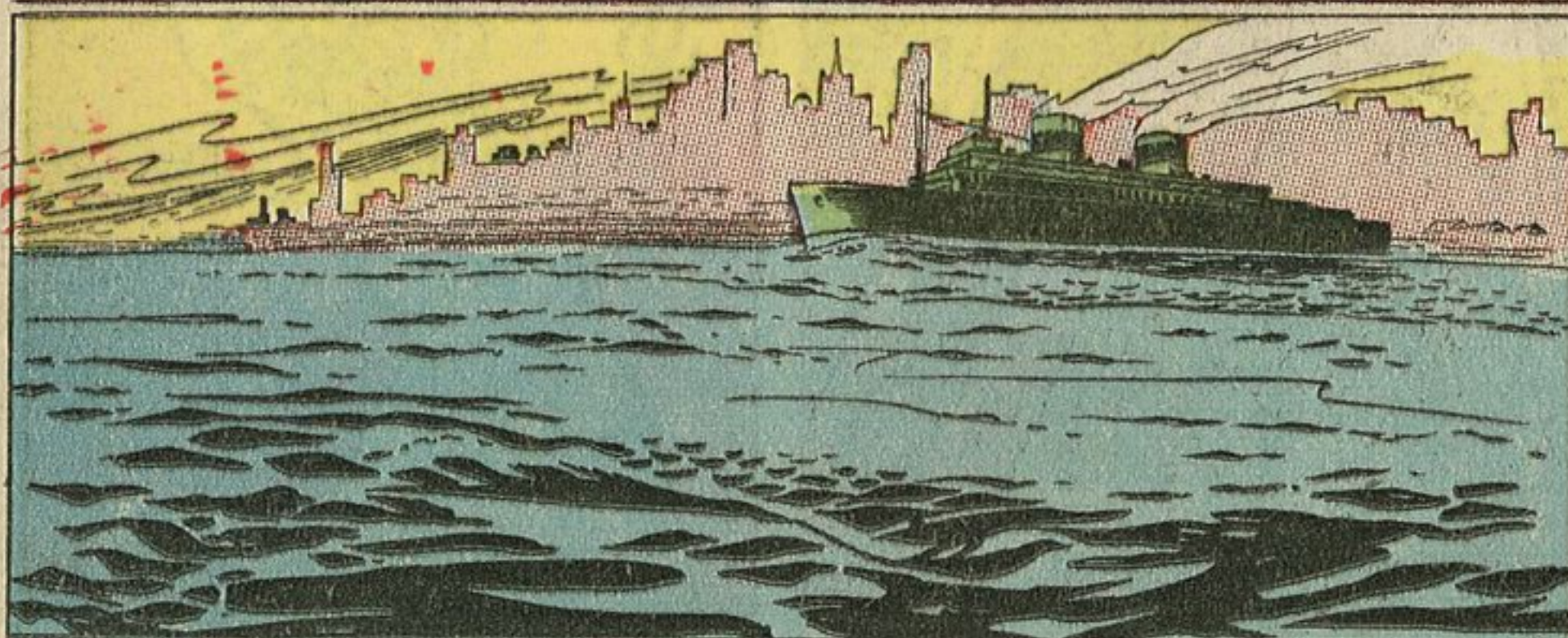
MEANWHILE, IN AMERICA THE DETERMINATION FOR PEACE GROWS IN BLACK X'S APARTMENT, THE FAMOUS SECRET AGENT LOUNGES BEFORE A RADIO.







TWO DAYS LATER, THE SUPER LINER, "GULL," PUSHES HER SLEEK PROW OUT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC, TOWARD THE MINED WATERS OF EUROPE.



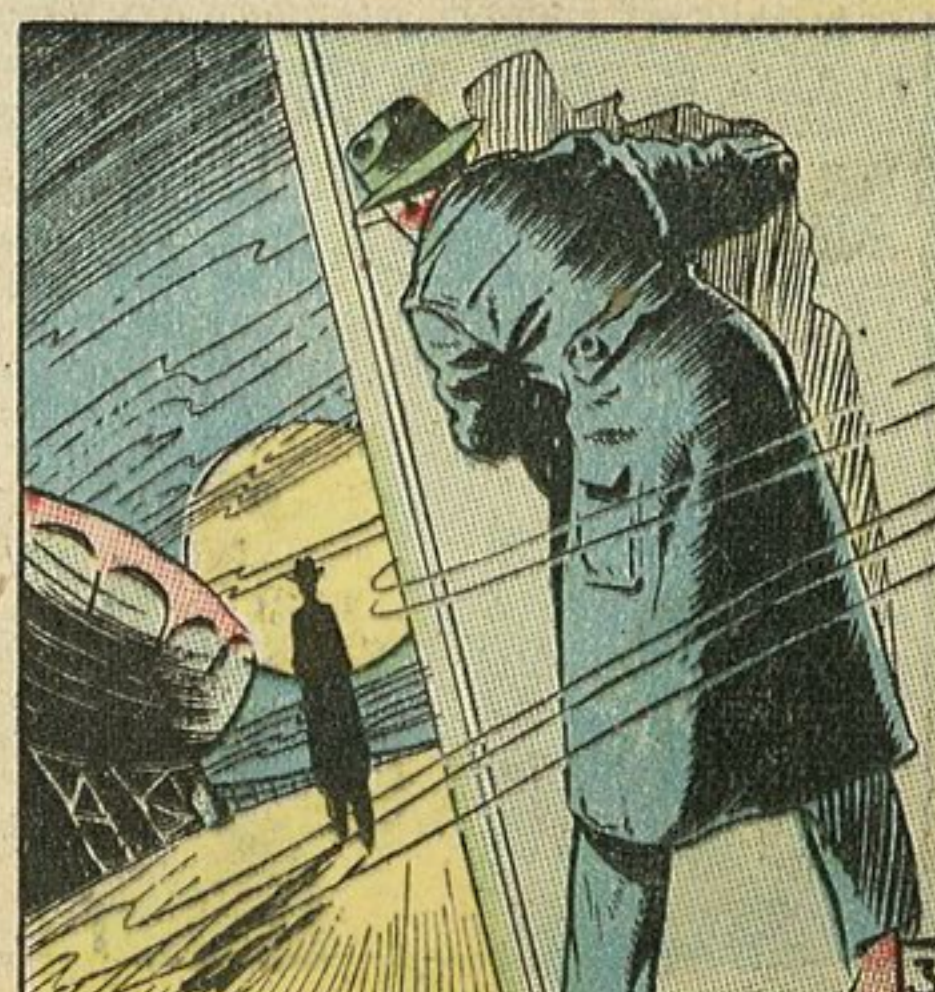
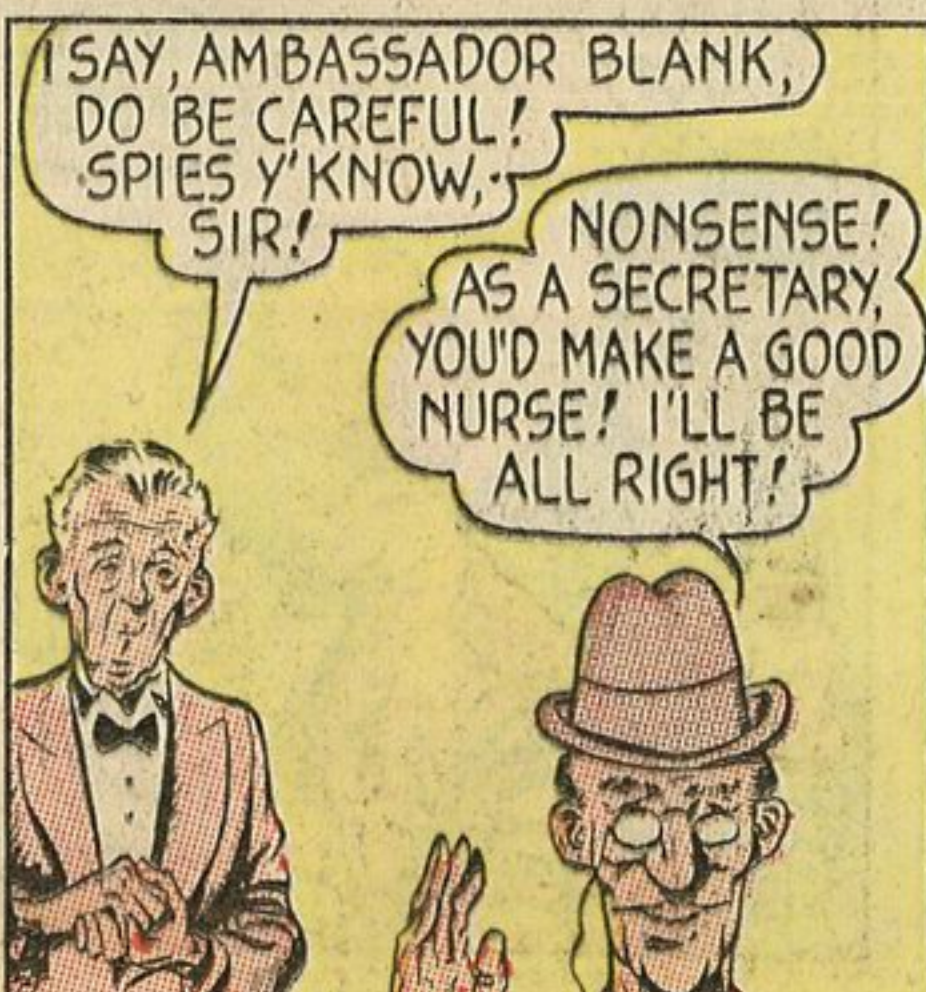
IN CABIN 23, ON "B" DECK, IS THE VENERABLE AMBASSADOR BLANK.



IN CABIN 24, BLACK X KEEPS A VIGIL...

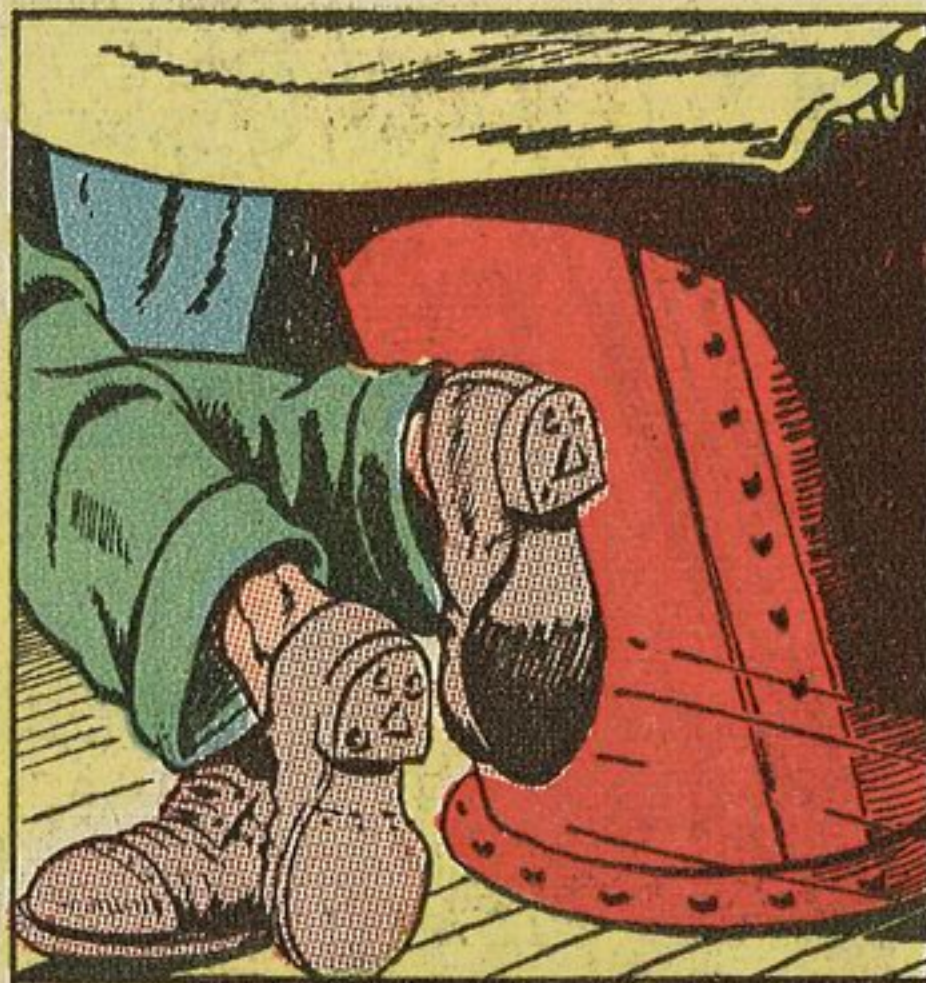
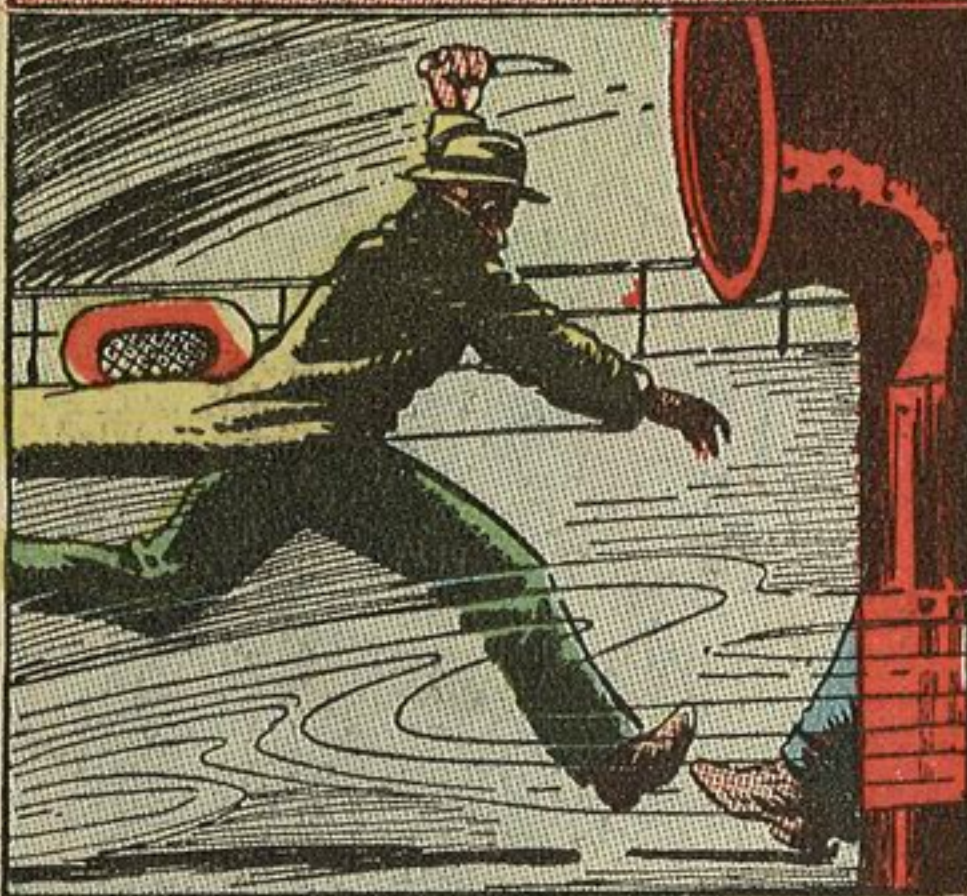


TWO DAYS OF UNEVENTFUL TRAVEL, THEN, ONE FOGGY NIGHT...





AS BLANK NEARS THE RAIL...



THE MAN STUMBLES, AND A LITHE FIGURE LEAPS UPON HIM.



SHUT UP! HERE, I'LL TAKE THIS!

UGRMPF GRRR!

JUST THEN, ANOTHER FIGURE LEAPS ACROSS THE DECK AT THE STILL UNSUSPECTING AMBASSADOR.



BUT.....



OVER YOU GO, FRIEND!



MEANWHILE.



SPLASH

A MOMENT LATER, AMBASSADOR BLANK STROLLS BY.



AH, GOOD EVENING, SIR! DID YOU HEAR A SPLASH?

SPLASH? WHY-ER-NO!



DID YOU, BATU?

NO, MASTER!



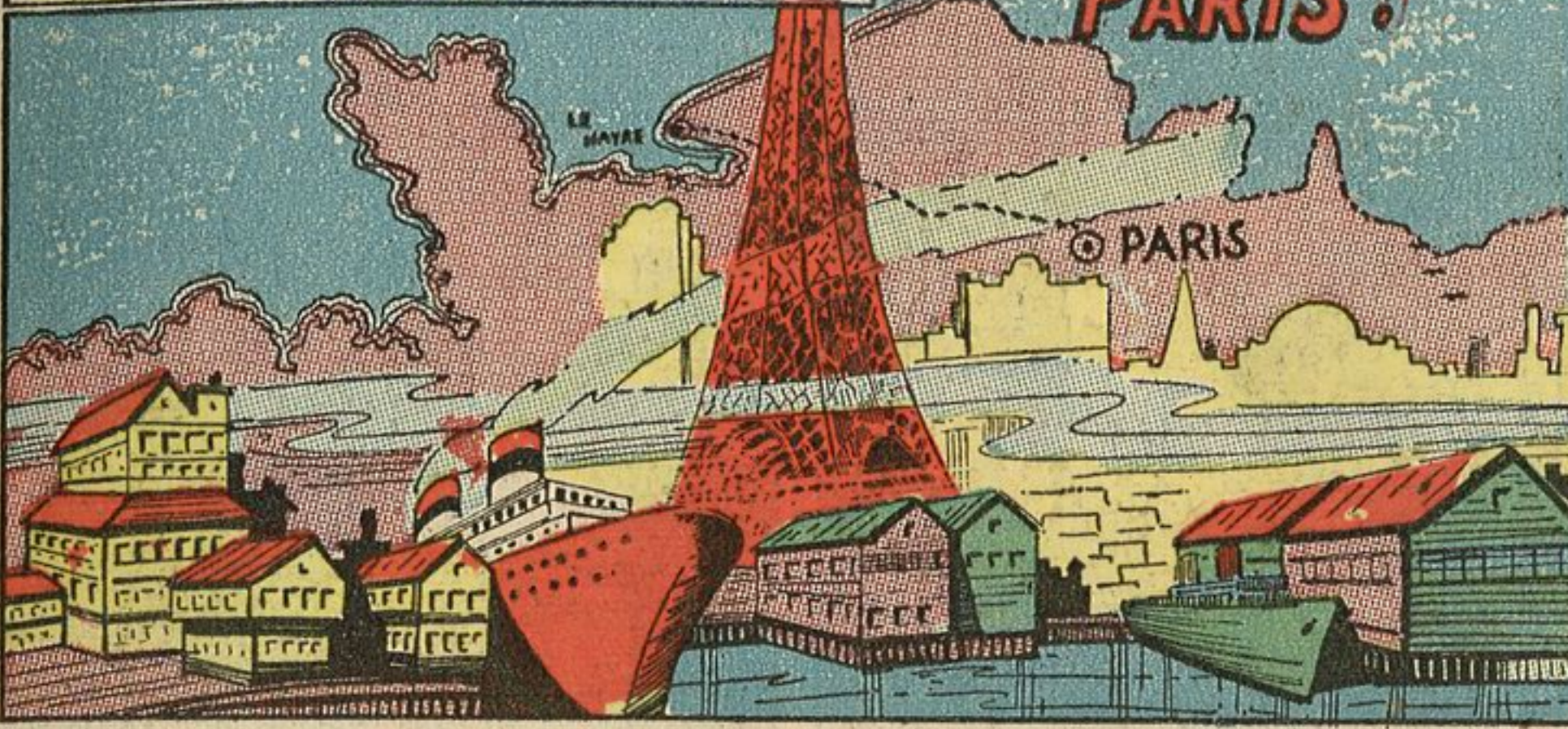
BACK ALREADY, SIR? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?

OF COURSE! HAWKENS, YOU'RE TOO NERVOUS. WHY, THIS IS THE MOST PEACEFUL EVENING I'VE EVER SPENT!



SO, AFTER A "PEACEFUL" VOYAGE . . .

PARIS!



AT A SMART CAFE, BLACKX WAITS FOR HIS TRUSTED FRIEND, BATU.

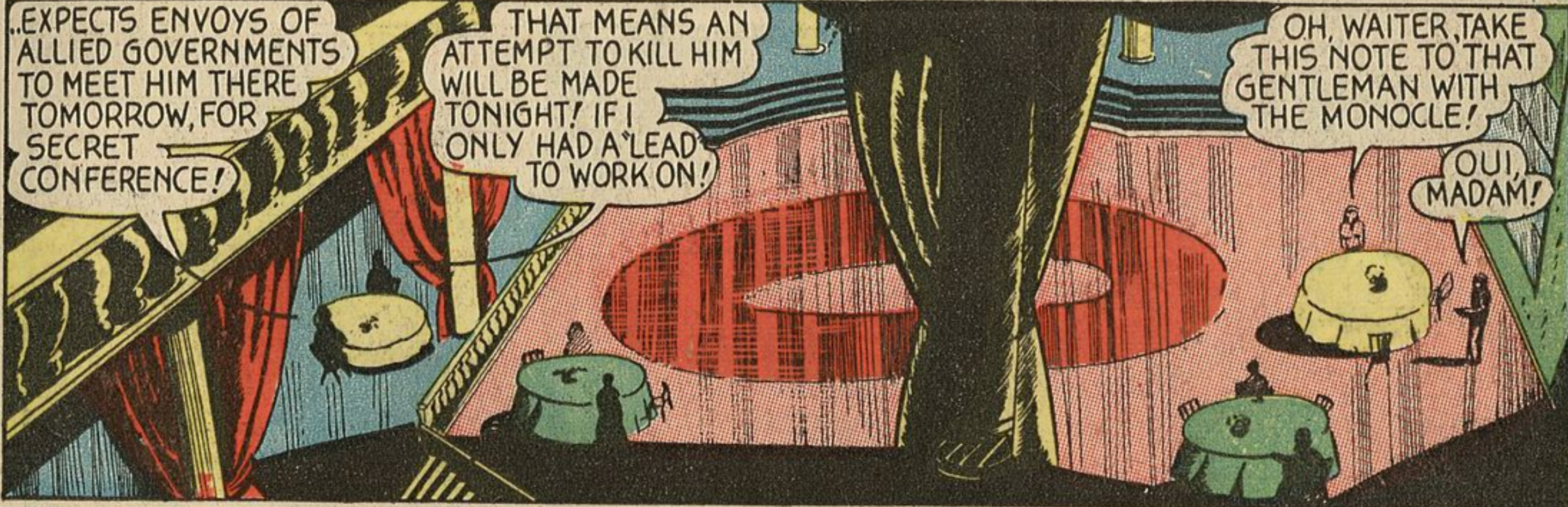


EXPECTS ENVOYS OF ALLIED GOVERNMENTS TO MEET HIM THERE TOMORROW, FOR SECRET CONFERENCE!

THAT MEANS AN ATTEMPT TO KILL HIM WILL BE MADE TONIGHT! IF I ONLY HAD A LEAD TO WORK ON!

OH, WAITER, TAKE THIS NOTE TO THAT GENTLEMAN WITH THE MONOCLE!

OUI, MADAM!



MADAM DOOM! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN... AND I, LIKE A SENTIMENTAL FOOL, BURNED HER PICTURE!

Won't you come over to my table and visit?  
Madam Doom

MADAM DOOM, PLEASANT MEETING YOU AGAIN!

HMM, BLACKX, YOU'RE HANDSOMER THAN EVER! WON'T YOU SIT DOWN?

STILL PLAYING THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME, MADAM?

YES, TODAY I WORK FOR THIS NATION, AND TOMORROW FOR THAT! WAITER! TWO MARTINIS!

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO PARIS? . AMBASSADOR BLANK?

TUT TUT-YOU'RE NOT BEING VERY CLEVER. DO YOU THINK I'D ANSWER THAT?

HA-HA! OH, WELL, I MUST GO NOW. PERHAPS WE'LL MEET AGAIN!

I HOPE SO, MADAM.

.. SOONER THAN YOU THINK! BATU, I'VE GOT MY LEAD! NOW FOR ACTION!





DARKNESS OVER PARIS.... A TALL, LITHE FIGURE STEPS ONTO THE BALCONY OF AMBASSADOR BLANK'S SUITE... A HASTY GLANCE ABOUT... HE ENTERS.....



W-WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? THIS IS A GUN IN YOUR BACK... NOW, KEEP QUIET AND DO AS I SAY!



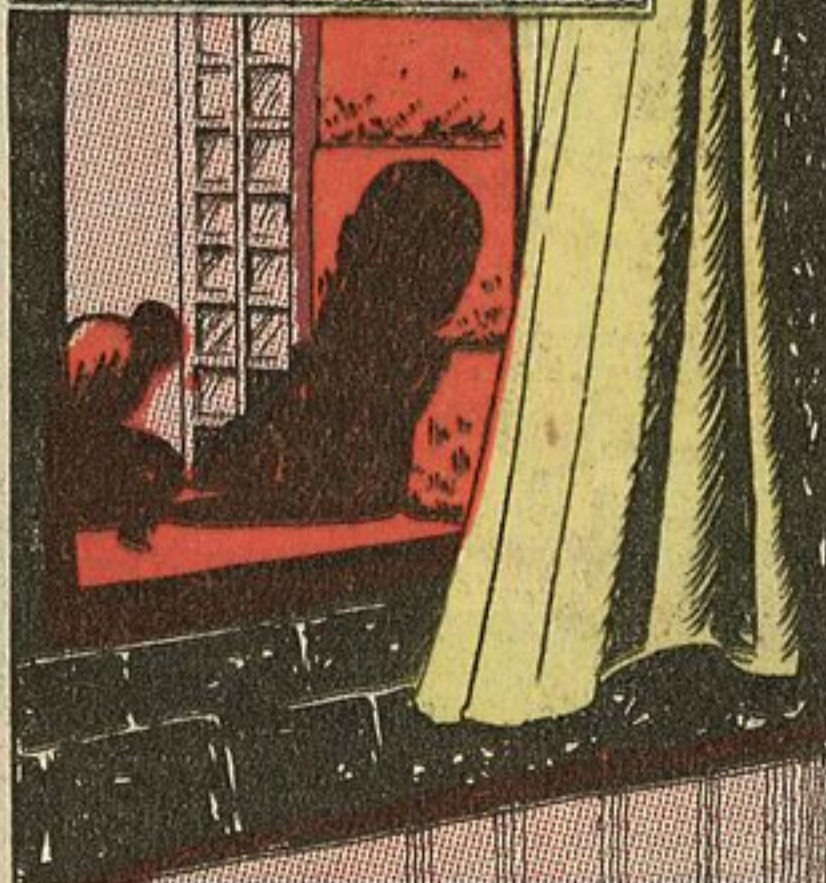
STEP BEHIND THESE CURTAINS, AND KEEP SILENT! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, SIR!



THE INTENSE SILENCE IS SOON DISTURBED BY A SLIGHT, SCRAPING SOUND... THEN, FROM THE NOCTURNAL SHADOWS.....



AN UGLY MISSHAPEN HULK EMERGES AND CLIMBS UP THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING!



FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY, HE STANDS LEERING, A HALF-MAN, HALF-BEAST, SEEKING HIS PREY!



THE HUNCHBACK LEAPS FORWARD!



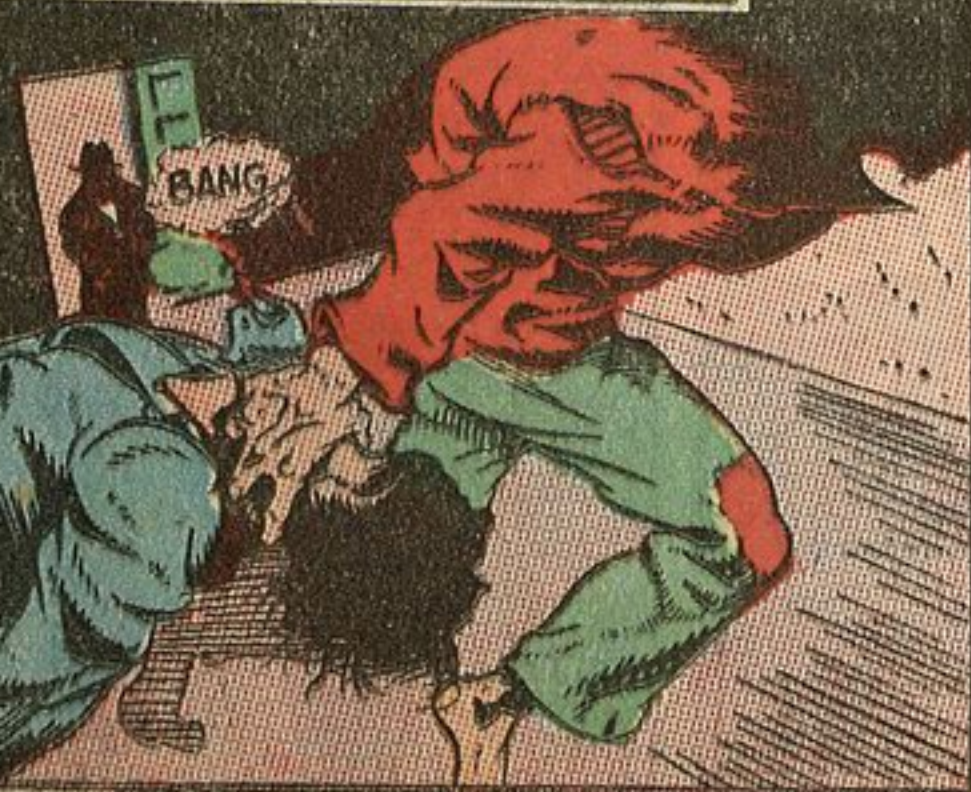
AS IF IN ANSWER, HAWKENS ENTERS.....



UNHARMED, THE HUNCHBACK TAKES TO THE WALLS OF THE BUILDING.



WITH THE SWIFTNES OF A JUNGLE CAT, HE DRAGS HIS VICTIM TO THE BALCONY, AS BLACK X OPENS FIRE...



LATER...

AS SOON AS I GOT CLOSE TO HIM I REALIZED HE WAS THE WRONG MAN, BUT I HAD TO FINISH THE JOB! SO, YOU STUPID FOOL, IT WAS NOT BLANK!







I-I'M SORRY, ESMERALDA, SO SORRY... SNIF... I'D MURDER ALL PARIS FOR YOU! I-I LOVE YOU!

OH, STOP WIMPERING! I'VE GOT TO THINK... A PLAN!



I'M SORRY... IT'S ONLY THAT YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL AND I-I AM SO UGLY... TELL ME AGAIN, ESMERALDA, YOU DO NOT HATE ME... YOU... YOU LOVE ME....

YES-YES! NOW KEEP QUIET!



AH, I HAVE IT!!! WE MUST GET A MESSAGE OUT OF FRANCE, BUT BLACK X IS VERY CLEVER. HE KNOWS I'M UP TO SOMETHING AND IS PROBABLY ON MY TRAIL... THE BELLS... THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME!!



AT DUSK, WHEN YOU RING THE BELLS FOR EVENING VESPERS, WE'LL SEND OUR MESSAGE!

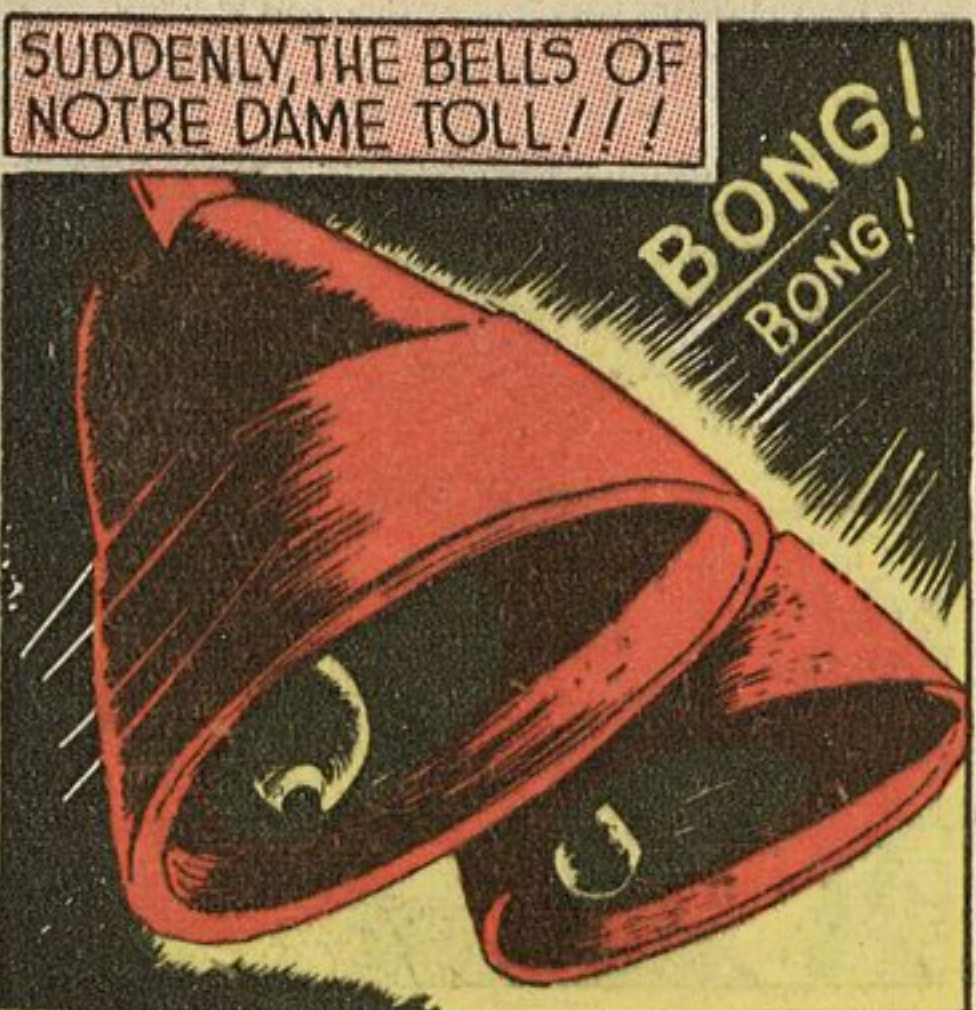


MEANWHILE, BLACK X AND BATU SCOUR THE CITY FOR A TRACE OF THE STRANGE KILLER....

IF INFORMATION LEAKS OUT THAT THE AMBASSADOR'S SECRETARY WAS KILLED, THE WHOLE PEACE MISSION WILL FAIL!



IF ONLY I CAN FIND THAT HUNCHBACK... IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD, AN ODD CREATURE LIKE THAT!



SUDDENLY, THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME TOLL!!!

BONG!  
BONG!



IN ANOTHER PART OF PARIS... FLEET HANDS RECORD IN MUSICAL NOTES THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.



LISTEN, BATU, THOSE BELLS!



OF COURSE, MASTER, THIS IS NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL.

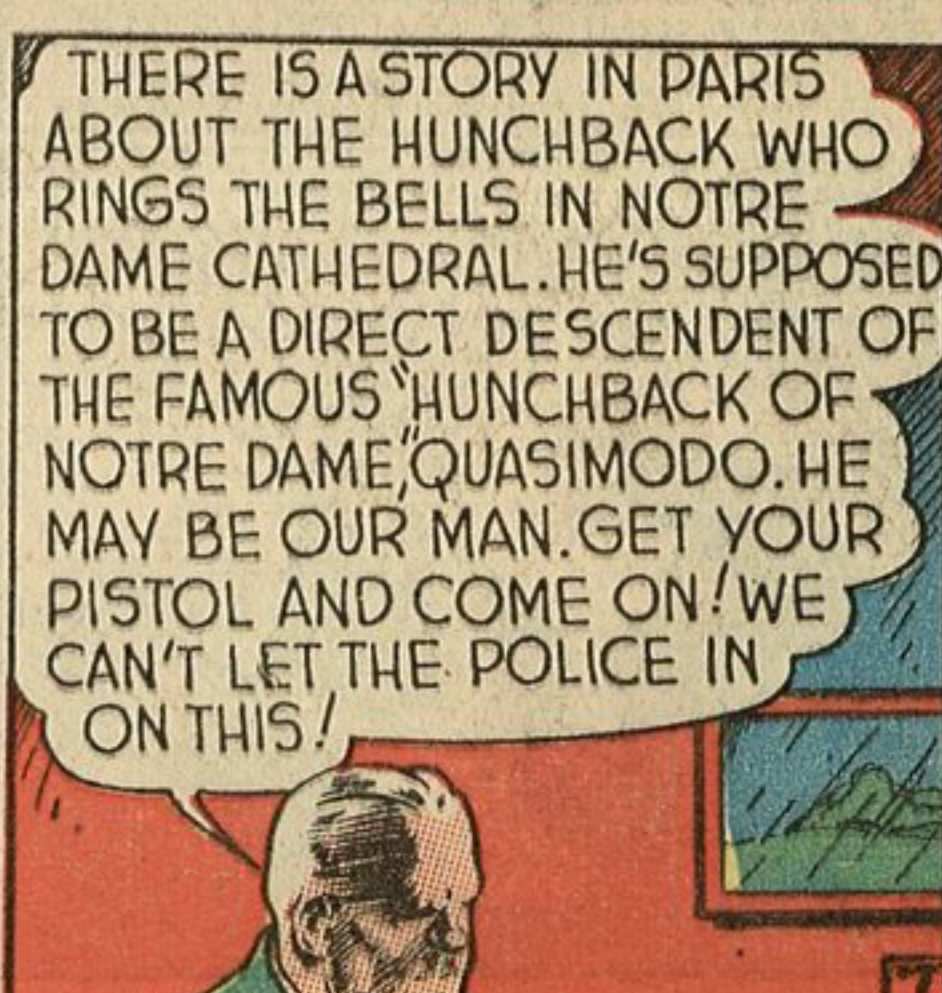
YES-VICTOR HUGO'S FAMOUS STORY, THE HUNCHBACK OF... BY JOVE!! THAT'S IT! I KNOW WHERE TO FIND THE HUNCHBACK!



MEANWHILE, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TALKS TO THE AMERICAN CONSUL AT PARIS.

I MUST FIND THAT HUNCHBACK AND CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY OF HAWKENS' MURDER, BEFORE THE PEACE CONFERENCE!

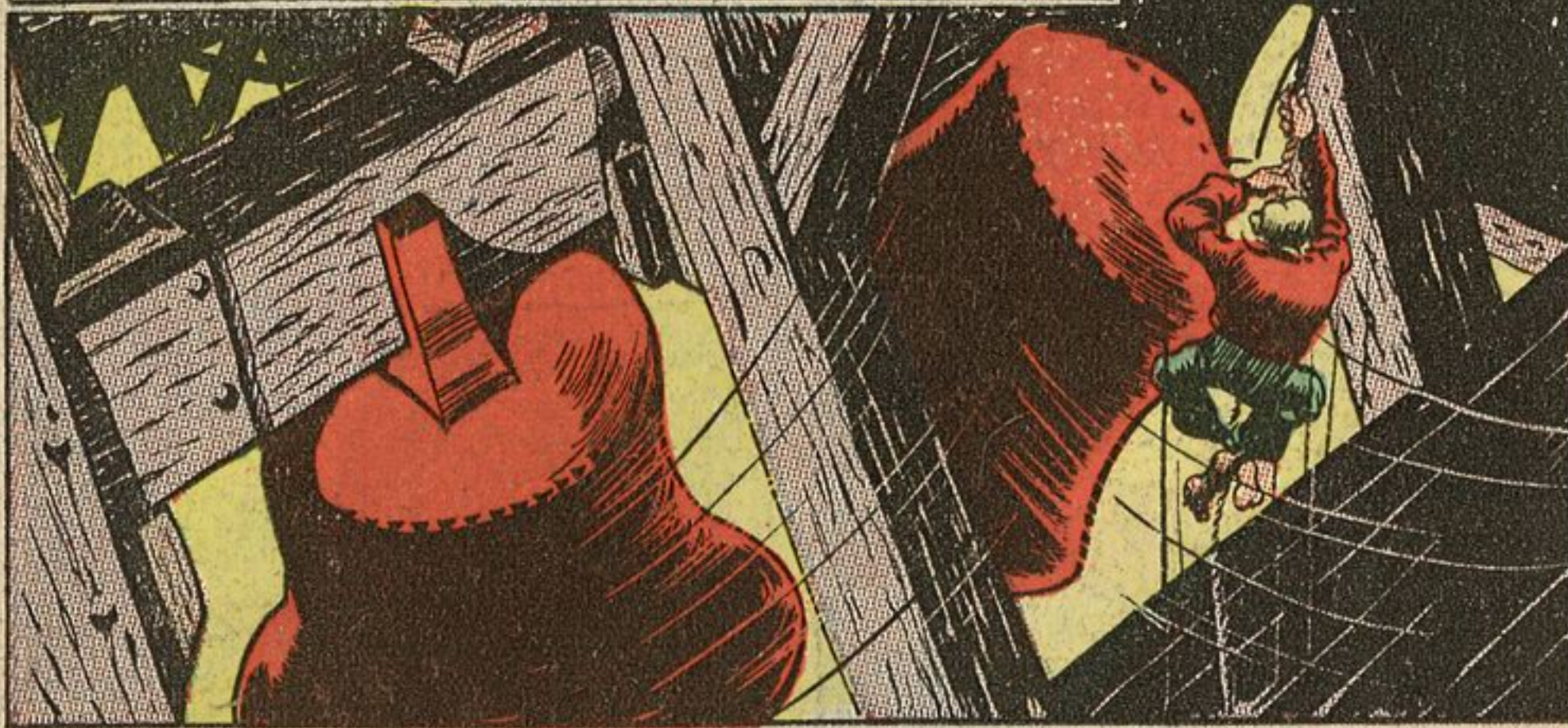
HUNCHBACK, Hmm...



THERE IS A STORY IN PARIS ABOUT THE HUNCHBACK WHO RINGS THE BELLS IN NOTRE DAME CATHEDRAL. HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE A DIRECT DESCENDENT OF THE FAMOUS 'HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME', QUASIMODO. HE MAY BE OUR MAN. GET YOUR PISTOL AND COME ON! WE CAN'T LET THE POLICE IN ON THIS!



MEANWHILE, IN THE BELFRY OF NOTRE DAME...



THE MESSAGE'S BEEN SENT, NOW STOP THOSE INFERNAL BELLS, I'M GOING DEAF!! STOP!!

AT THAT MOMENT, AIDED BY THE NOISE OF THE BELLS, BLACK X APPROACHES.



HELLO, MADAM DOOM!

YOU!

I KNEW YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS! THIS TIME, MADAM DOOM, YOU'RE MIXED UP IN MURDER!



NO-NO! I DIDN'T DO IT!

IT WAS THE HUNCHBACK! HE KILLED HAWKENS! PLEASE, LISTEN TO ME!



I LOVE YOU! I'VE ALWAYS LOVED YOU! MARRY ME, AND LET US GIVE UP THIS FIGHTING! I KNOW YOU LOVE ME!



ABOVE THEM, GREEN JEALOUSY BURSTS INTO FATAL FLAME...



TUT TUT! I'LL BET YOU TOLD THAT ONE BEFORE, MADAM DOOM!

THE HUNCHBACK SPRINGS...



LOOK OUT, BLACK X!

BLACK X WHIRLS, EMPTYING HIS GUN AT THE DESCENDING FORM.

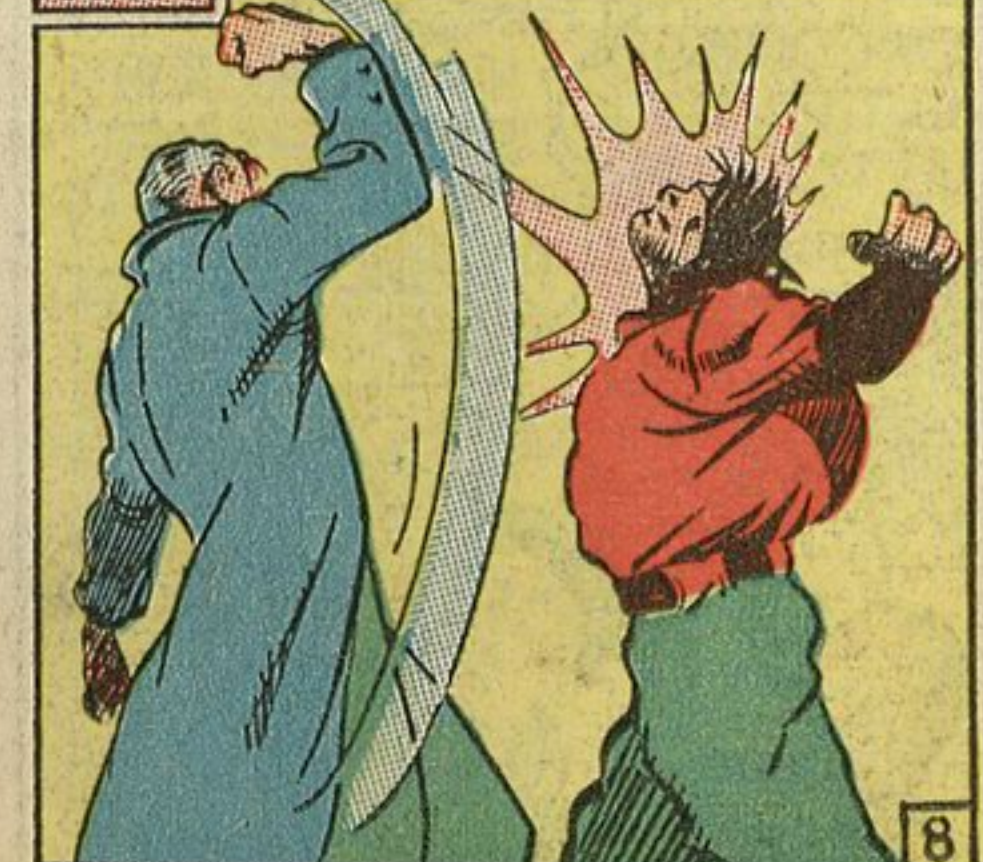


FOR A SPLIT SECOND, THE HUNCHBACK SEEMS TO HALT IN MID-AIR. THEN, LANDING ON THE SECRET AGENT, HE ATTACKS...



I KILL YOU! YOU STEAL MY ESMERALDA!

BLACK X COUNTERS WITH AN UPPER CUT...





BUT THE CRAZED CREATURE IS NOT TO BE STOPPED. HE LUNGES AGAIN!



FAR BELOW, BATU AMBASSADOR BLANK AND THE CONSUL ENTER THE BELL TOWER.



HURRY! THERE MAY YET BE TIME!

ALOFT, THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES. SUDDENLY, BLACK X LOSES FOOTING.



AND GOES HURLING DOWN...



BUT CATCHES A DANGLING ROPE...



WHEW!

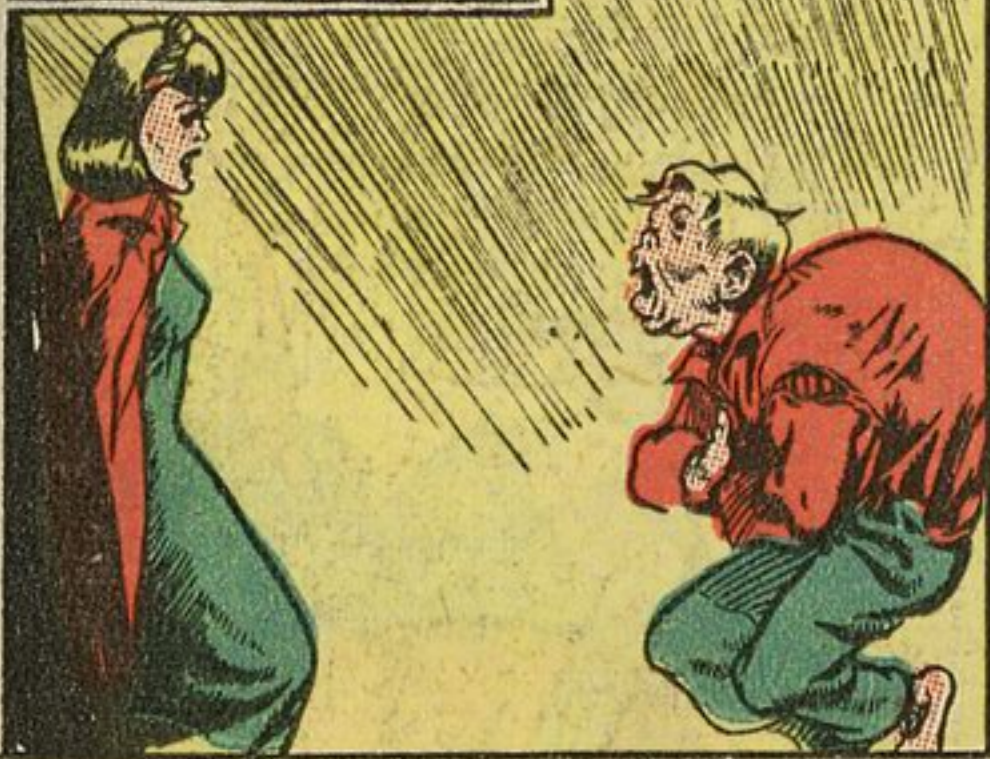
ABOVE, THE HUNCHBACK TURNS ON MADAM DOOM.



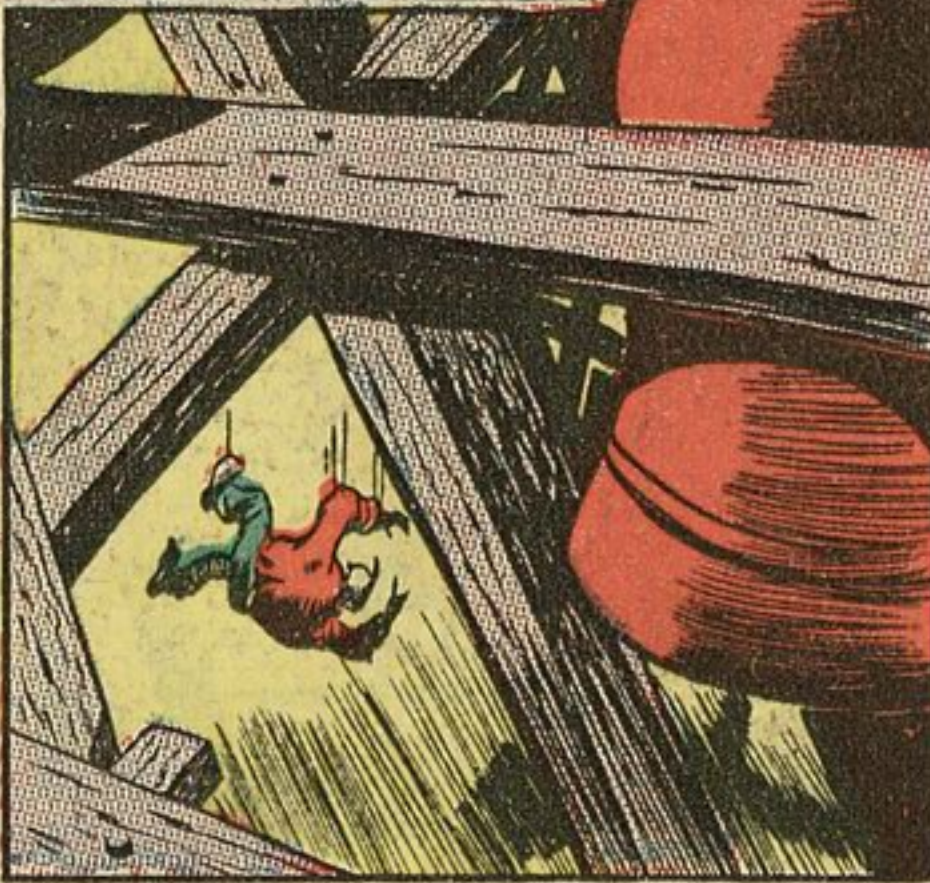
YOU LIED! YOU LIED! YOU USED ME AS A TOOL! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!

NO! NO!

SUDDENLY, A HORRIBLE GASP ESCAPES THE HUNCHBACK AS BLACK X'S BULLETS TAKE EFFECT. HE HALTS.



AND TOPPLES TO HIS DEATH WITH A FEARFUL SHRIEK.



AT THAT MOMENT, BLACK X AND THE OTHERS ARRIVE.



I'VE GOT YOUR GUN, BLACK X! SO STAY WHERE YOU ARE! I'M LEAVING, GOODBYE!

AND ONCE MORE, MADAM DOOM ELUDES BLACK X.



WELL, CONSUL, AT LEAST WE GOT THE MURDERER, THE HUNCHBACK!

YES, NOW PEACE NEGOTIATIONS CAN CONTINUE!

MASTER, DOOM LADY GET AWAY AGAIN! IF SHE NOT HAVE GUN YOU WOULD CATCH HER, YES?

THAT GUN WAS EMPTY, BATU!



SOMETIME LATER, IN THEIR FAVORITE WASHINGTON RESTAURANT.



WHAT HAPPENED "OVER THERE", BATU? BLACK X HASN'T SAID A WORD IN DAYS!

NOT UNUSUAL; THE LOVEBIRD DOES NOT SING WHEN MATE HAS FLOWN OFF!



# ABDUL

## THE ARAB

WEARY FROM HIS MANY ADVENTURES, ABDUL RETURNS TO HIS FATHER'S CAMP WITH FAITHFUL HASSAN...

BY Powell Roberts

THAT FELLOW IS IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO GET HERE, ABDUL!

HE IS ATTIIRED IN THE RAIMENTS OF THE BALTHER TRIBE!

SALAAM, SHEIK SUPREME, NOBLE ALI BEY, I BRING SAD NEWS FROM MY TRIBE.

OUR SHEIK, BENI ABOU, IS DEAD AND HIS SUCCESSOR WAITS TO BE CROWNED!

AS THE RULER OF ALL THE TRIBES, FATHER, YOU WILL HAVE TO GO AT ONCE!

YES, I WILL GO IN THE MORNING! I WANT YOU TO GO ON AHEAD WITH HASSAN, AND WATCH OVER YOUNG BENI ABOU II UNTIL MY ARRIVAL!

'TILL THE MORROW!

HO! HASSAN, SPUR YOUR HORSE! YOU RIDE LIKE A GRAND-MOTHER!

FIE! LISTEN TO THE PUPIL TELL HIS TEACHER HOW TO RIDE!

MEANWHILE IN BALTHAZAR, CAPITAL OF THE POWERFUL BALTHER TRIBES...

A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS, ANITRA.

IT ISN'T FAIR, RAHDIZ, IT ISN'T FAIR!

JUST BECAUSE I AM A WOMAN, I CAN'T BE THE RULER OF MY TRIBE! I WAS THE FIRST BORN, BUT NO! THAT YOUNG SPRIG OF A BROTHER WILL GET THE CROWN!

AH! BUT IF THAT YOUNG BROTHER WAS-ER-TO MEET WITH AN "ACCIDENT," THEN YOU WOULD BE QUEEN! PERHAPS IT CAN BE ARRANGED- FOR A PRICE!

JUST BEFORE DAWN, ABDUL AND HASSAN GALLOP OVER THE HILLS OF THE DESERT AND APPROACH BALTHAZAR.



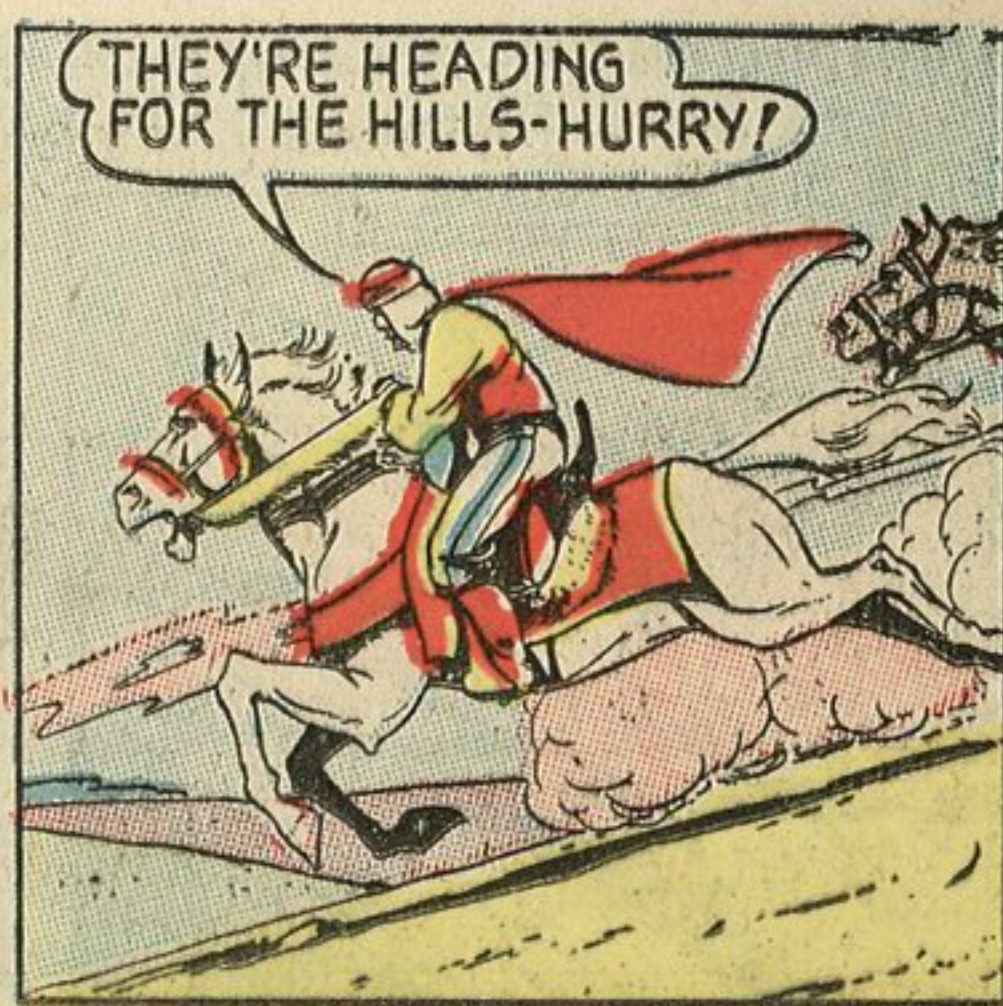


LOOK, ABDUL! THERE ARE TWO ARABS STEALING AWAY INTO THE NIGHT!

THERE ARE TWO MEN ON ONE HORSE, HMM!



I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS, HASSAN! COME, LET'S FOLLOW THEM!



THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE HILLS—HURRY!



AFTER AN HOUR OF HARD RIDING, ABDUL AND HASSAN WATCH THE MEN FROM A HIGH LEDGE.

THEY'VE GOT THE BOY, BENI ABOU!



YOUR SISTER PAID ME A LARGE SUM TO KILL YOU, ABOU! SO RECITE YOUR KORAN! IN A MINUTE YOU DIE!



WE MUST DO SOMETHING, QUICKLY!

YOUR GUN, HASSAN, YOU MAY HIT THE BOY, BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



MEANWHILE, ALI BEY AND HIS RETINUE ARE GREETED BY THE PEOPLE OF BALTHAZAR.

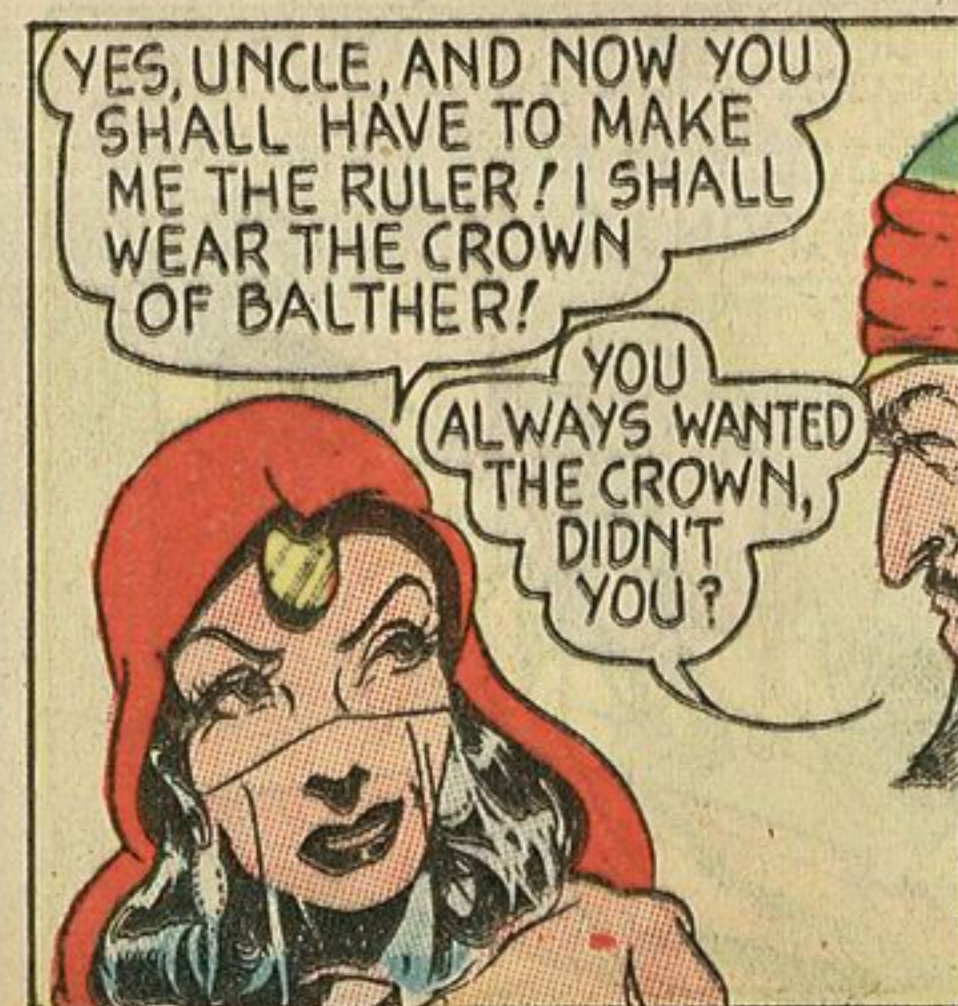


ABOU BENI II IS DEAD TOO?

YES, UNCLE. KILLED YESTERDAY BY A CRAZED HORSE! WE BURIED HIM AT SUNSET!



SUCH A FINE BOY, TOO! KISMET IS CRUEL! NOW YOU ARE THE ONLY CHILD LEFT, ANITRA!

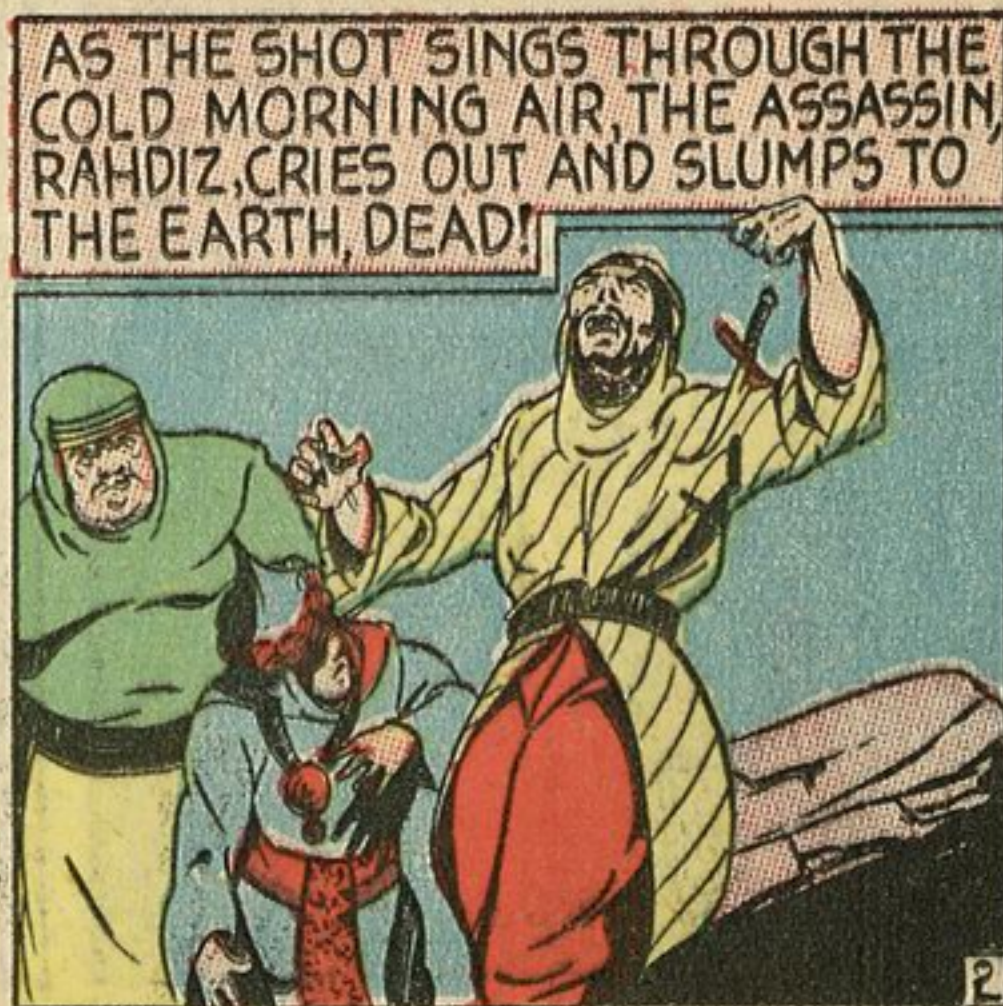


YES, UNCLE, AND NOW YOU SHALL HAVE TO MAKE ME THE RULER! I SHALL WEAR THE CROWN OF BALTHER!

YOU ALWAYS WANTED THE CROWN, DIDN'T YOU?



BACK IN THE HILLS...



AS THE SHOT SINGS THROUGH THE COLD MORNING AIR, THE ASSASSIN, RAHDIZ, CRIES OUT AND SLUMPS TO THE EARTH, DEAD!



JUMPING ON HIS HORSE, BETH-SHEBA, ABDUL THUNDERS DOWN THE STEEP INCLINE!!



SO, FAT PIG! YOU WANT TO KILL ME TOO, EH?



FILTH OF SWINE! YOU SHOULD BE FRIED IN OIL FOR TRYING TO KILL BENI ABOU!



SHOOT, MAMOUD! SHOOT!

STOP SHAKING MY ARM! HOW CAN I?



YOU WON'T SHOOT ANYONE!

AWWKK!

MAMOUD! COME BACK!



OH, YOU WANT HIM BACK, EH, BIG NOSE? WELL HERE, TAKE HIM!



HO! HO! NICE TOSS, HASSAN! TO YOUR HORSE, HURRY! WE MUST GET BACK!



IF ANITRA IS CROWNED 'FORE WE GET THERE, OUR WORK WILL BE IN VAIN!

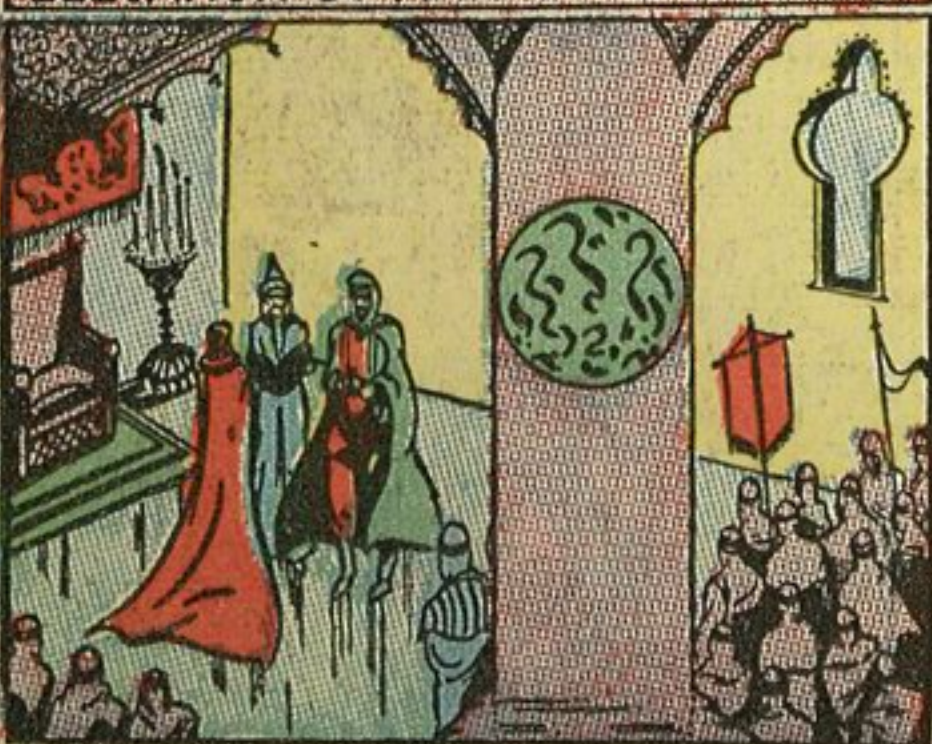


IN HER ROOM AT THE PALACE, ANITRA DONS THE REGAL ROBES.



IN AN HOUR I SHALL BE QUEEN!

AMID MUCH POMP AND CEREMONY PRINCES, SHEIKS AND TRIBESMEN GATHER IN THE MOSQUE FOR THE ELEVATION OF ANITRA TO QUEEN.



TO RULE WISELY AND WELL, AND PROTECT YOUR PEOPLE, I PLACE THIS-

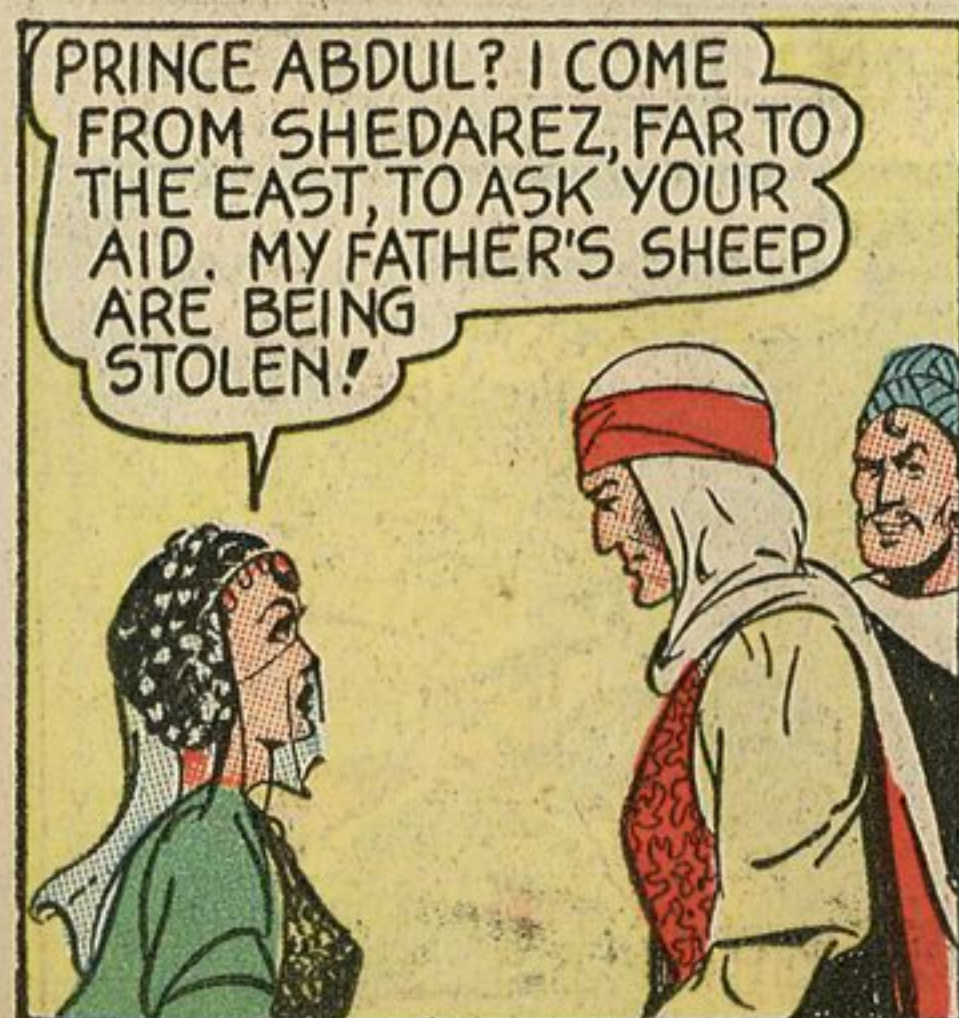
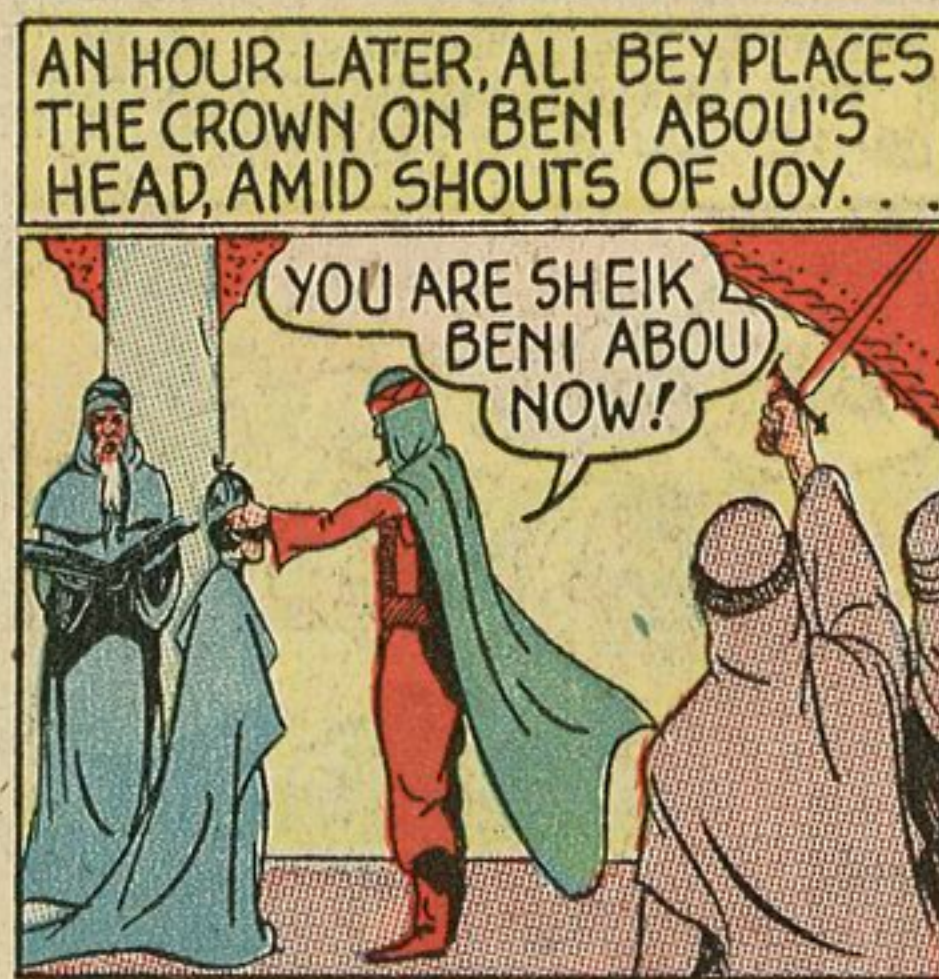
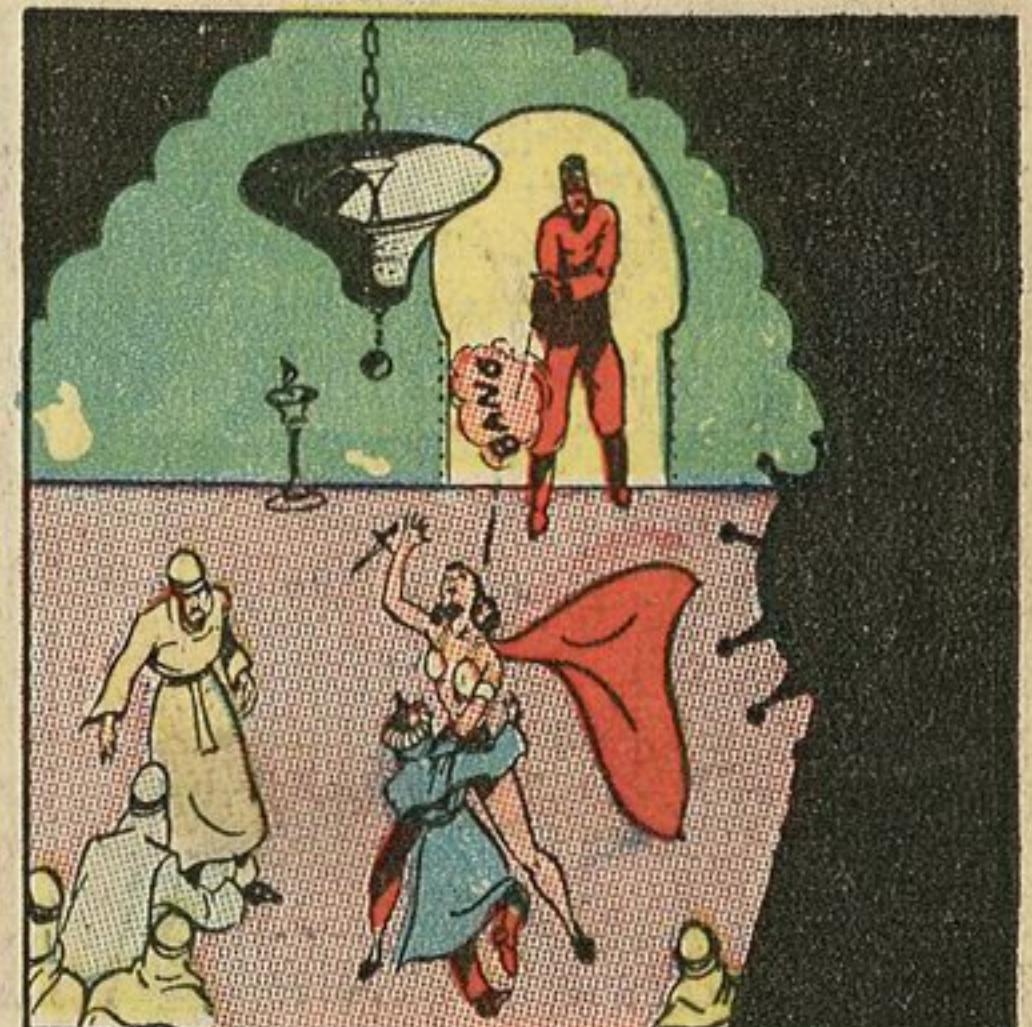
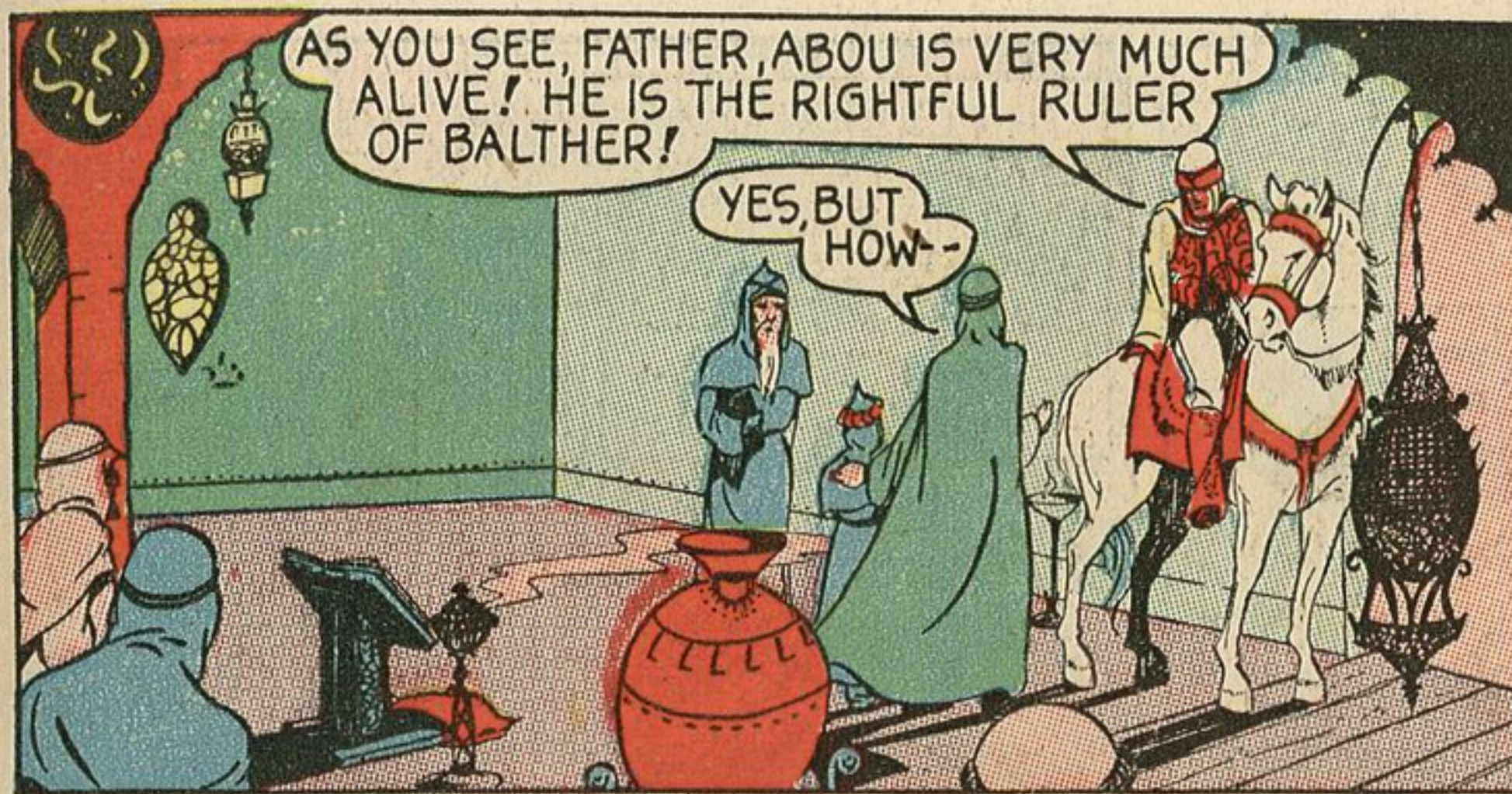


SUDDENLY THE GREAT OAK DOOR CRASHES DOWN AND ABDUL RIDES IN!



STOP THE CORONATION!



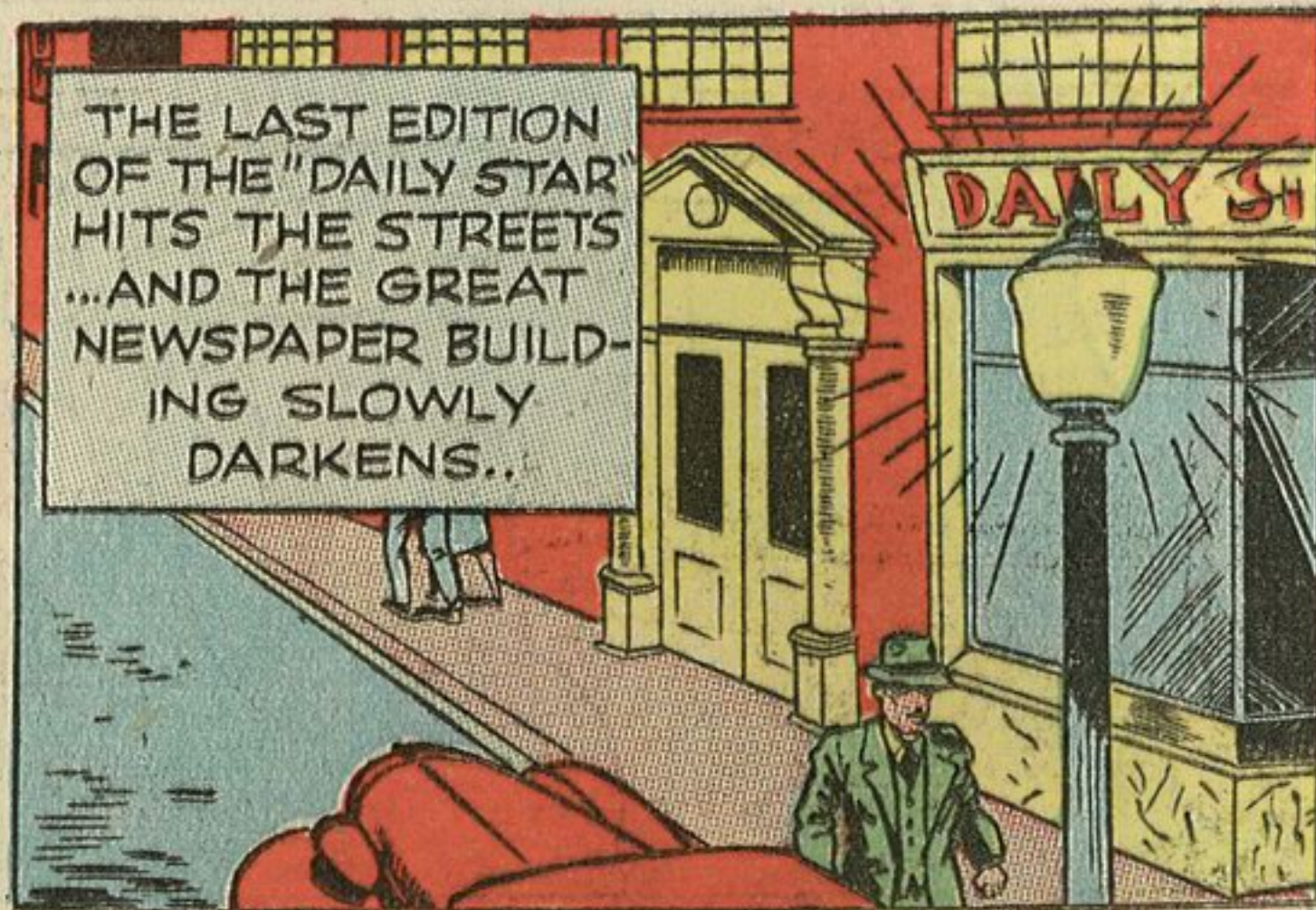




# CHIC CARTER

ACE  
REPORTER

THE LAST EDITION  
OF THE "DAILY STAR"  
HITS THE STREETS  
...AND THE GREAT  
NEWSPAPER BUILD-  
ING SLOWLY  
DARKENS..



YOU KNOW,  
DAVE,, SOMEWHERE  
IN THIS CITY  
SOMETHING  
**BIG** IS  
HAPPENING  
TONIGHT!



OK,, SUPER  
REPORTER  
...AND  
WHILE YOU  
ARE HUNTING  
TROUBLE, I'LL  
BE CATCHING  
SOME SLEEP!

CHINATOWN! CITY OF  
MYSTERY... I THINK I'LL  
STROLL DOWN THAT  
WAY!



SUDDENLY A SCREAM  
ECHOES THROUGH THE  
DARK TWISTING ALLEYS  
OF CHINATOWN...



A SCREAM!  
THIS MAY BE  
A STORY!



RACING IN THE DIRECTION  
OF THE SCREAM, CHIC TRIPS  
OVER AN OBSTRUCTION...



IT'S SUN YEN, THE  
IMPORTER! STABBED!  
AND AT THE DOOR  
OF HIS OWN SHOP!



BUT THAT SCREAM..  
IT WAS A GIRL'S!



IT CAME FROM HERE.. AH!  
A SECRET DOOR.. AND  
OPEN! HERE I GO!



...AND AT THE OTHER END  
OF THE TUNNEL...



SOMEONE FOLLOWS...  
STOP HIM!









WHO ARE YOU?

I AM FU CHANG! ..IT IS UNWISE FOR OCCIDENTAL TO PRY INTO AFFAIRS OF CHINATOWN!

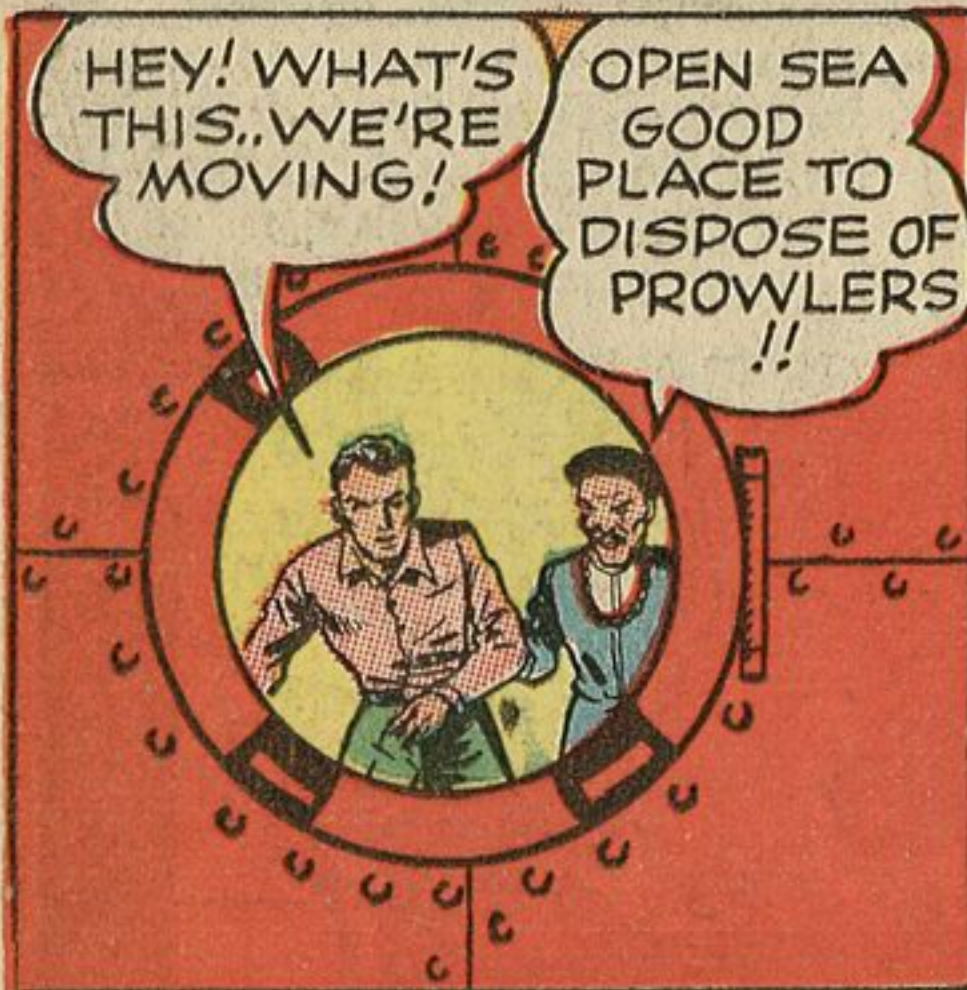


IT IS INDEED TOO BAD THAT SUN YEN DIE RATHER THAN REVEAL HIDING PLACE OF RARE JEWELS!



WHAT A STORY! WOW! IF THERE WAS ONLY A PHONE ON THIS TUB, CHANG!

MIGHT I STATE THIS IS NO TIME FOR COMEDY!



HEY! WHAT'S THIS..WE'RE MOVING!

OPEN SEA GOOD PLACE TO DISPOSE OF PROWLERS !!



SLIPPING SILENTLY THROUGH THE FOG, THE FREIGHTER PUTS OUT TO SEA...



CHIC AND THE CHINESE GIRL ARE HELD PRISONERS BELOW DECK.

VERY FOOLISH OF YOU TO FOLLOW TOY LIN, NOW WE WILL BOTH DIE!

YOU'RE SAFE-AS LONG AS YOU DON'T REVEAL YOUR FATHER'S SECRET!



SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS..

COME!

HERE WE GO AGAIN!

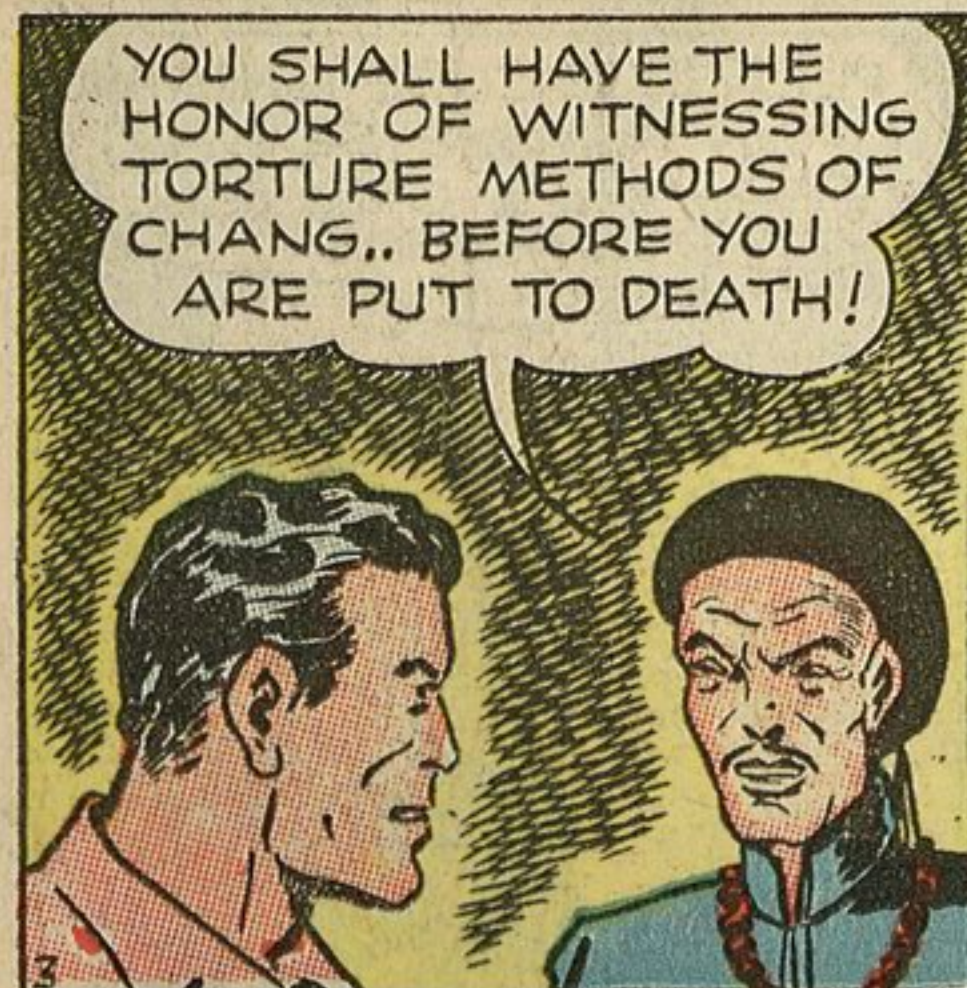


I HAVE PREPARED WELL FOR YOU, MISS!

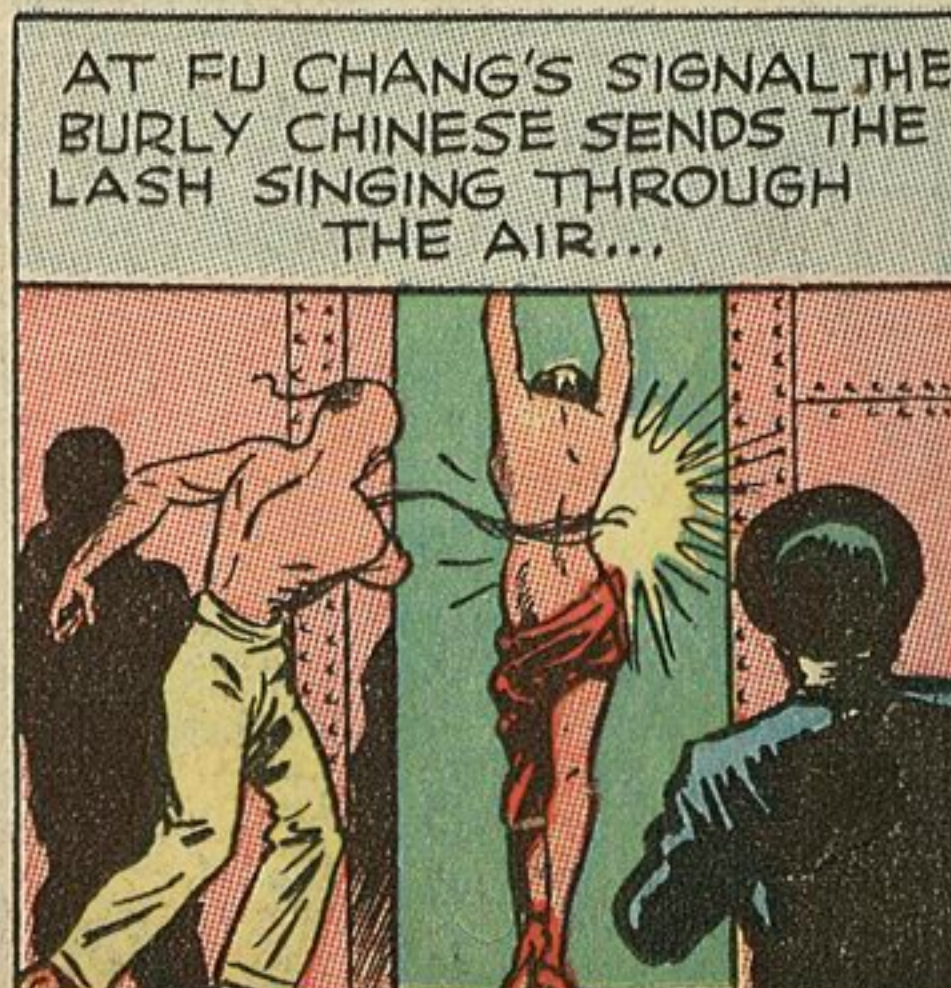


SPEAK! OR SUFFER THE BURNING AGONY OF THE WHIP!

I WILL NEVER BETRAY MY HONORABLE FATHER'S SECRETS!



YOU SHALL HAVE THE HONOR OF WITNESSING TORTURE METHODS OF CHANG.. BEFORE YOU ARE PUT TO DEATH!



AT FU CHANG'S SIGNAL THE BURLY CHINESE SENDS THE LASH SINGING THROUGH THE AIR...



CHIC LOSES HIS TEMPER AT THE SIGHT OF THE CRUEL TORTURE...

YOU YELLOW DOGS!







# Archie O'TOOLE

By Bud Thomas

GET UP, ARCHIE! EVEN IN HOLLYWOOD ACTORS DON'T SLEEP LATER THAN 3:30!

DOOR BELL RING! RING! RING!

MUST BE SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.

TELYGRAM FOR MR. O'TOOLE!

OH BOY! AN INVITATION TO THE MOVIE STARS' ANNUAL DINNER! G-GOSH! MAYBE I CAN GET A COUPLA AUTOGRAPHS!!!

I ALWAYS WANTED TO MEET THE LOVELY HEROINES OF THE MOVIES IN PERSON! AT LAST IT'S COME TRUE!

TAKE IT EASY, ARCHIE, I'M NOT HEDY LAMARR!

IT SAYS TO BRING ALONG ANOTHER CELEBRITY LIKE MYSELF.

BUT WHO TO BRING? I DON'T KNOW MANY PEOPLE HERE IN HOLLYWOOD.

I'LL DO A GOOD SCRUBBING JOB ON YOU, ARCHIE... AFTER ALL, YOU'RE GOING TO MEET HOLLYWOOD'S BEST!

HOT DIRTY

YOU'VE GOT SUCH ARTISTIC HANDS, MR. O'TOOLE.

YES, HEDY HAS BEAUTIFUL HANDS!

BREAKFAST IS SOIVED!!!

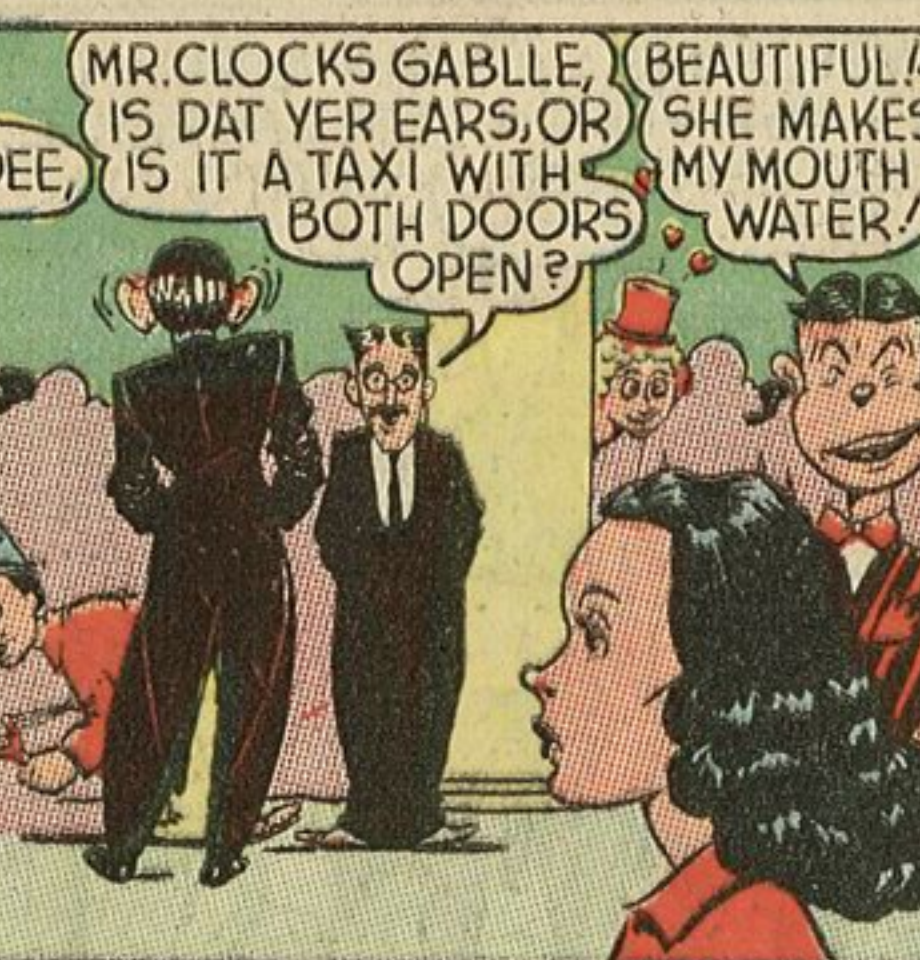
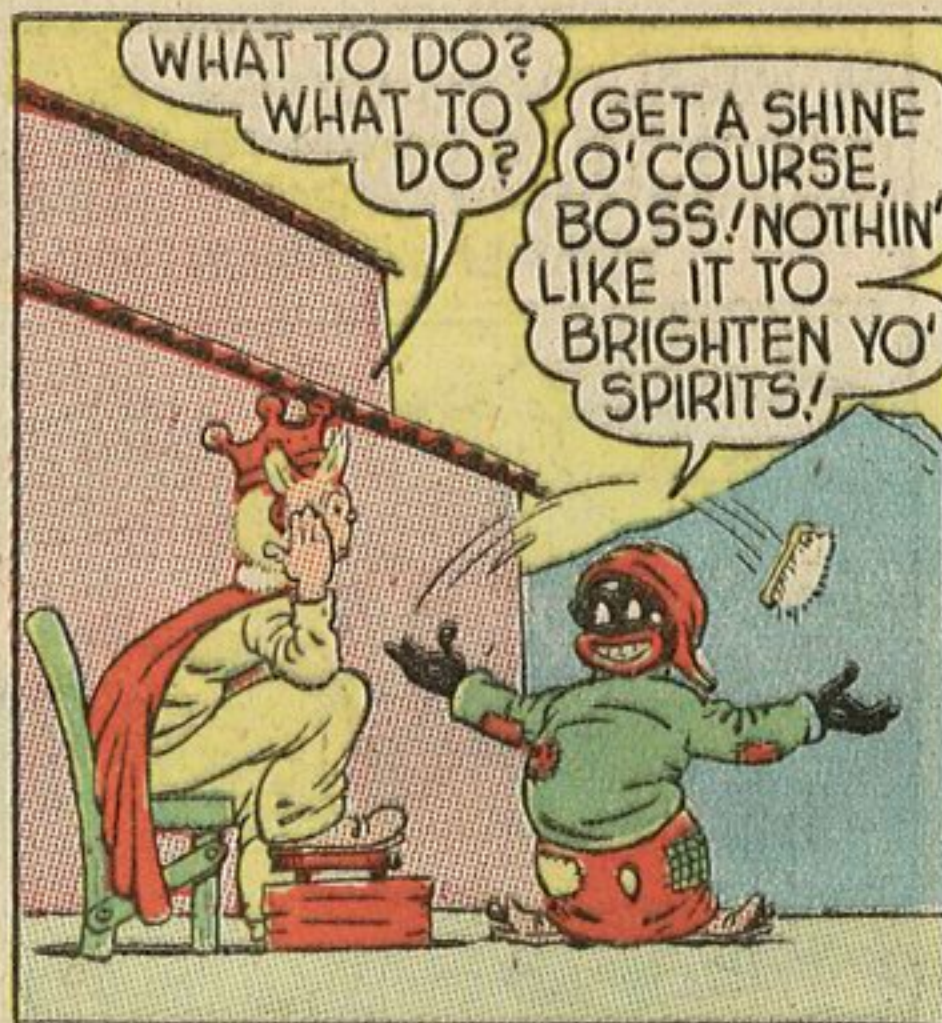
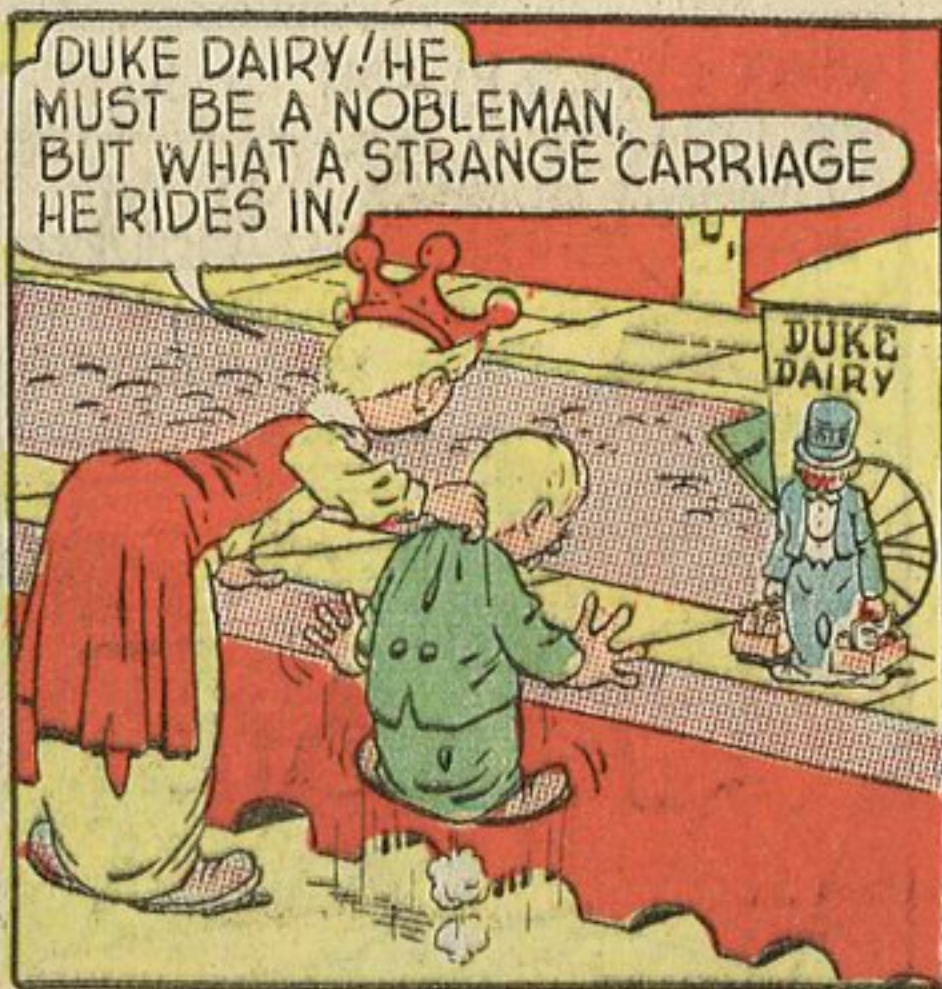
WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IN THE DAYS OF THE CZAR I WAS COUNT KOSOTSKI DOTSINUFF. NOW I AM A BUTLER! PHOOEY!!

HOW ABOUT TAKING HIM, PROFESSOR?

NO - HE MAY BE A COUNT, BUT HE'S GOT THE BREATH OF TONY, THE VEGETABLE MAN!





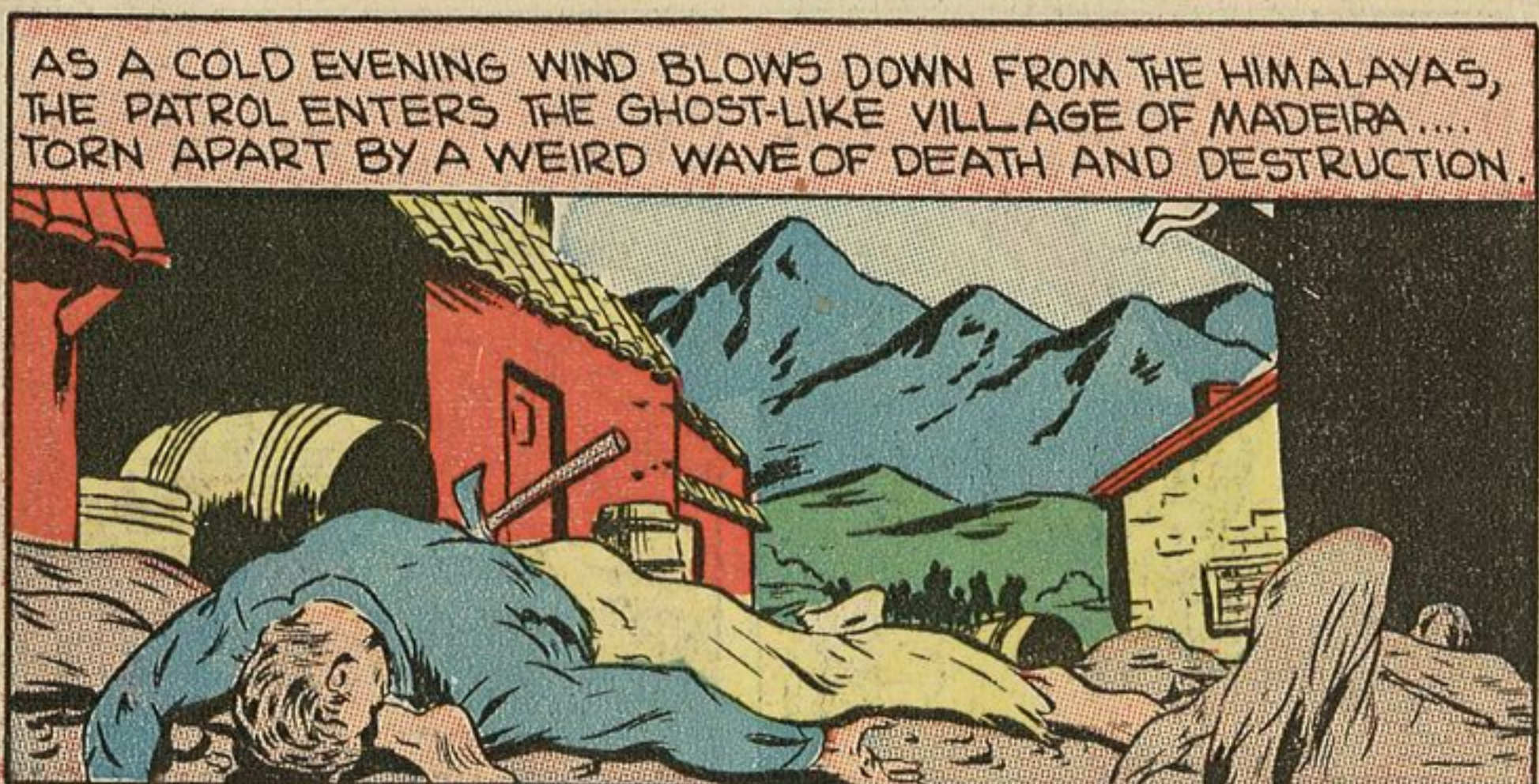
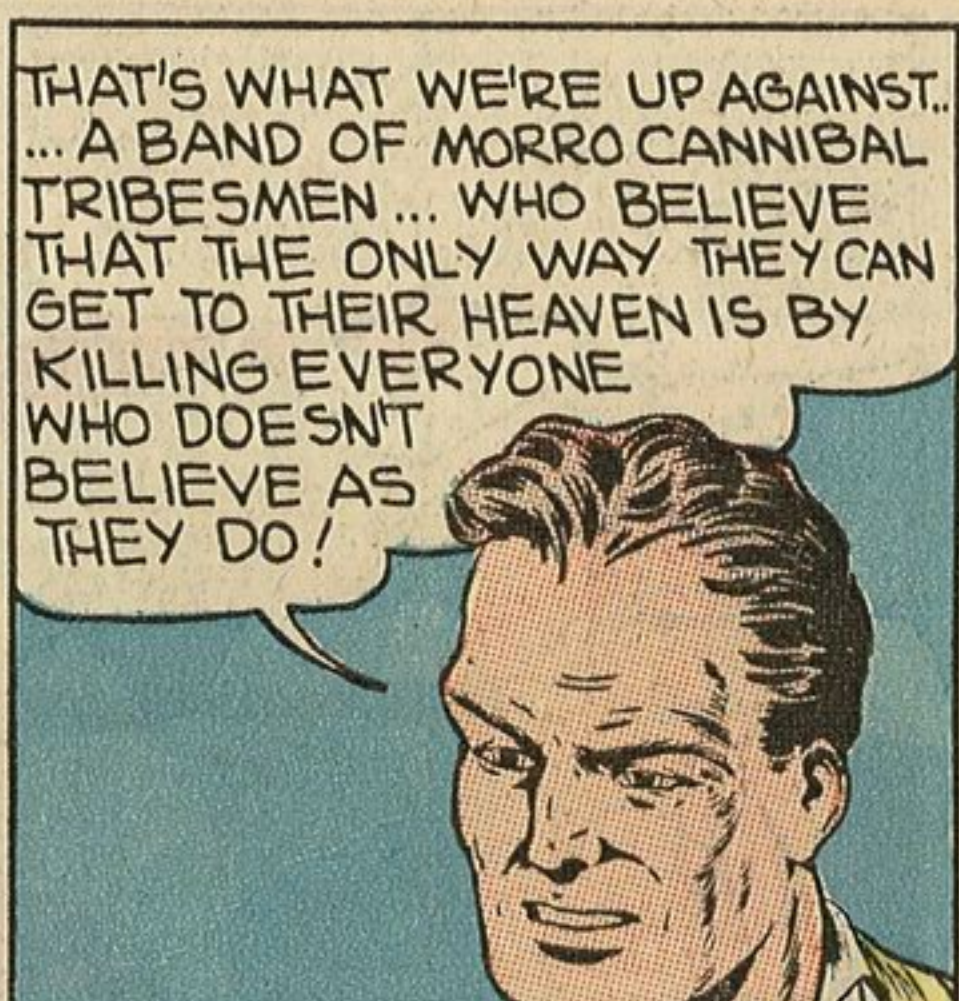
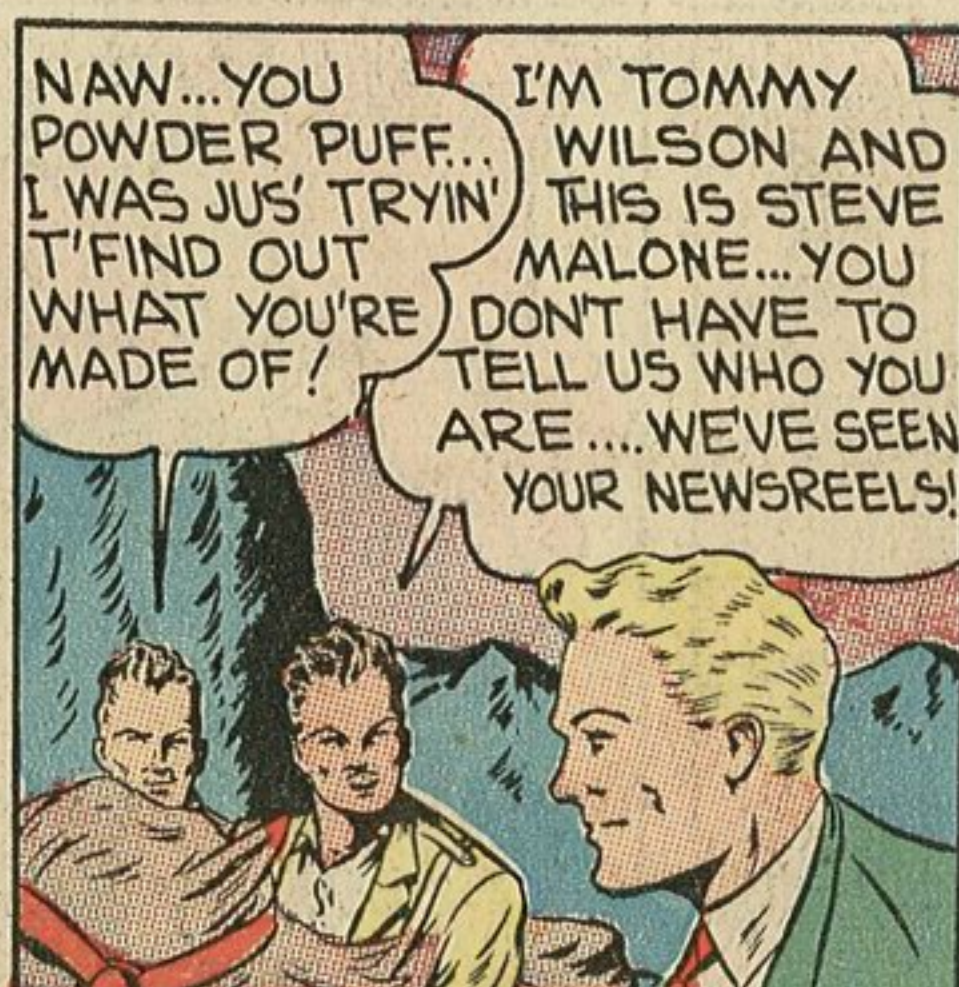


# FLASH FULTON

by Paul Gustavson









FLASH SEES THE TRIBESMAN ON THE ROOF AND FIRES....



AS  
THE  
MORRO  
FALLS,  
HE  
SHOUTS  
OUT  
IN  
HIS  
NATIVE  
TONGUE  
.....



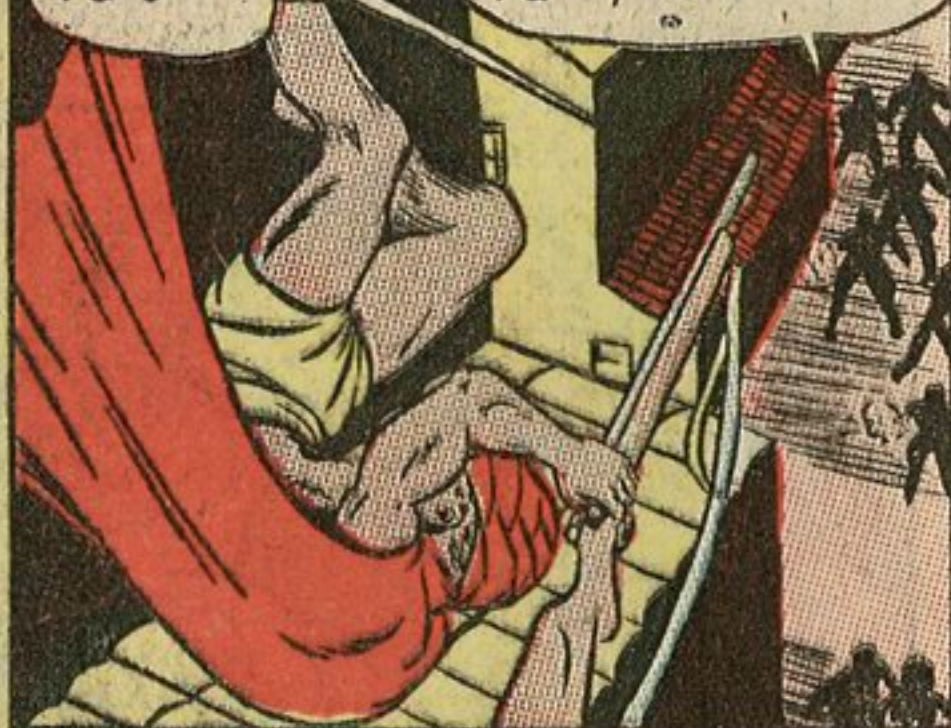
HE'S SHOUTIN' ORDERS  
TO ATTACK  
US!

C'MON  
YOU DOGS,  
WE'RE WAITING!



COME OUT IN  
THE OPEN, WHERE  
WE CAN SEE  
YOU!

THERE'S  
ANOTHER  
ONE FOR  
YOU, STEVE!



THEY'RE ALL  
OVER THE PLACE,  
STEVE... WE'D  
BETTER TAKE  
COVER!

RIGHT! QUICK...  
TO THE TOP  
OF THAT  
BUILDING!



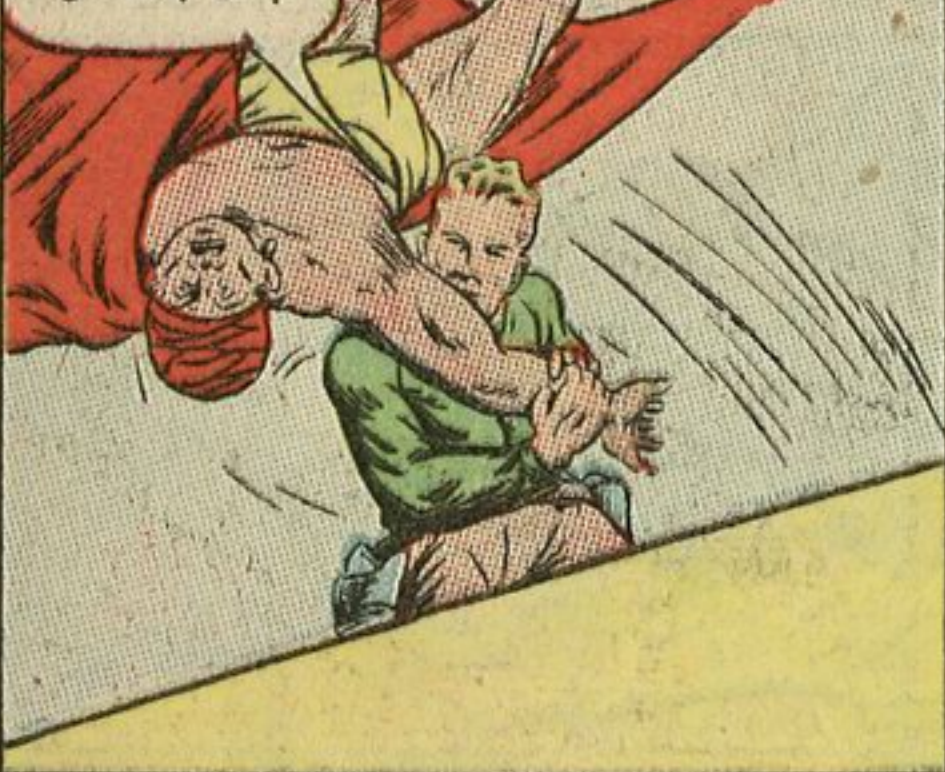
OVER YOU  
GO, FLASH!



OH! OH! HELLO,  
RAT!

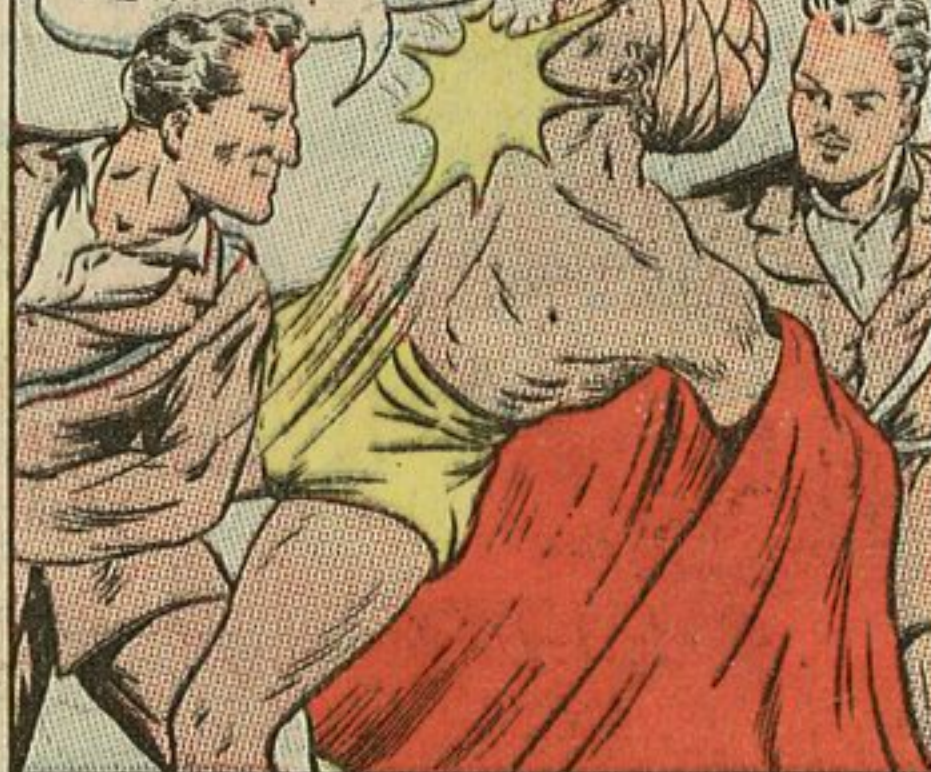


HERE'S A PRESENT  
FOR YOU,  
STEVE!

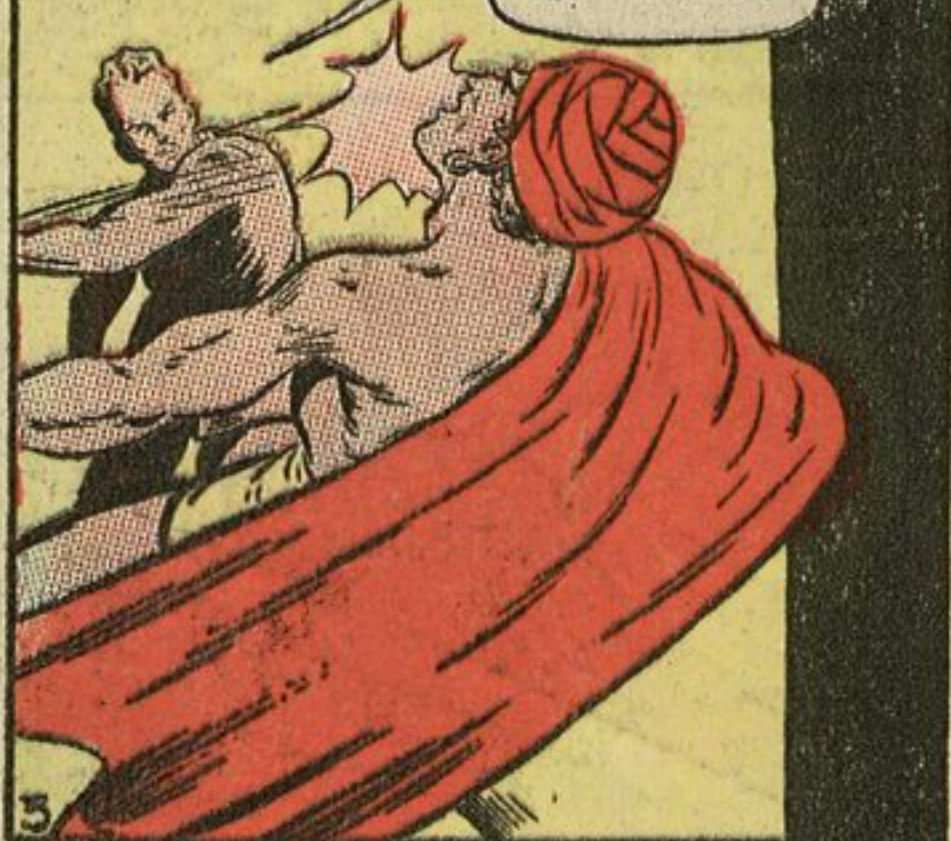


HERE... MEET A  
CLOSE FRIEND,  
TOMMY!

RIGHTO!

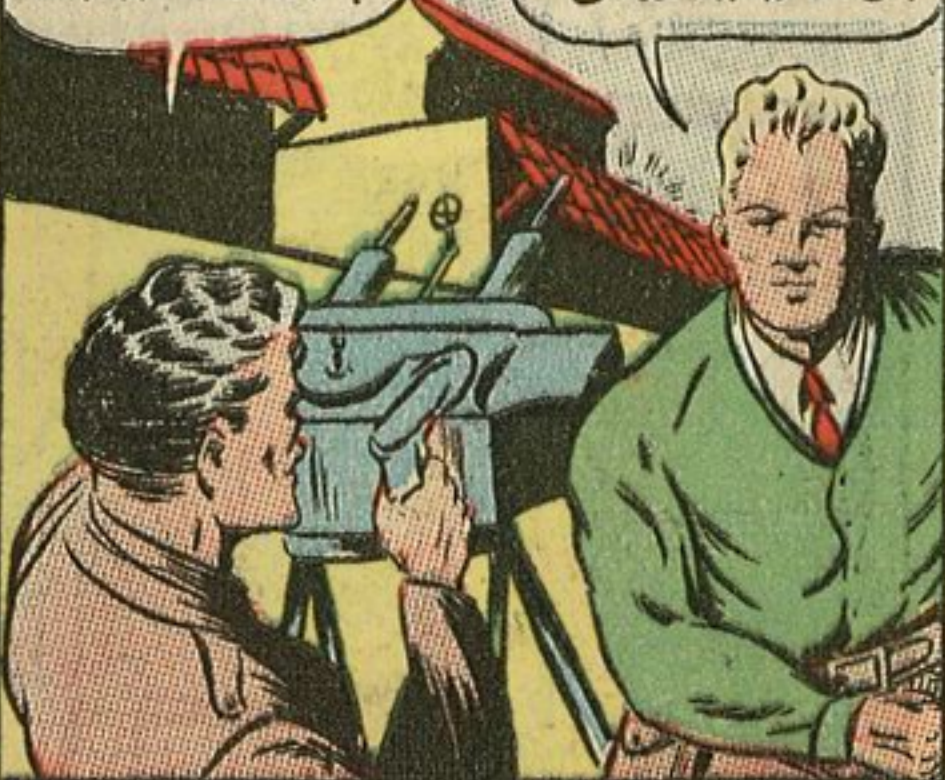


THAT'S THE END  
OF YOU!



THERE'S A PACK  
OF 'EM ON  
THAT ROOF!

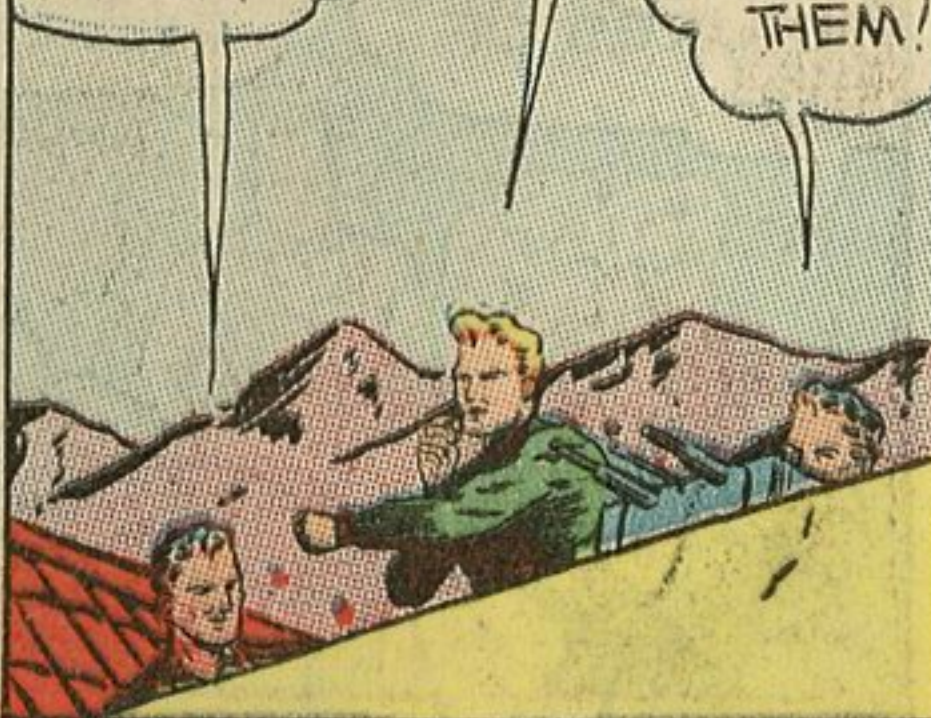
WHERE ARE  
THOSE HAND  
GRENADES?



LAY OFF,  
FELLAS... I SAW THEM  
FIRST!

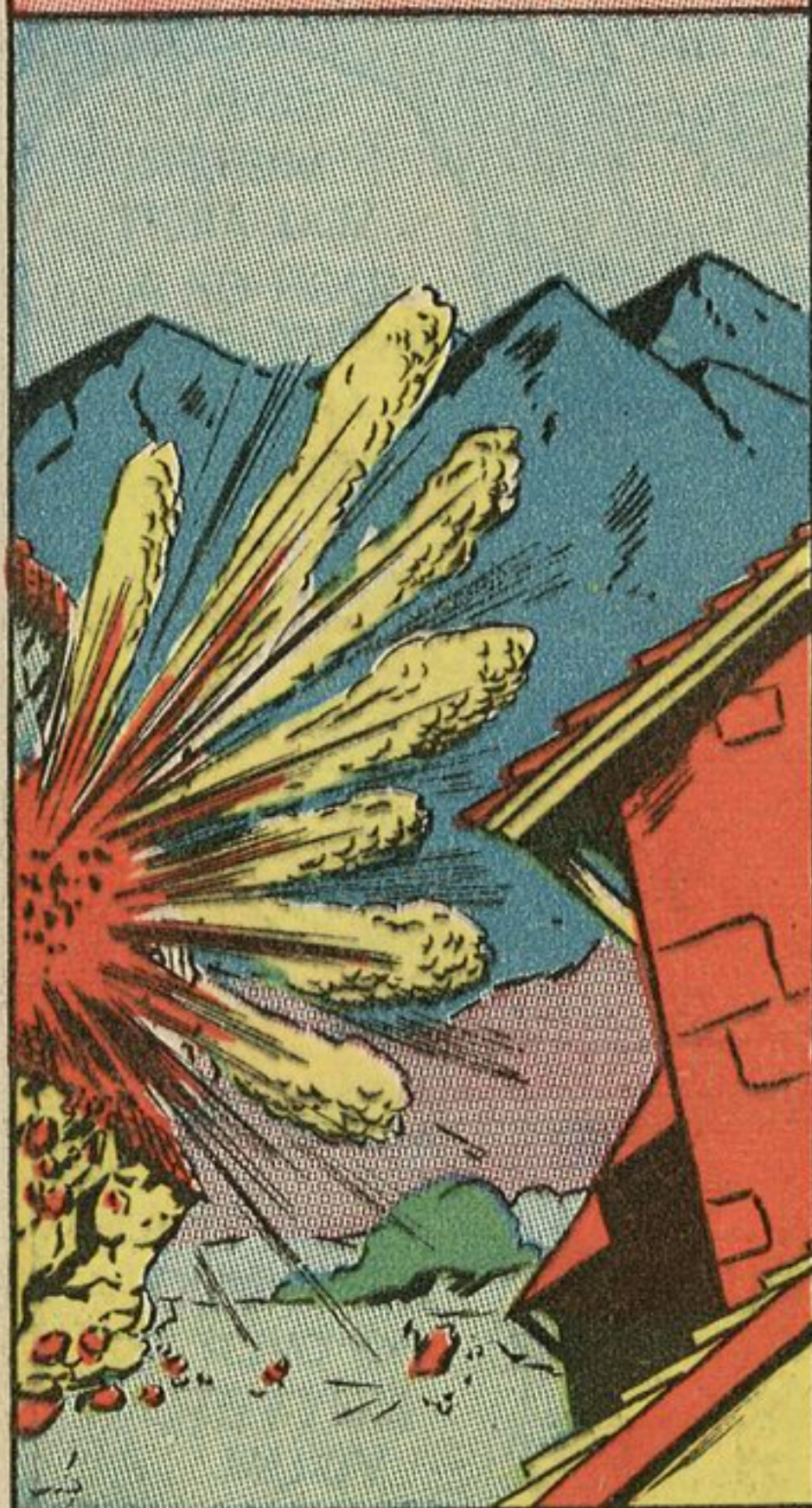
NO! THEY'RE  
MY MEAT!

AW... LET  
ME  
FINISH  
THEM!





IN ONE DEADLY SPLAT THE HAND GRENADES AND MACHINE GUN HAIL STRIKE THE BUILDING...



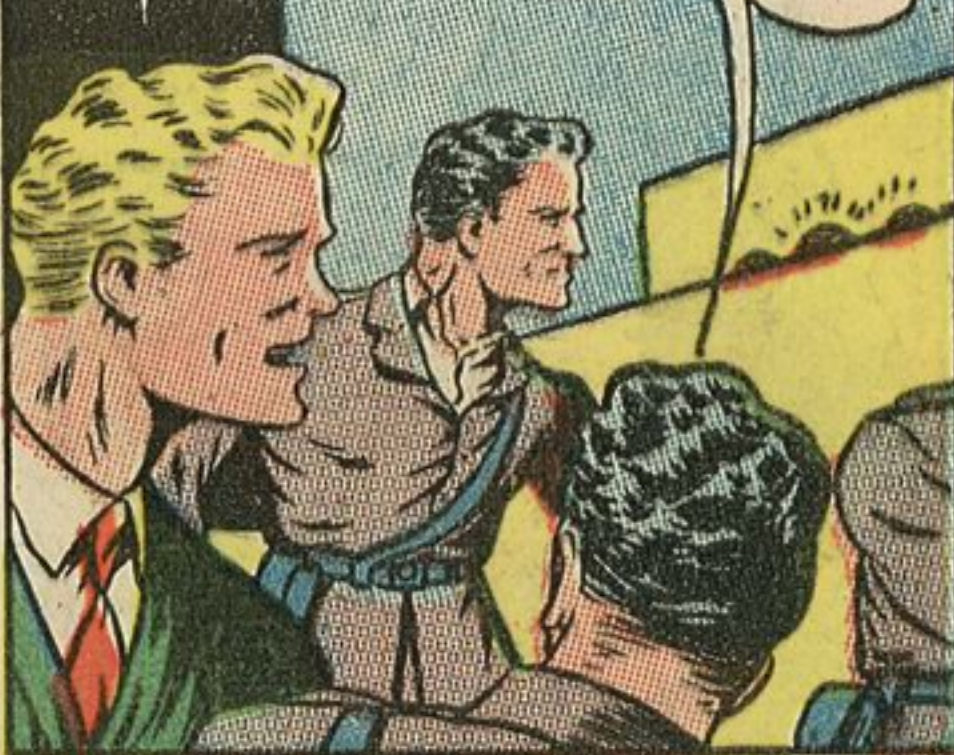
WOW! HOW MANY DID WE GET?

ABOUT FIFTY! MAKE YOUR SLUGS COUNT, MEN!

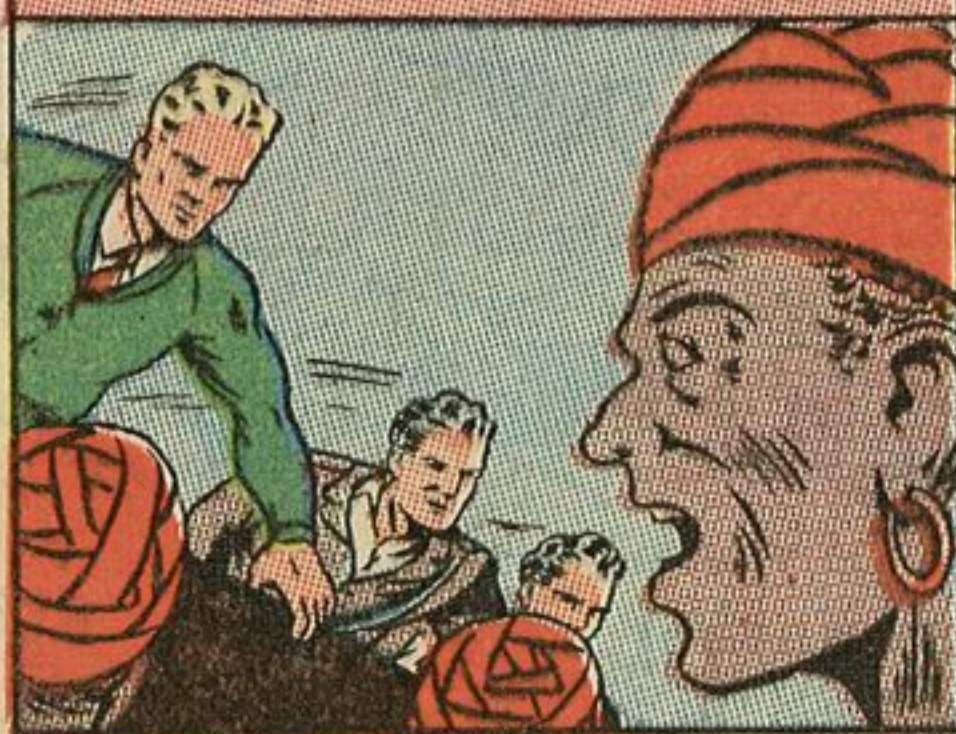


LOOK OUT, STEVE!

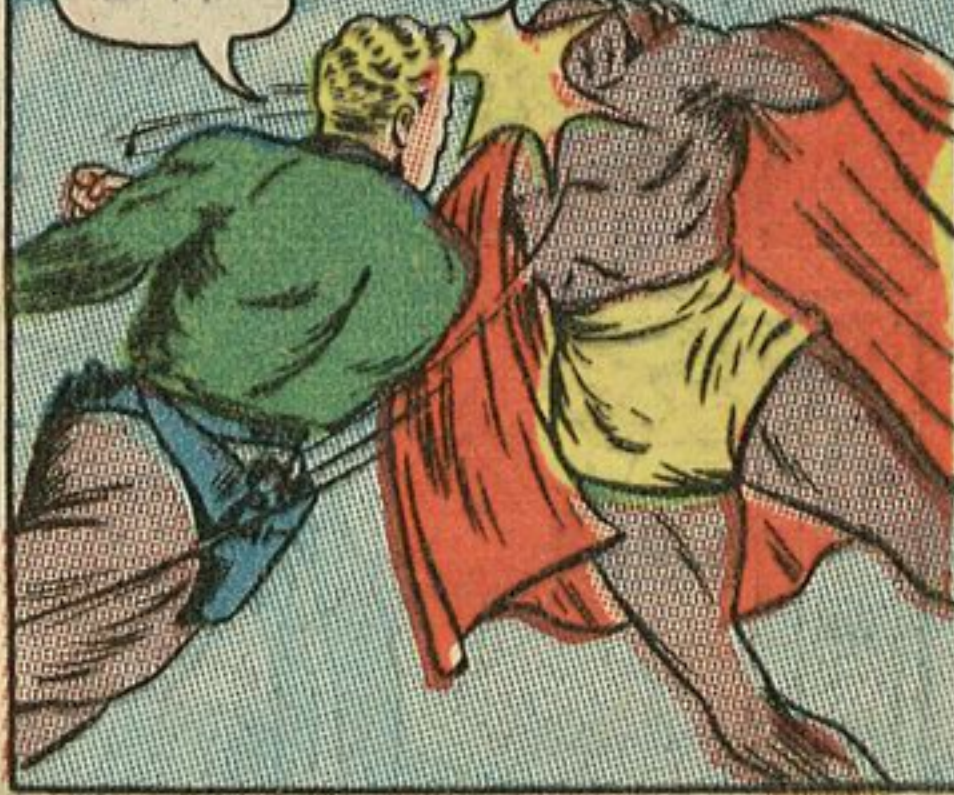
THERE'S MORE OF 'EM BEHIND US!



FLASH, STEVE AND TOMMY WHEEL SUDDENLY, AND CHARGE OVER THE WALL AT THE SURPRISED MORROS!



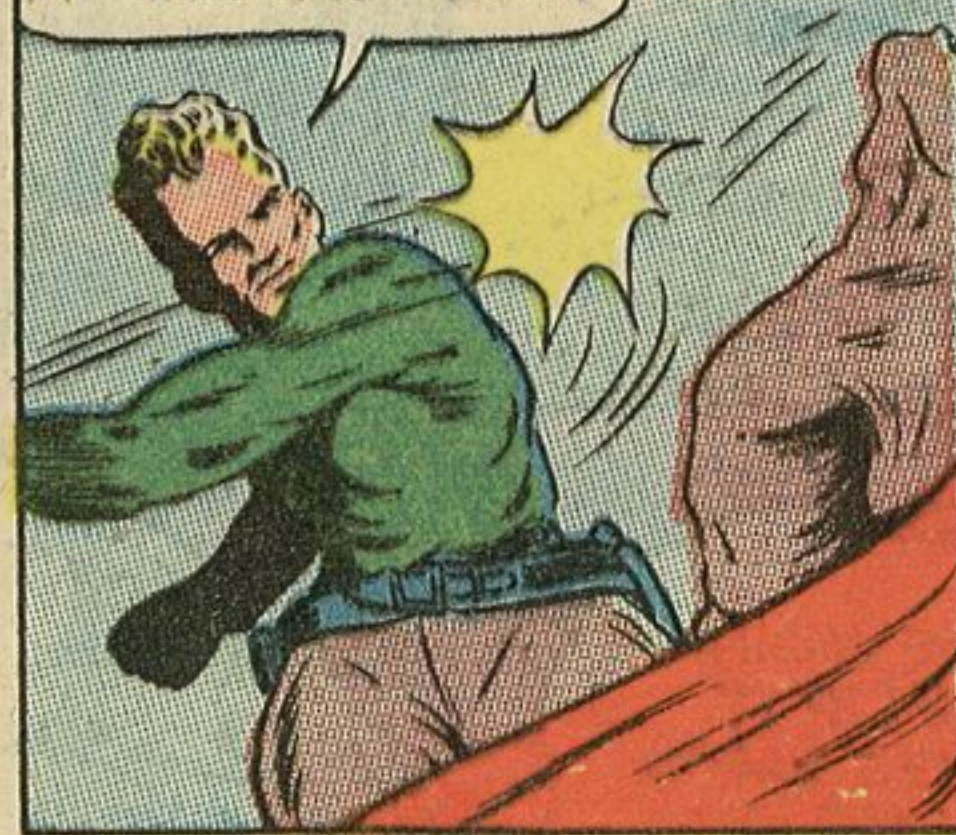
SO.... YOU STILL WANTA PLAY, EH?



AND 'MIDST A TERRIBLE DIN OF CLASHING ARMS AND SHOUTS, THE MEN FIGHT SAVAGELY.....



HOT DOG! SO I GET A CRACK AT THE LAST ONE!



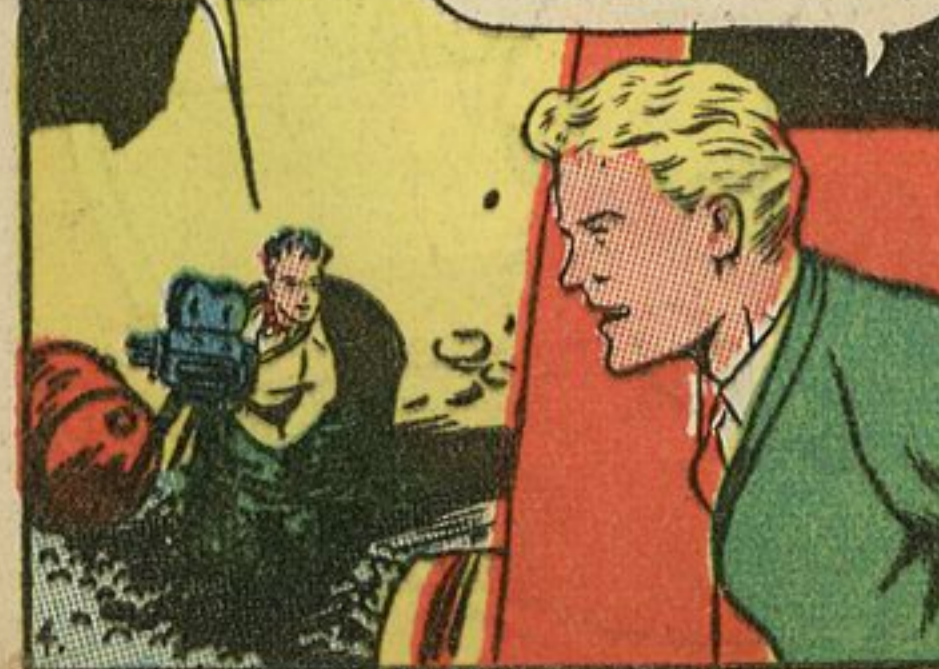
THE FIRING'S STOPPED...LOOKS LIKE THE OTHERS TOOK TO THE HILLS!

S-SAY.... I FORGOT.... WHERE'S SIDEKICK ANDY?



HERE, FLASH! I G-GOT PICTURES OF THE WHOLE MESS!

ANDY!! YOU'RE GETTING SMARTER EVERY DAY!



BUT, STILL YOU BETTER SAVE YOUR FILM FOR SOME REAL SHOTS, FLASH!

I'LL SAY!... THIS WAS JUST EVERY DAY ROUTINE STUFF... WE 'AVEN'T SEEN REAL TROUBLE YET!

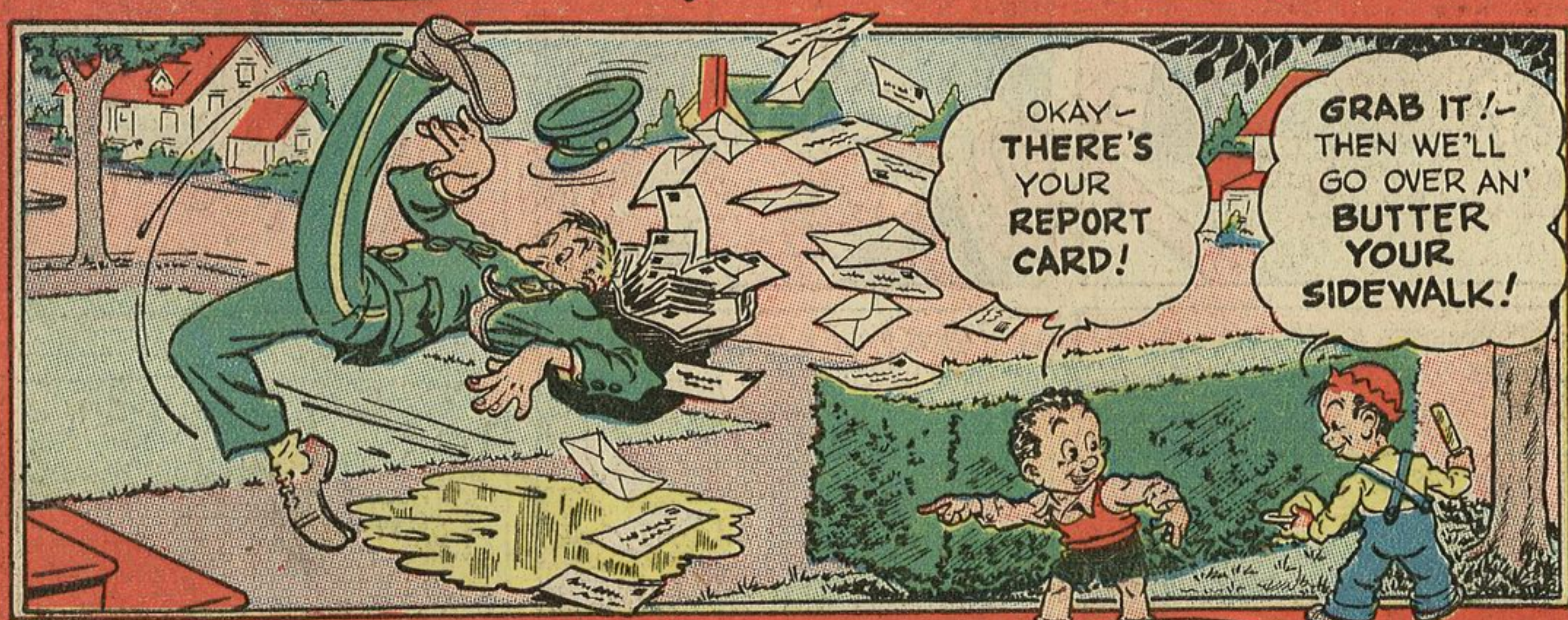
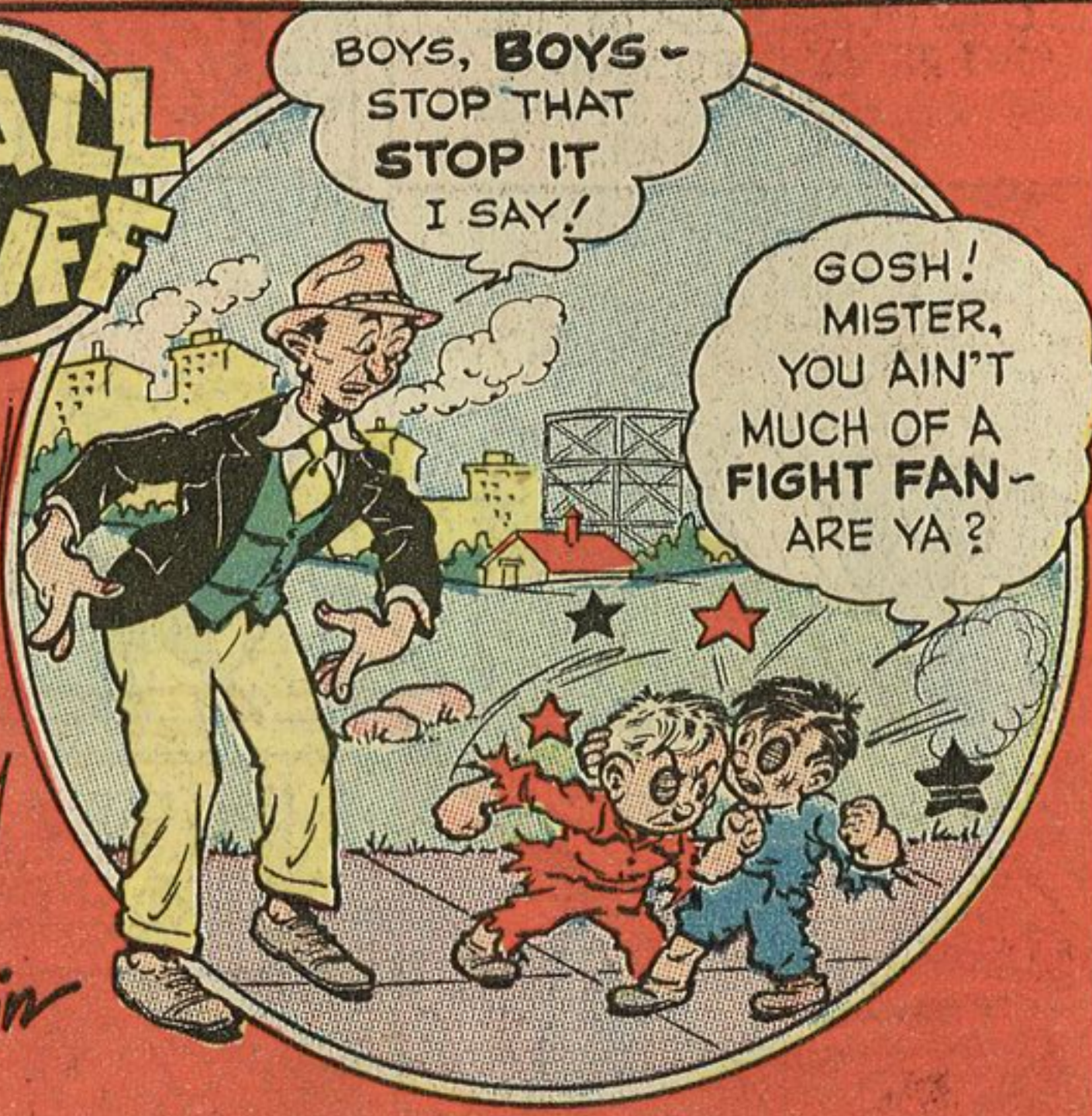
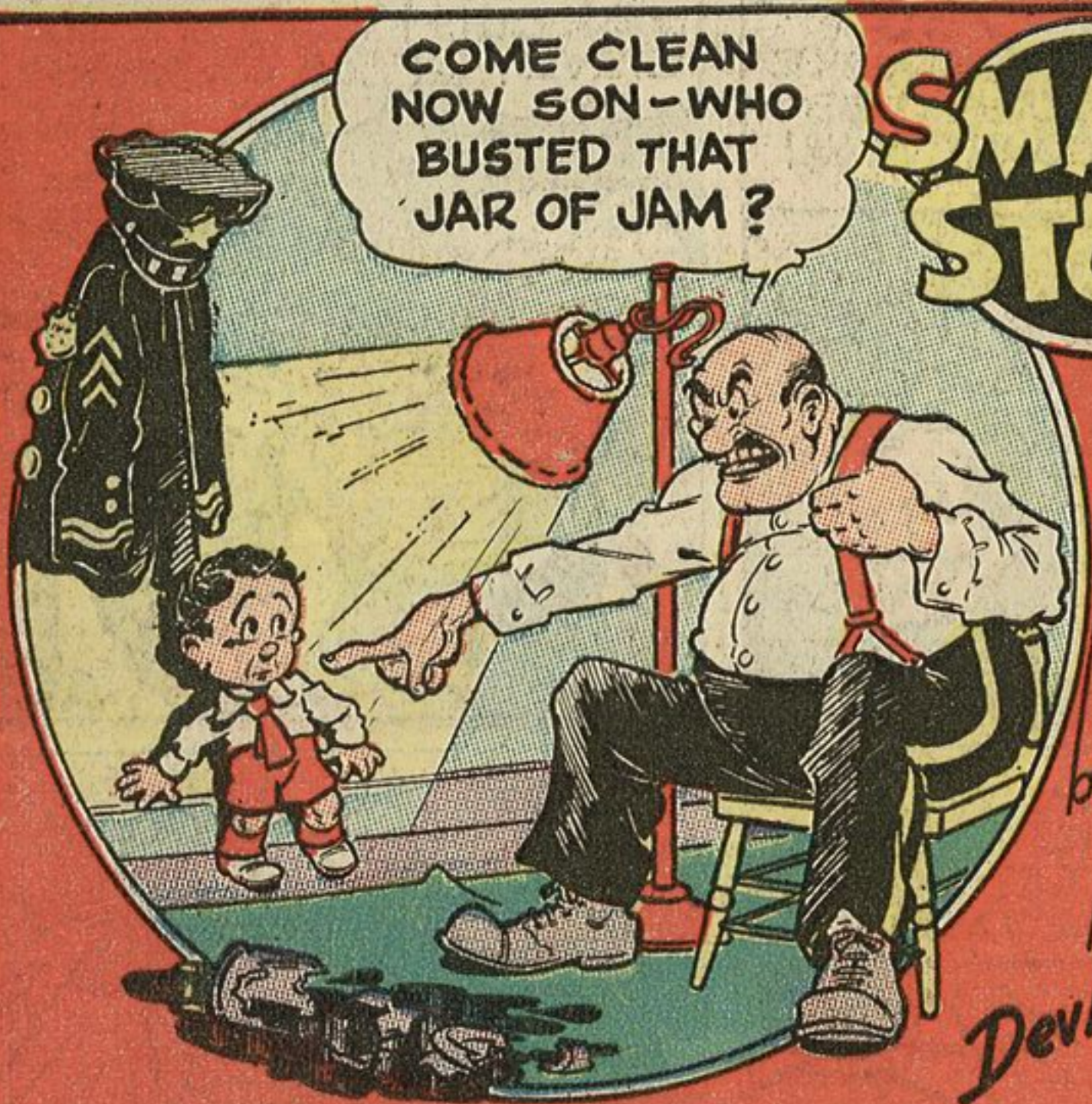


WELL, OUR COMPANY WANTS EXCITING PICTURES, BUT THEY DON'T WANT ME TO BECOME A DEAD HERO! SO THE SOONER I LEAVE HERE, THE BETTER! I'LL TAKE MY ADVENTURE SOMEWHERE ELSE!





# SMALL STUFF





# BOZO <sup>THE</sup> ROBOT

WITH  
HUGH HAZZARD

by  
**WAYNE  
REID.**

HUGH HAZZARD, WITH THE AID OF HIS INDESTRUCTIBLE IRON MAN, HAS BECOME THE COUNTRY'S ACE CRIME BUSTER. IN HIS HOME HE IS BROUGHT TO HIS FEET BY A NEWS FLASH-----

JUST A FEW MINUTES AGO THE PEOPLES BANK WAS ROBBED OF 25,000 DOLLARS--THE BANDITS SHOT THEIR WAY TO FREEDOM--



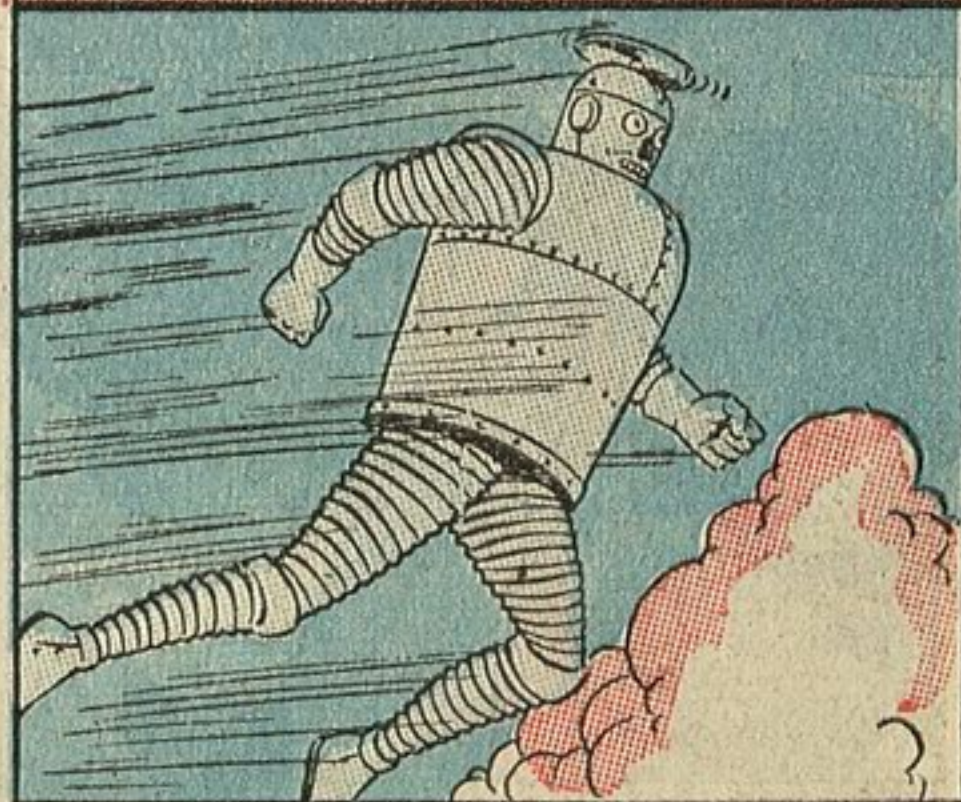
IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ROBBERY, POLICE WERE TIPPED OFF THAT THE GANG WAS HEADING NORTH ON THE SKYLINE HIGHWAY IN A GREEN SEDAN!



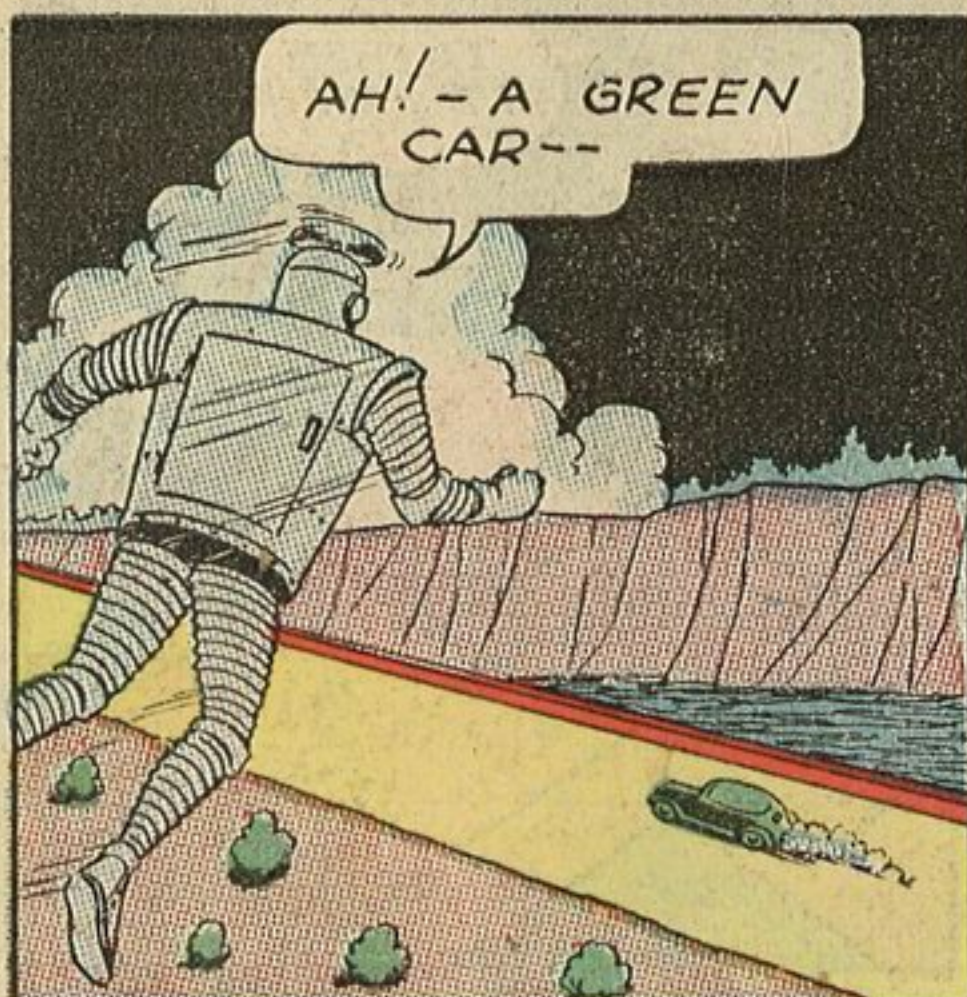
I'LL SEE IF I CAN HEAD THEM OFF!



AND HUGH, INSIDE THE IRON MAN, STREAKS AFTER THE FLEEING CROOKS----

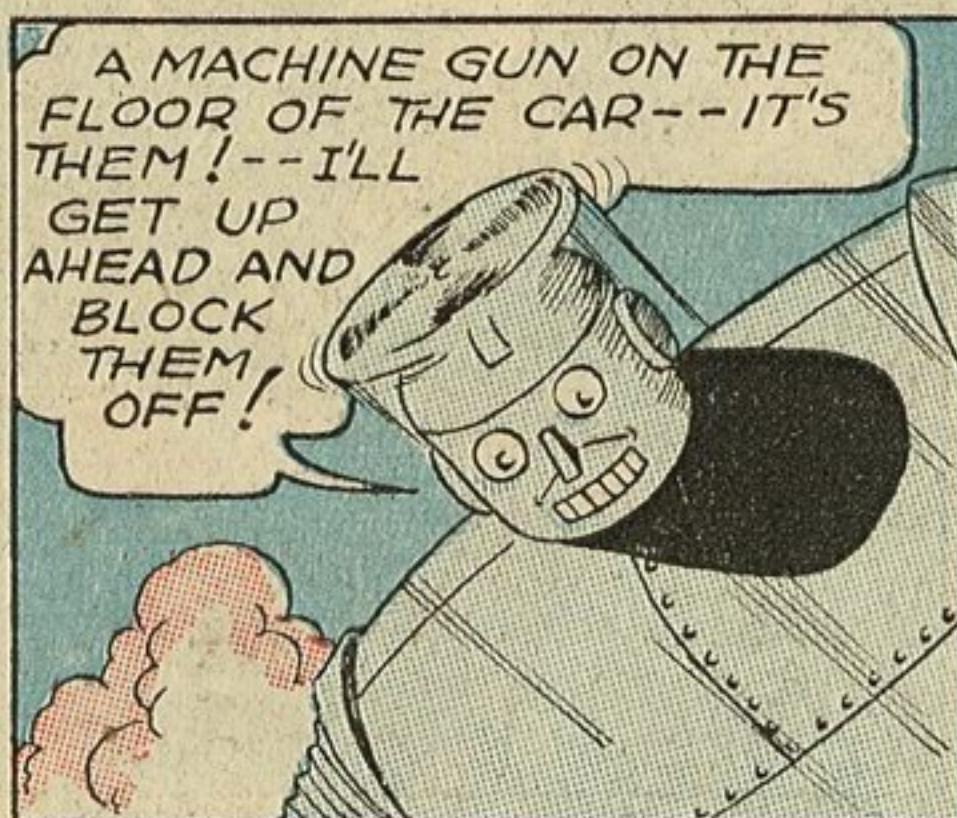


AH!-- A GREEN CAR--



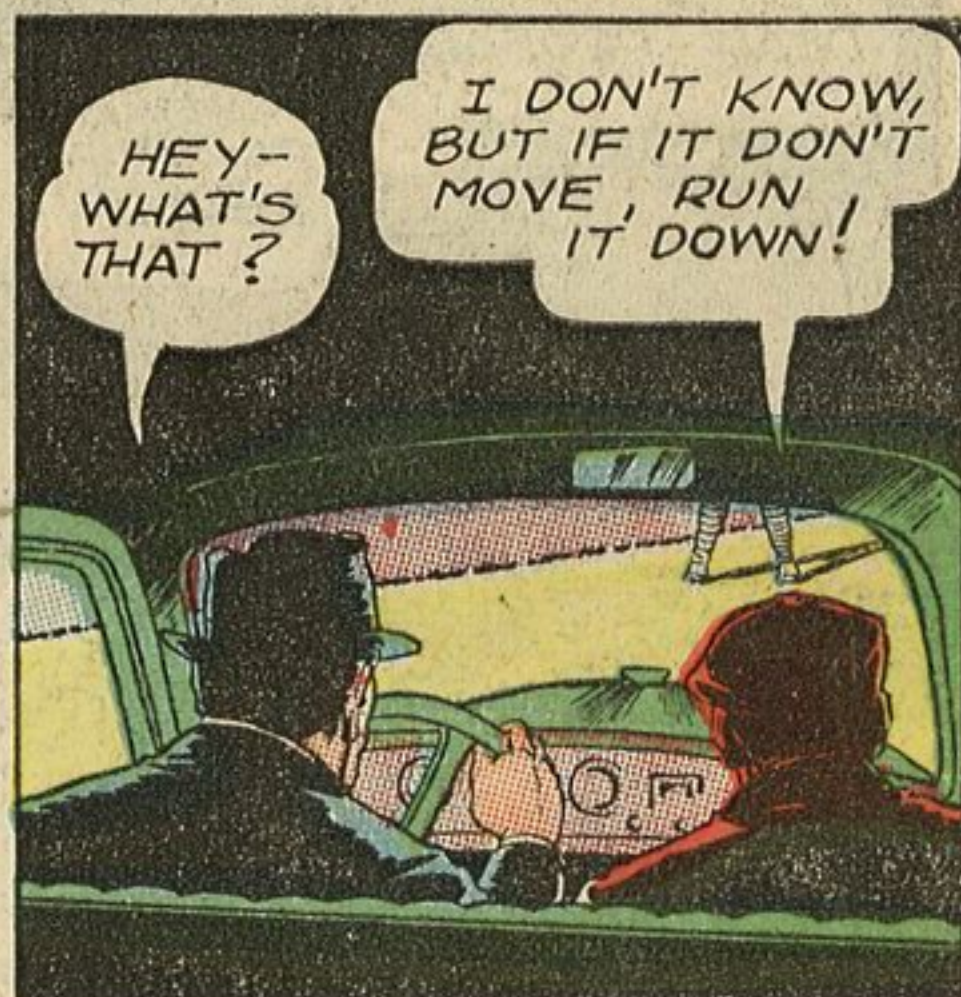
AND BY MEANS OF THE ROBOT'S TELESCOPIC EYE, HUGH SEES--

A MACHINE GUN ON THE FLOOR OF THE CAR--IT'S THEM!---I'LL GET UP AHEAD AND BLOCK THEM OFF!

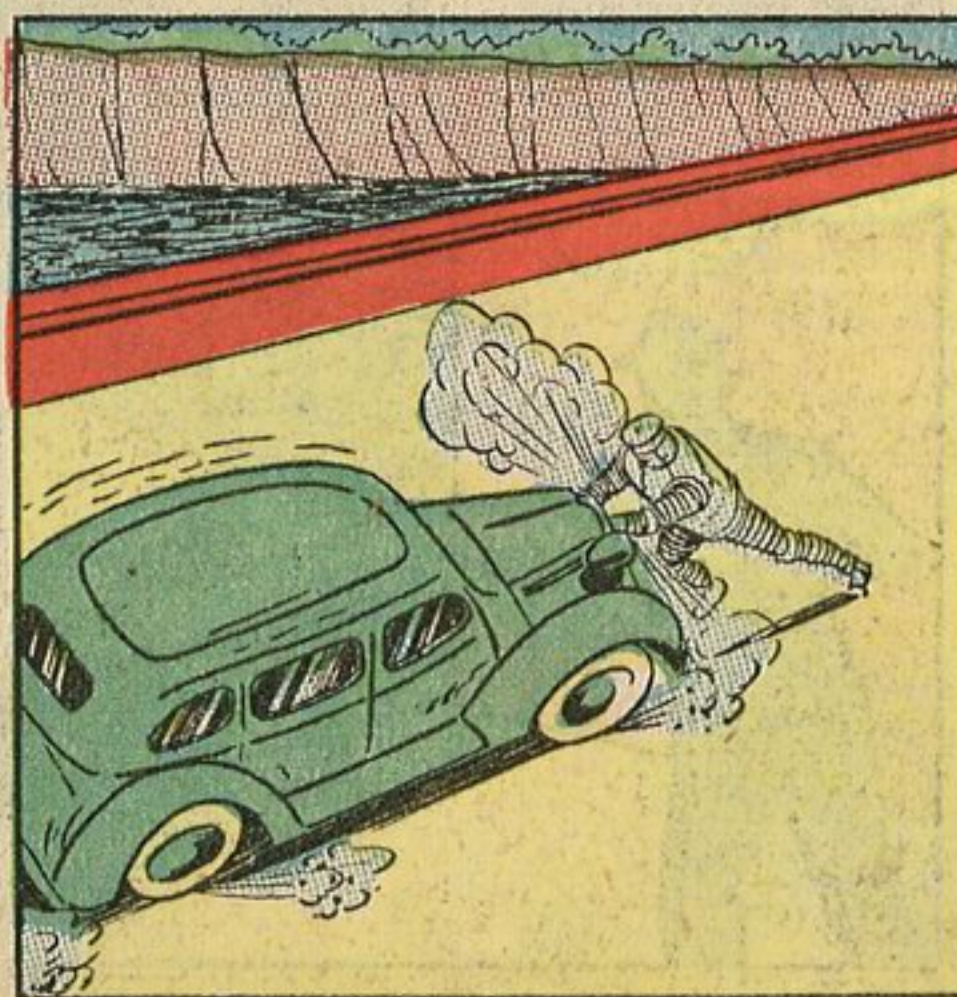


HEY-- WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF IT DON'T MOVE, RUN IT DOWN!



LOOK OUT!--IT AIN'T HUMAN!!

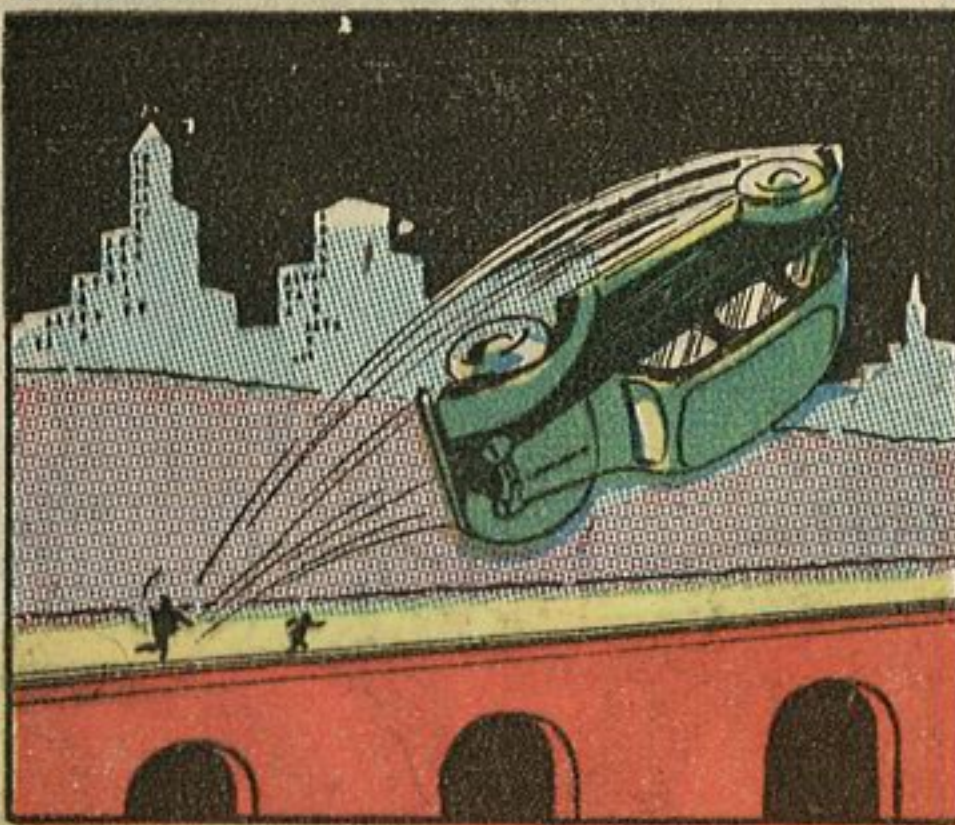


EEYOWW.!

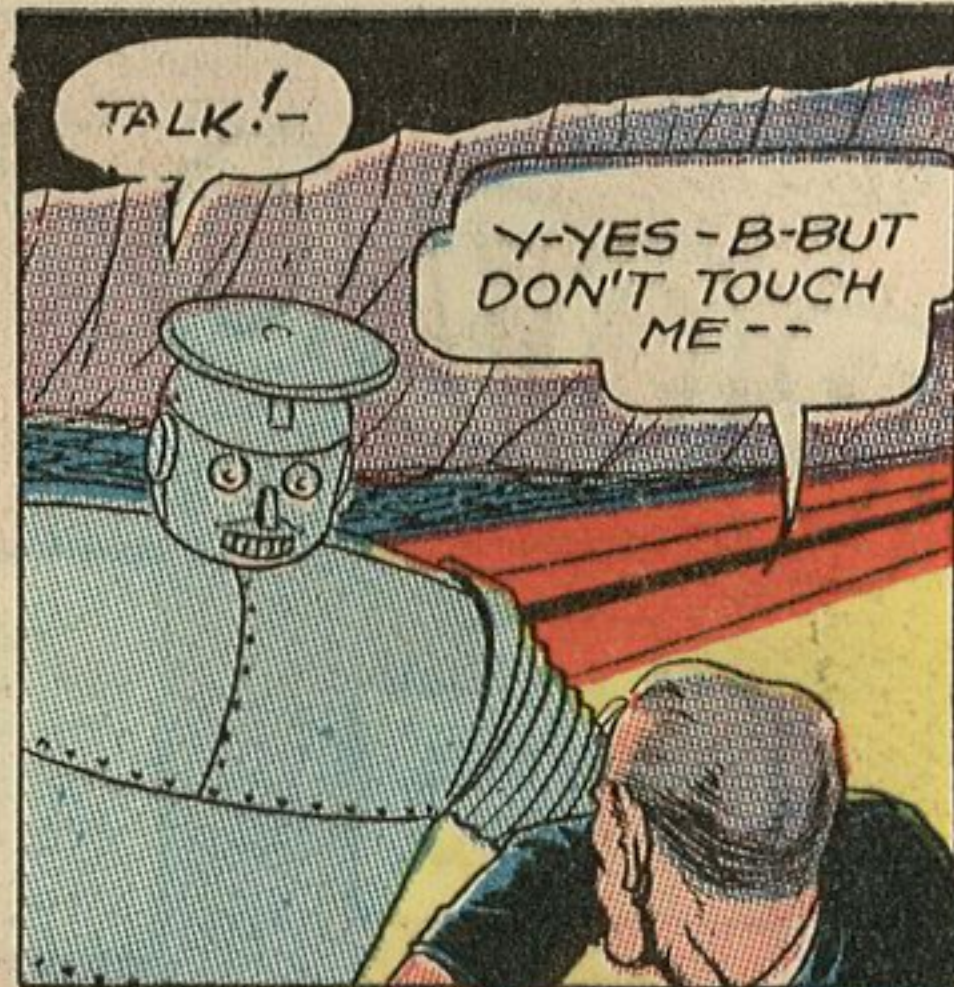




WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, THE CAR IS THROWN INTO THE RIVER-

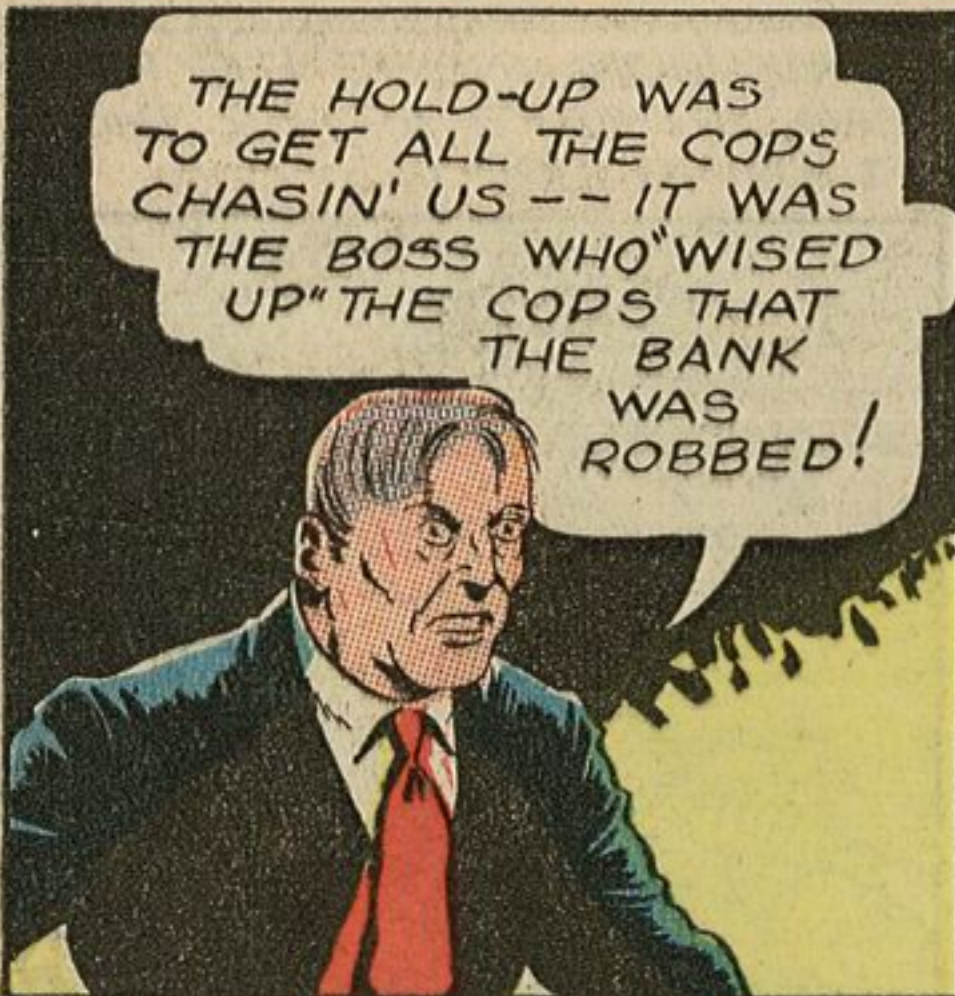


YOU!- COME BACK!

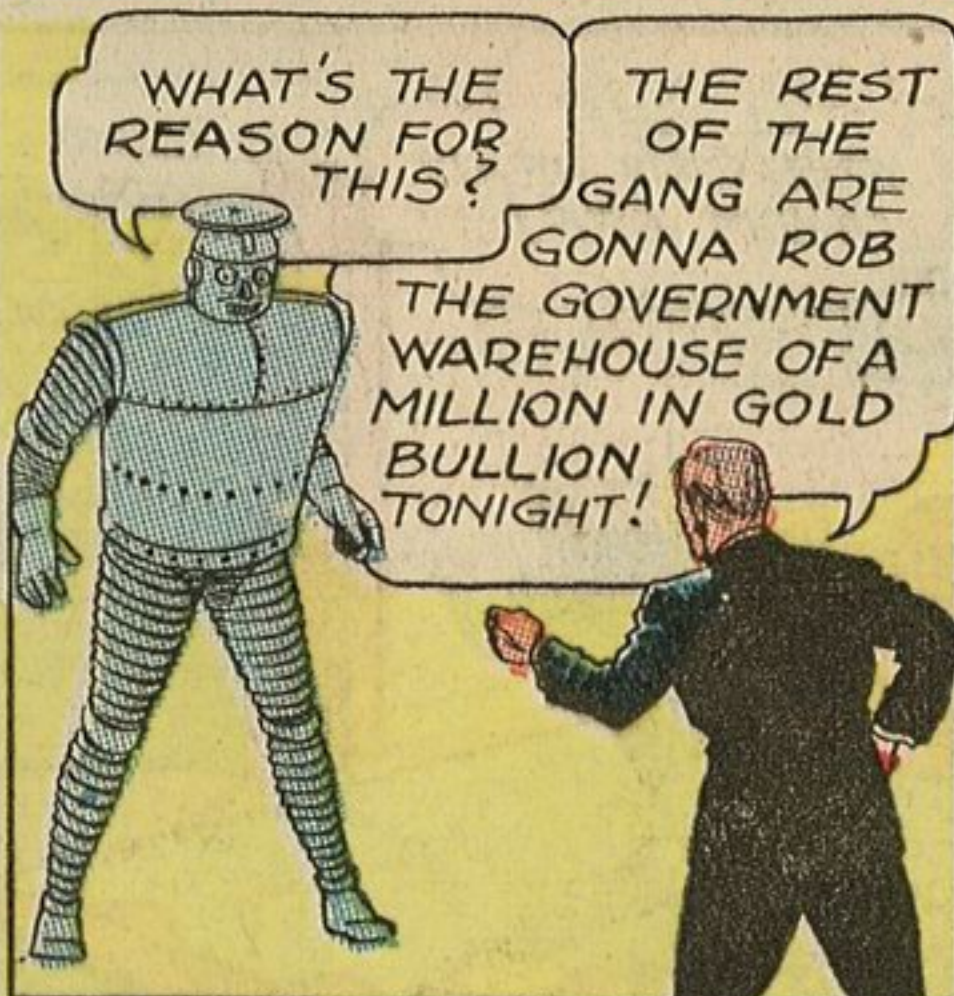


TALK!-

Y-YES-B-BUT DON'T TOUCH ME--



THE HOLD-UP WAS TO GET ALL THE COPS CHASIN' US -- IT WAS THE BOSS WHO "WISED UP" THE COPS THAT THE BANK WAS ROBBED!



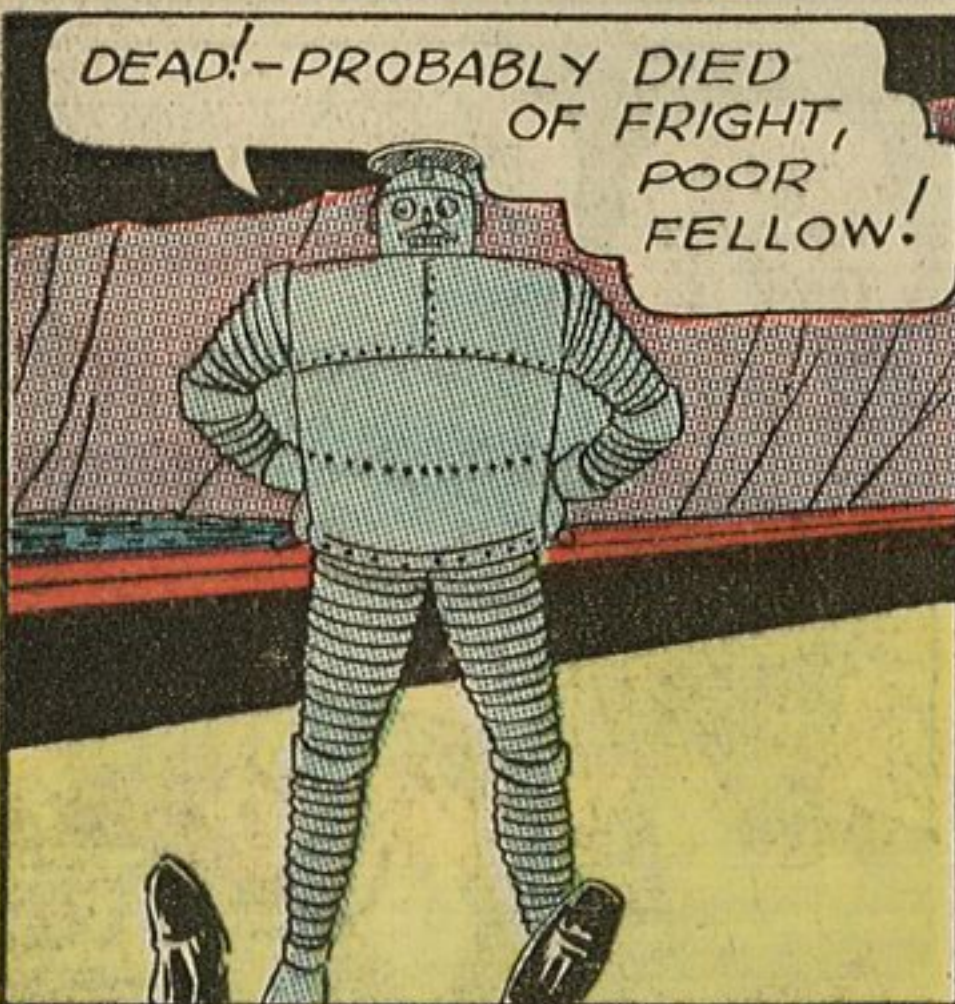
WHAT'S THE REASON FOR THIS?

THE REST OF THE GANG ARE GONNA ROB THE GOVERNMENT WAREHOUSE OF A MILLION IN GOLD BULLION TONIGHT!

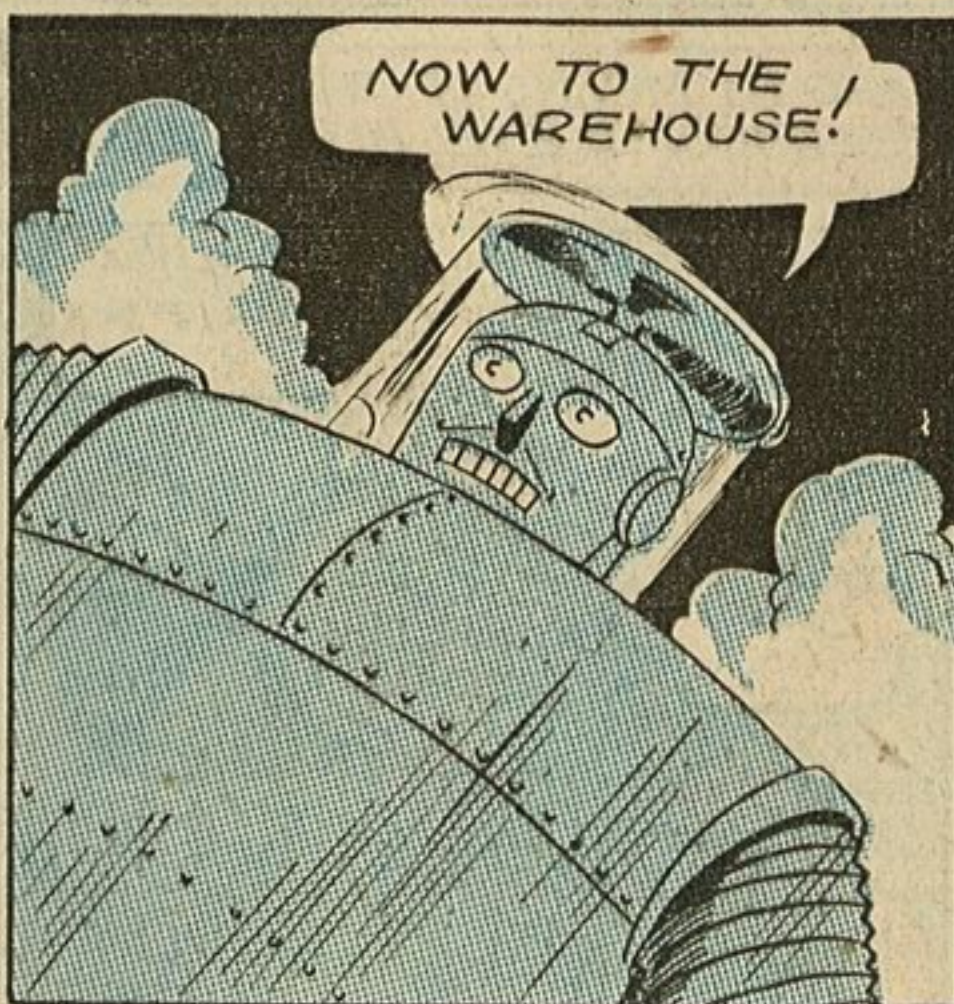


PRETTY CLEVER!- NOW, YOU'RE COMING WITH ME-

NO! DON'T TOUCH ME-- AHHHH!



DEAD!-PROBABLY DIED OF FRIGHT, POOR FELLOW!



NOW TO THE WAREHOUSE!



THERE IT IS!



I'M TOO LATE, THE PLACE IS CLEANED OUT!

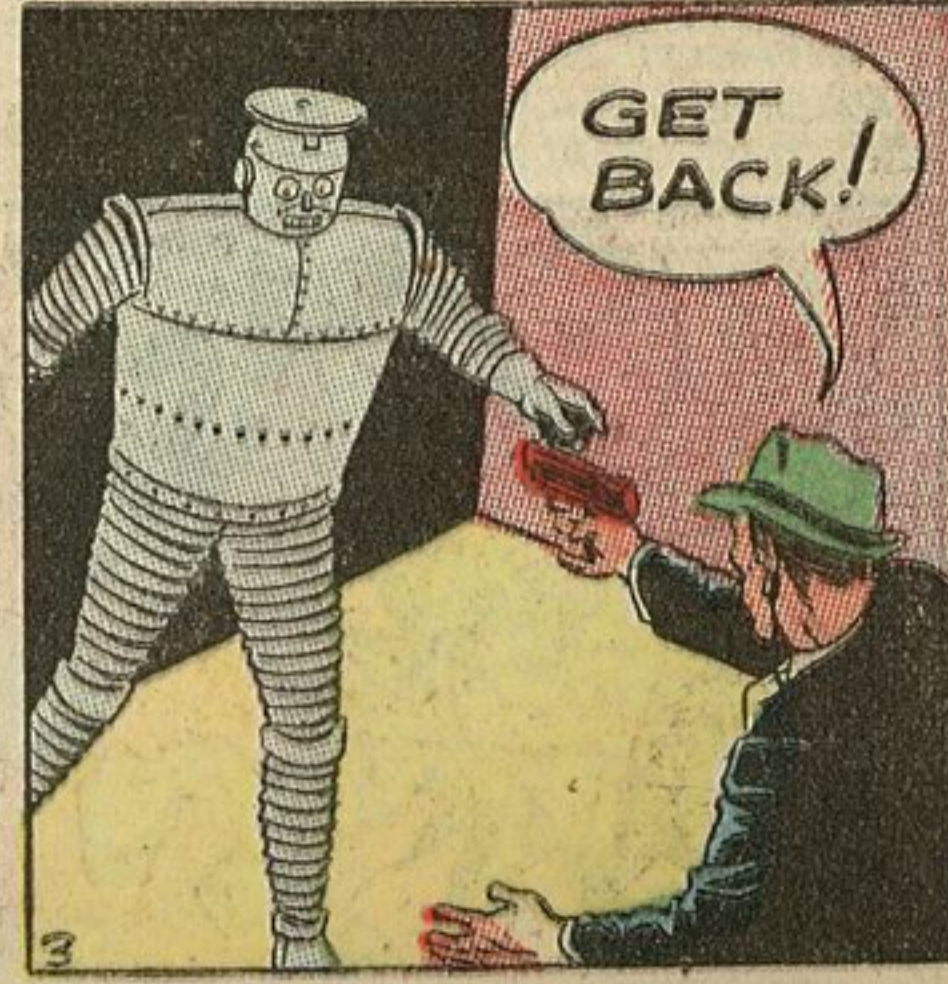
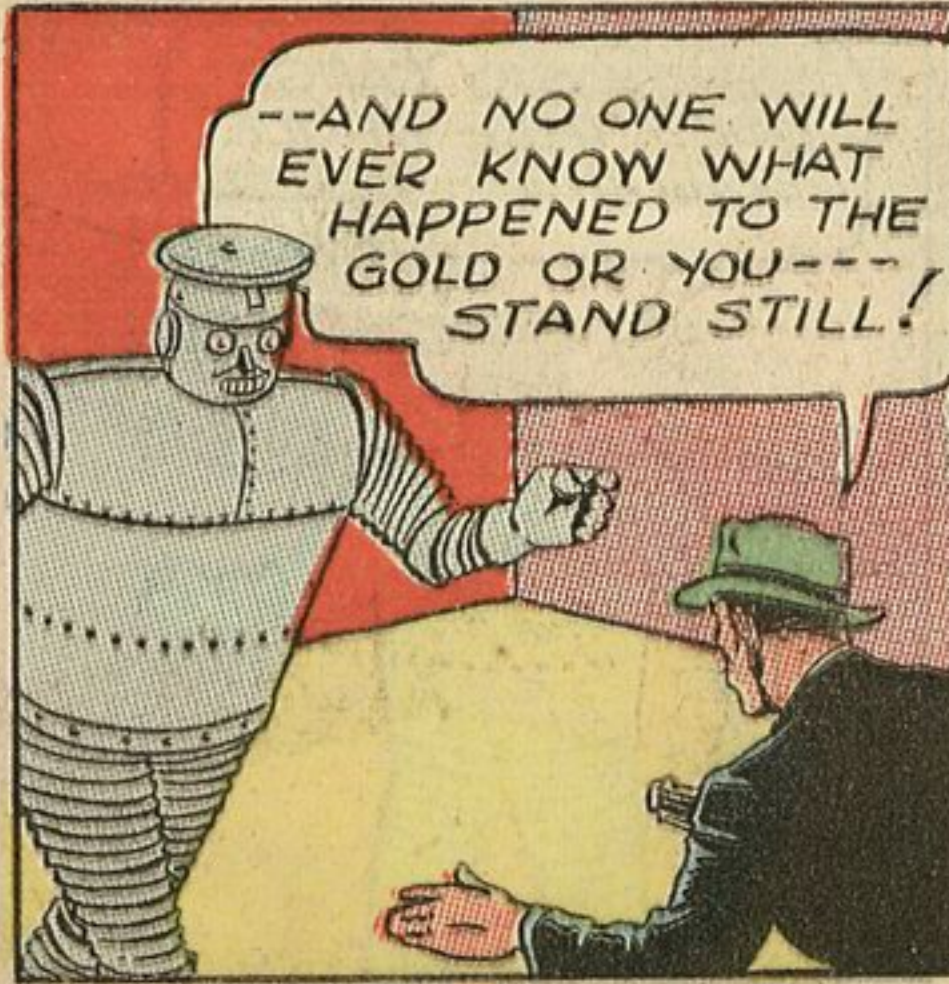
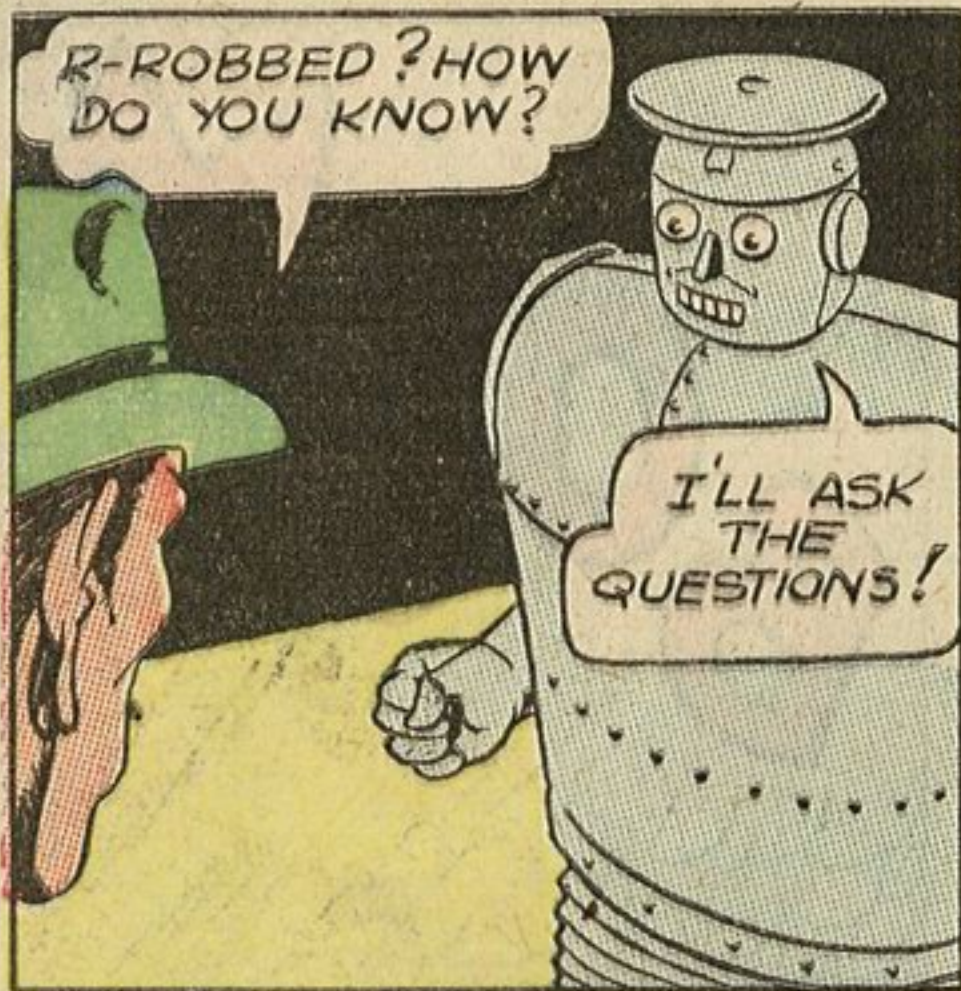
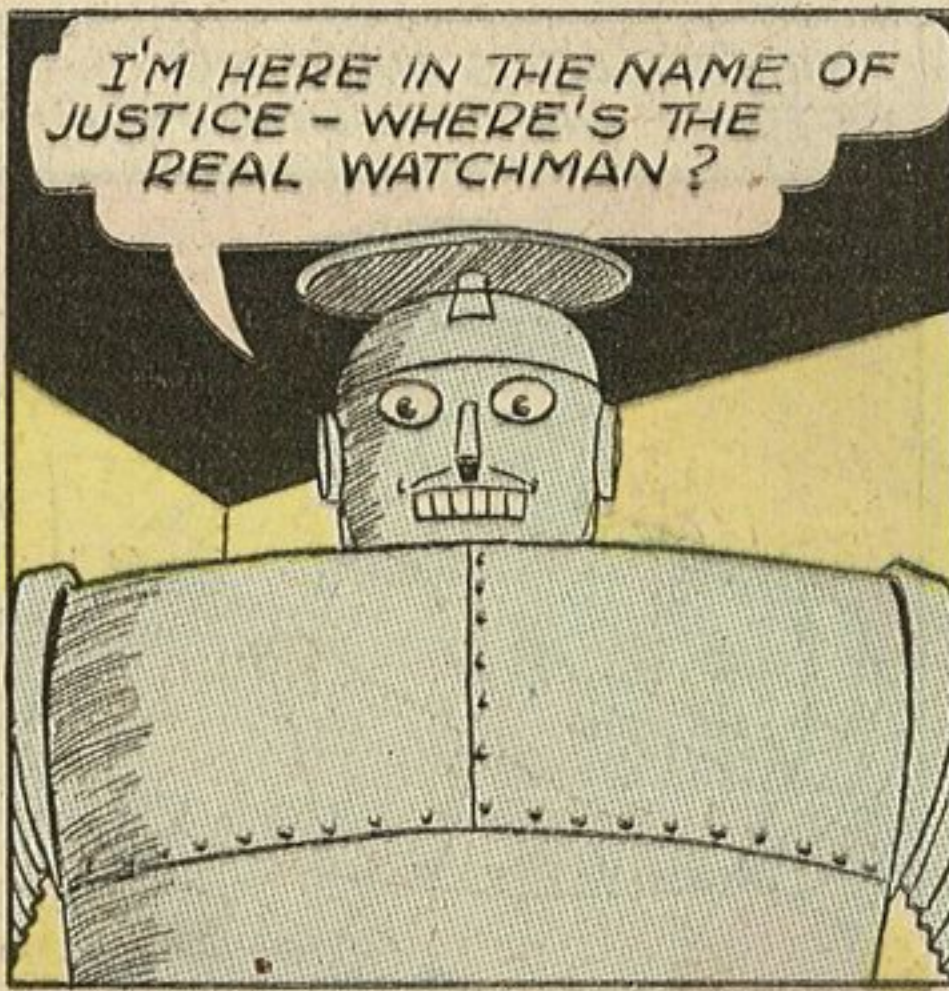


OH-OH-THERE'S THE WATCHMAN-I'LL GO IN AND SURPRISE HIM!

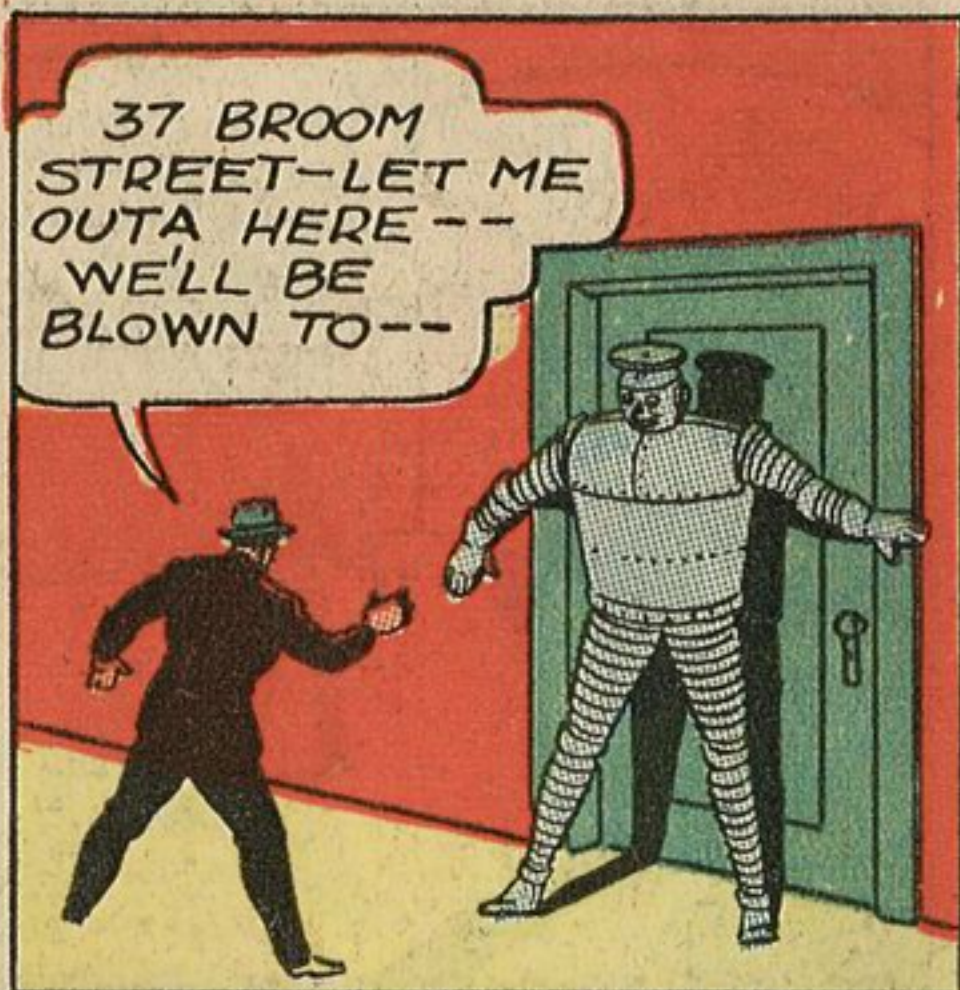
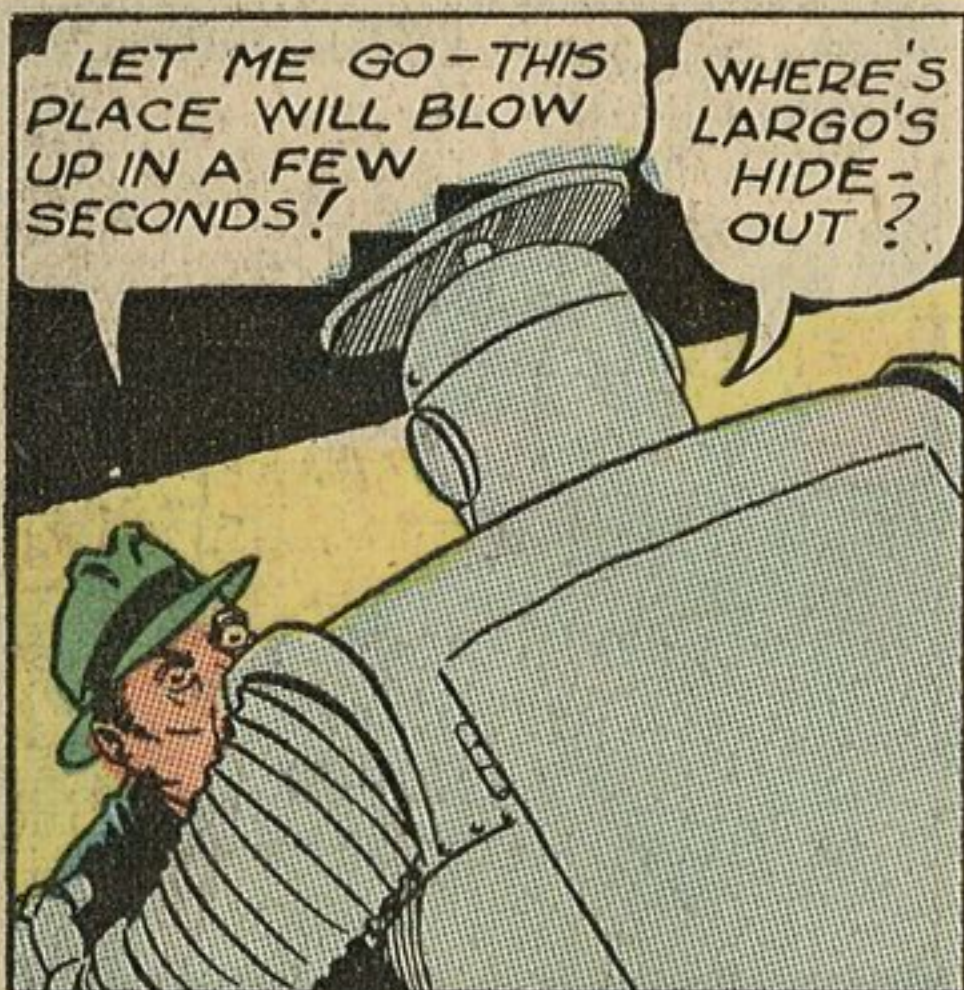
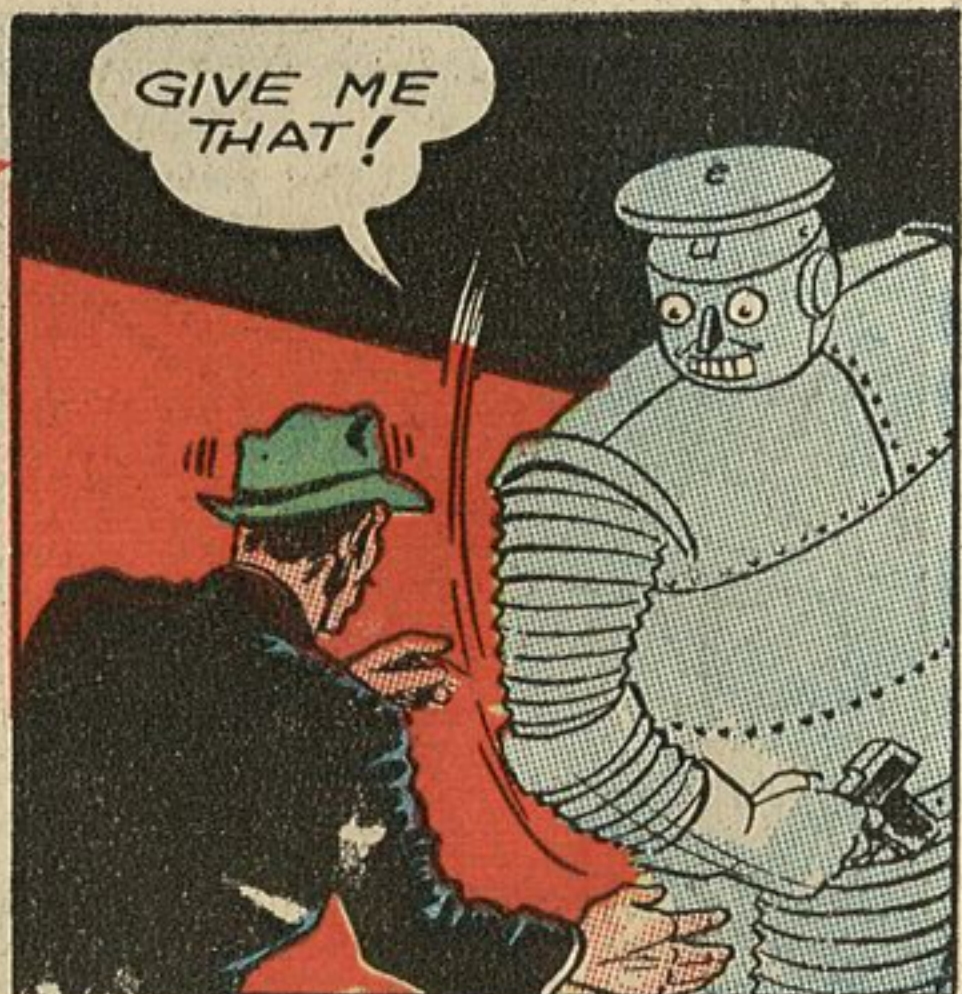
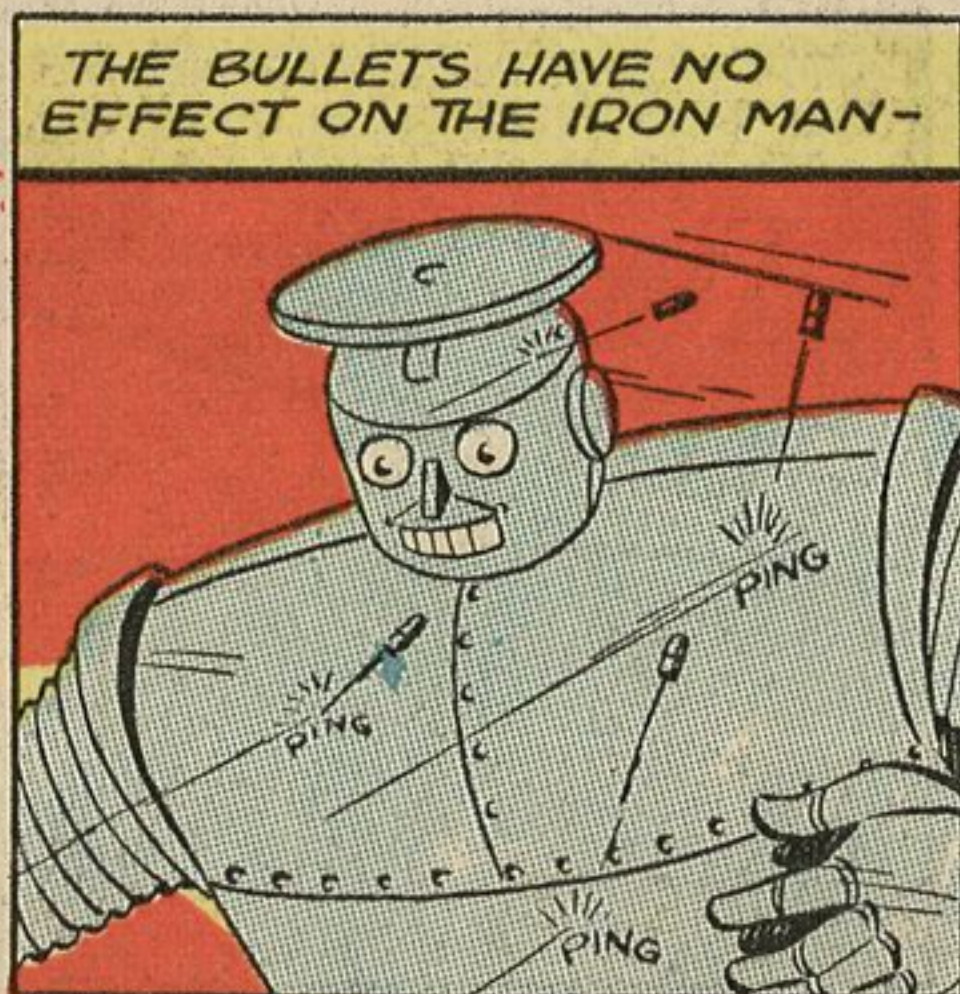


HERE HE COMES!

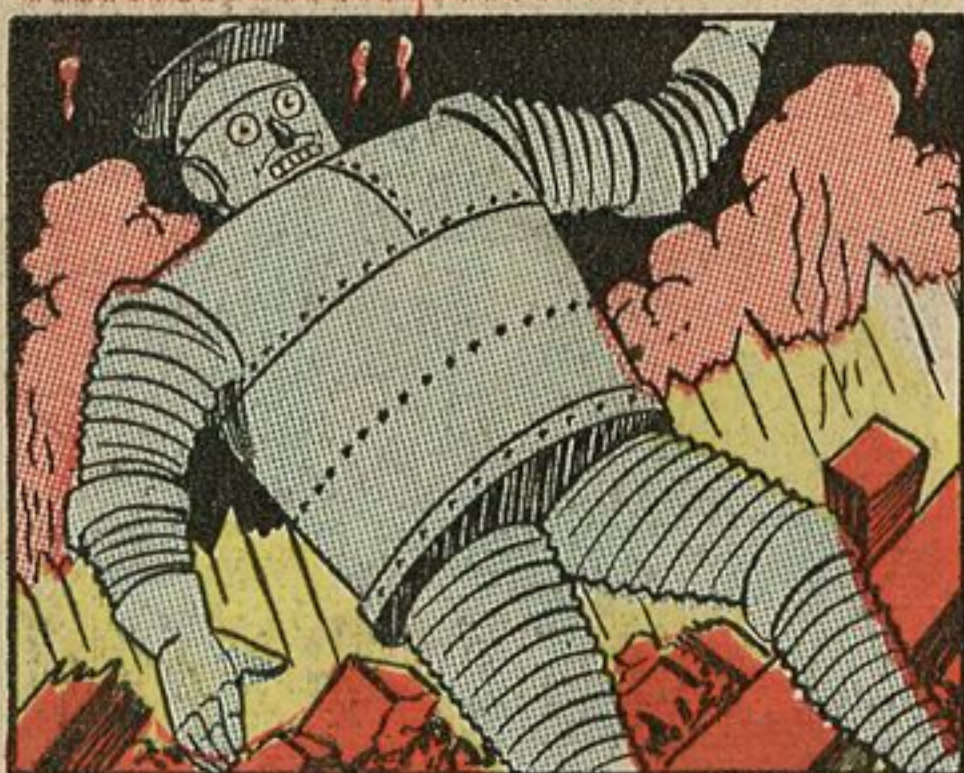




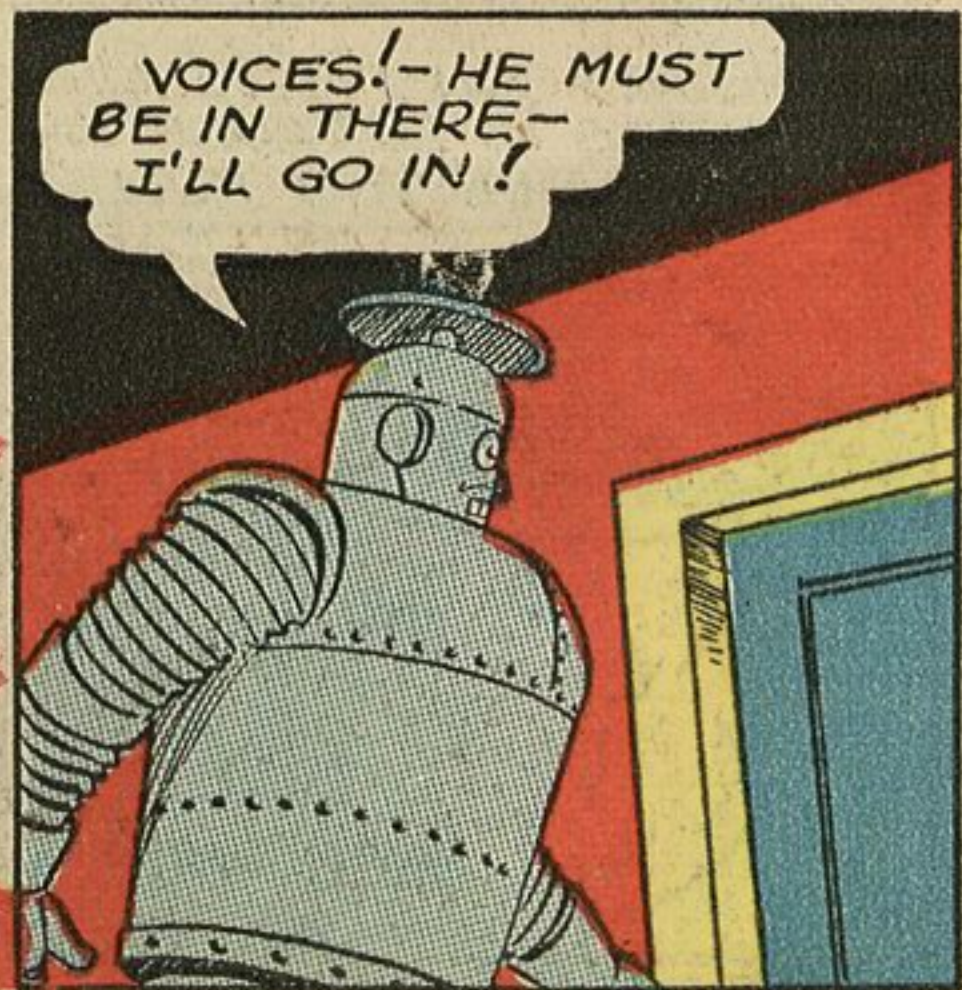




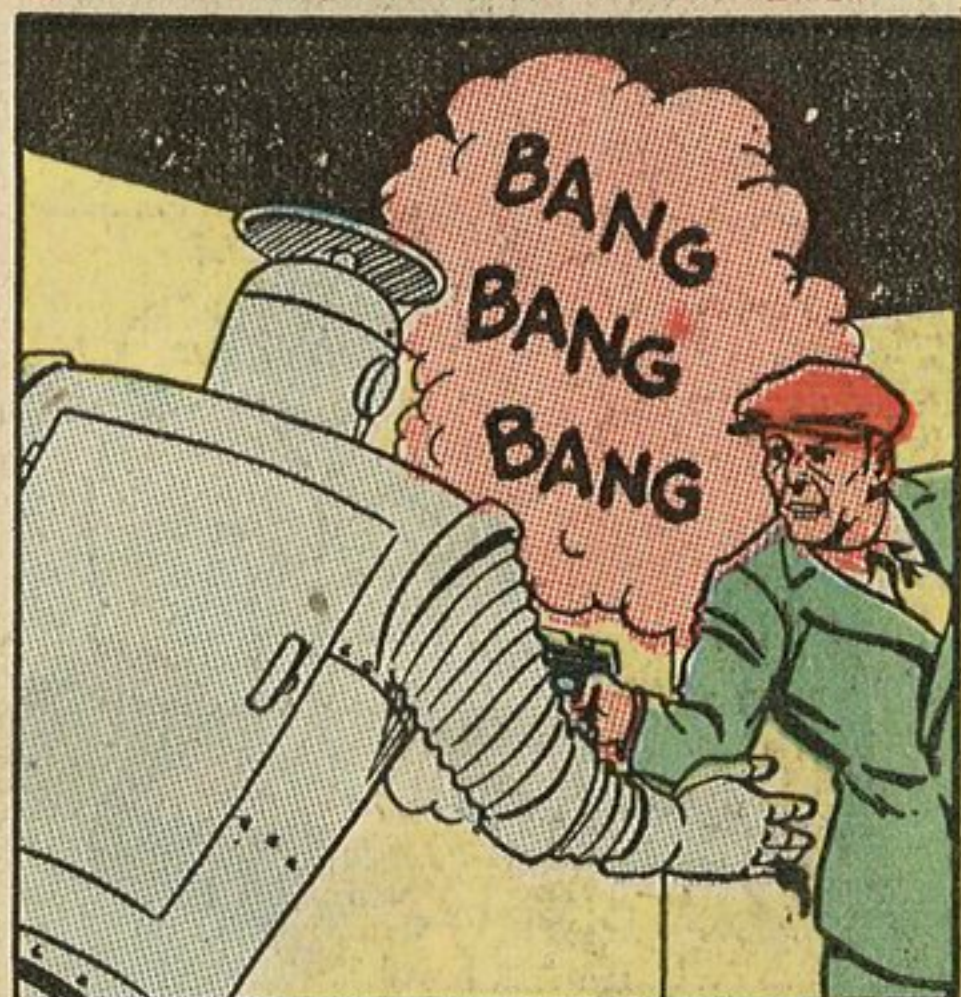
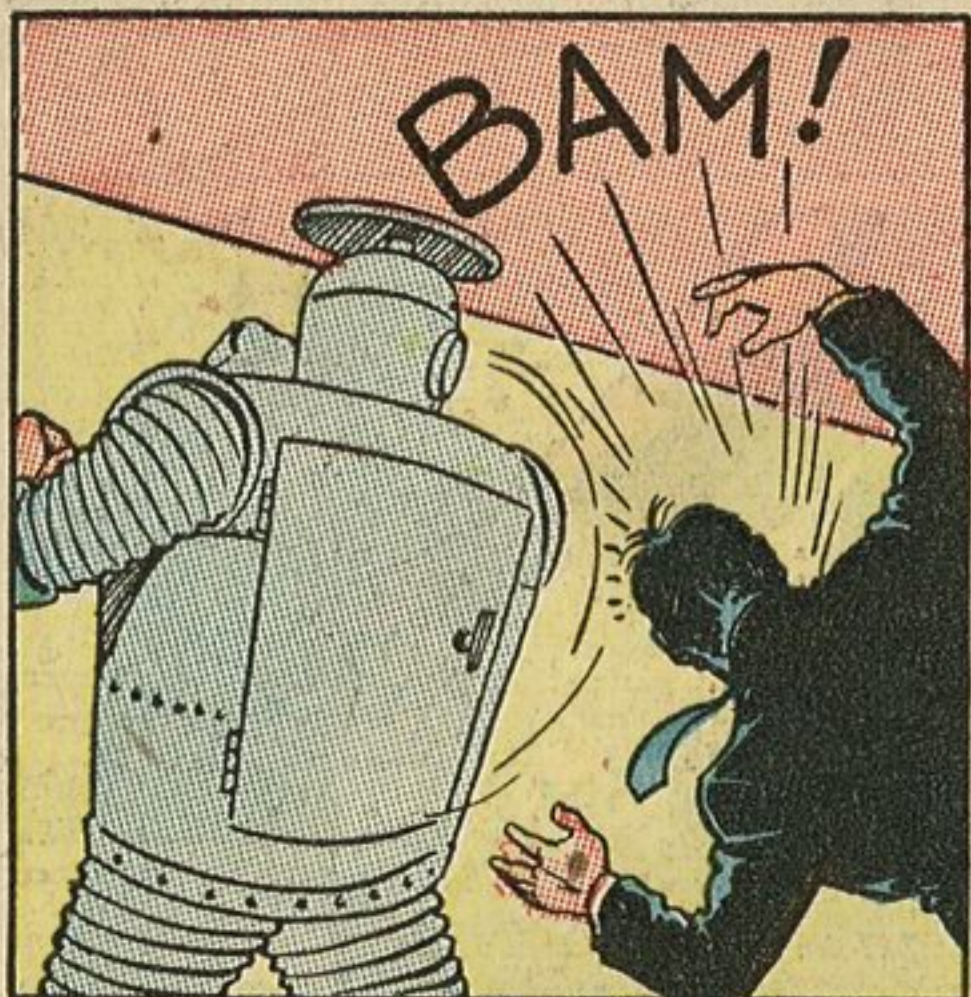
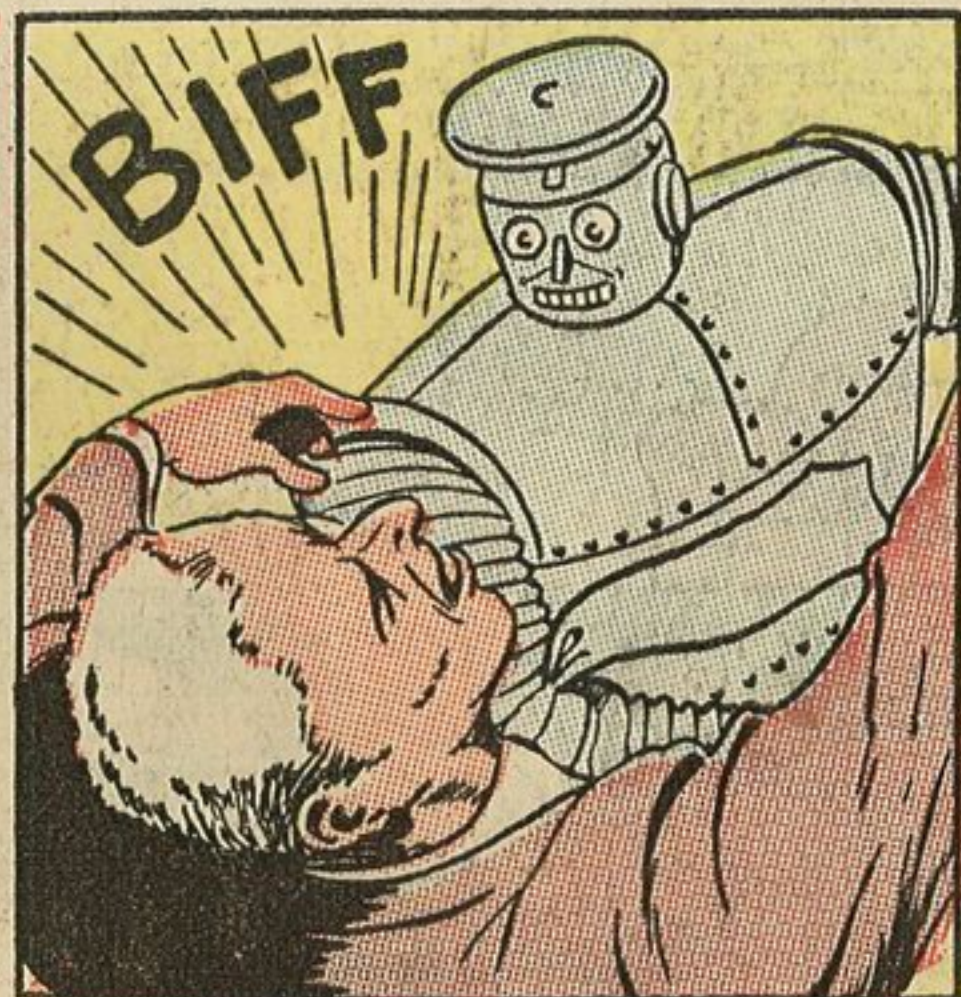
THE UNHARMED FIGURE OF THE ROBOT RISES OUT OF THE WRECKAGE---



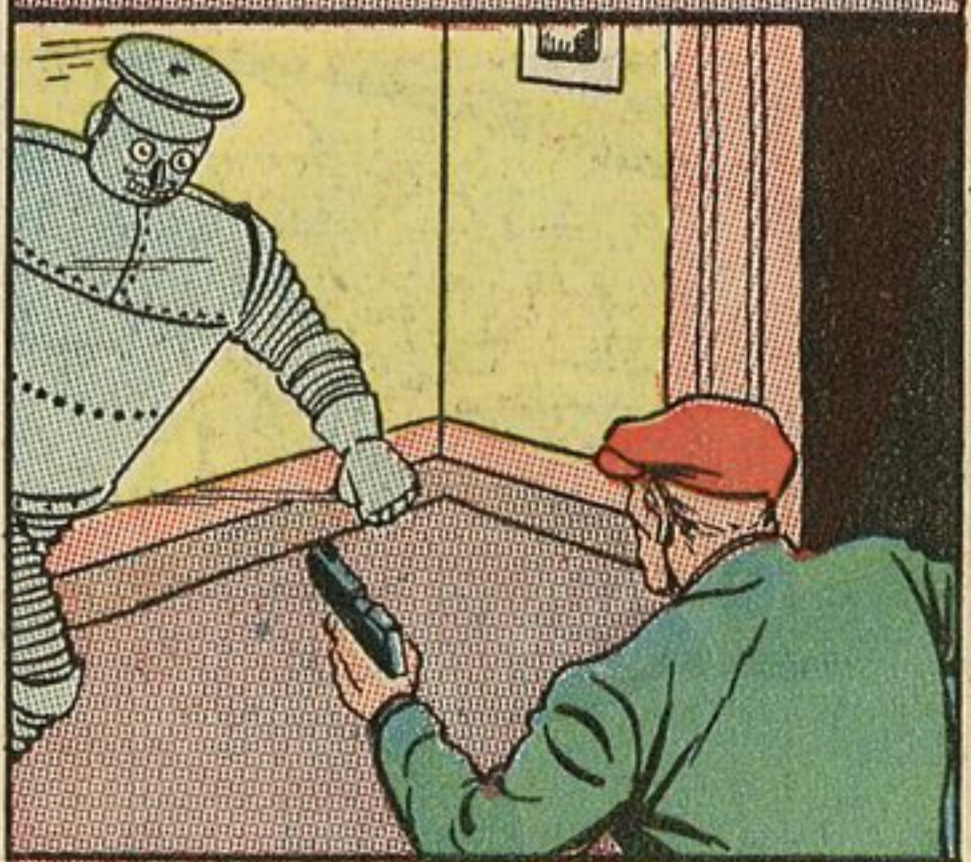
WITHOUT STOPPING, BOZO CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL OF THE BUILDING---



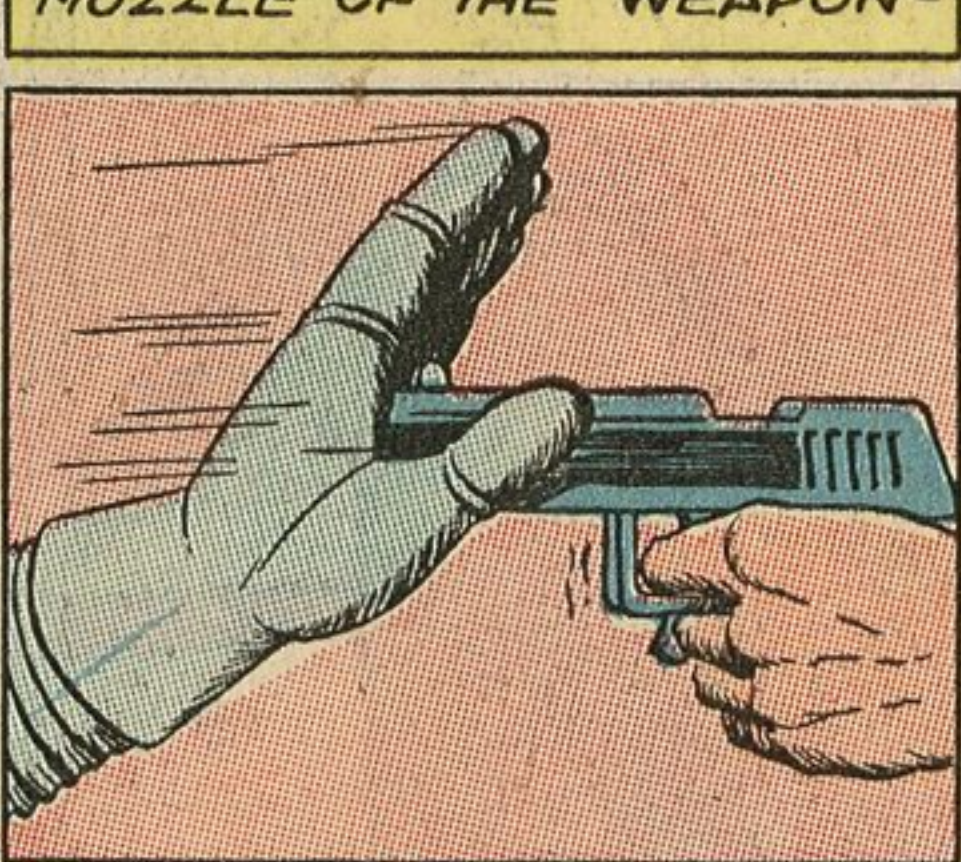




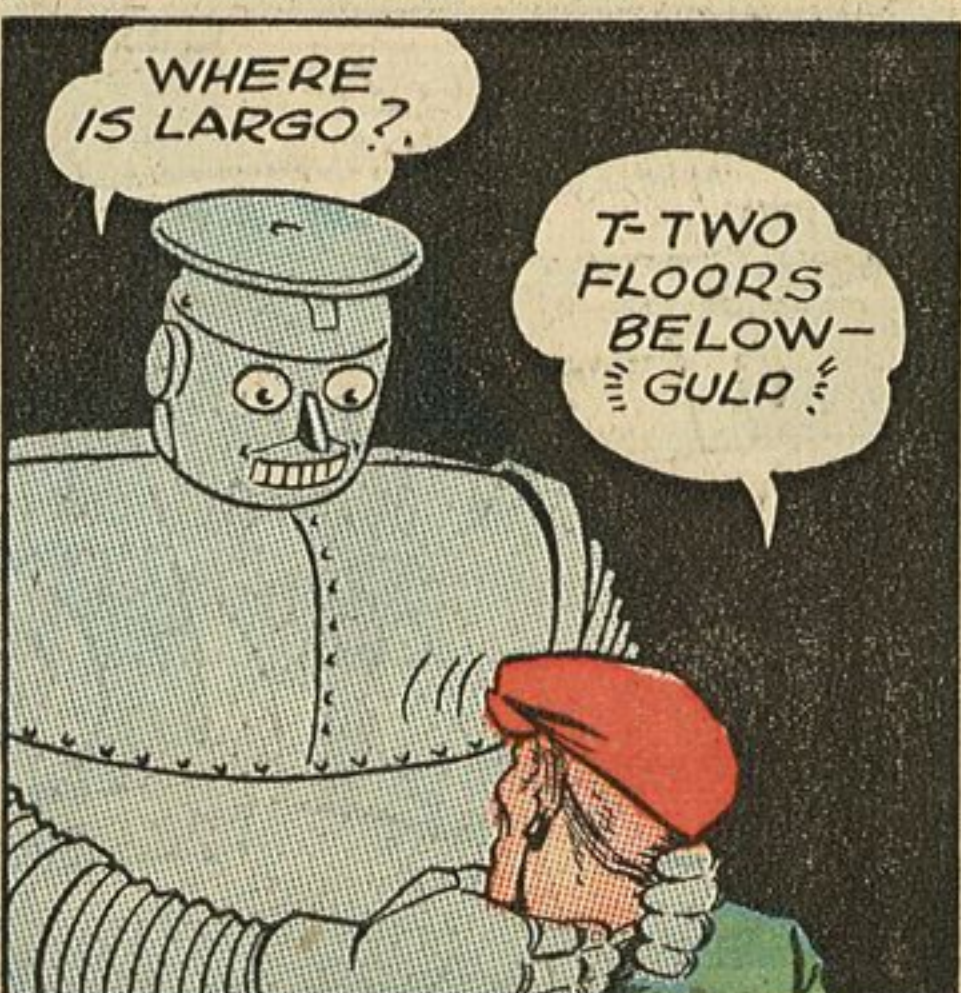
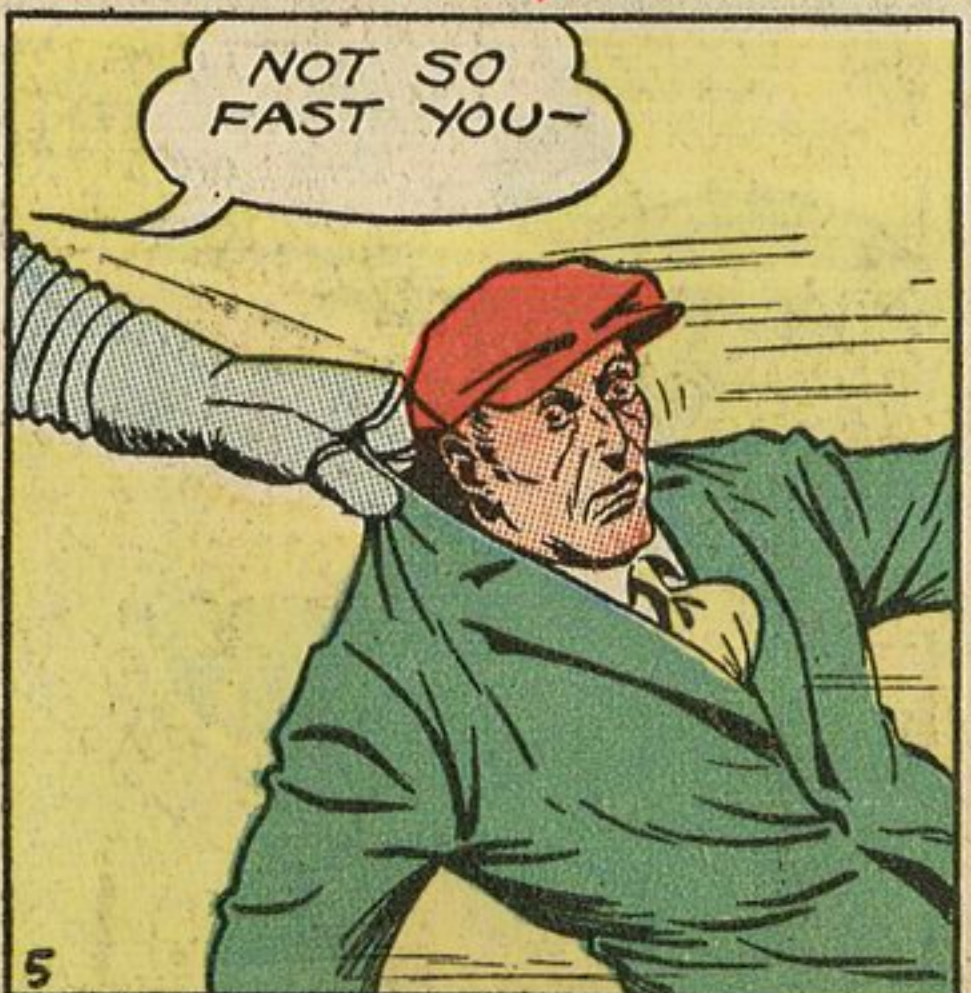
THE ROBOT LEAPS AT THE KILLER---



JAMS HIS HAND OVER THE MUZZLE OF THE WEAPON--

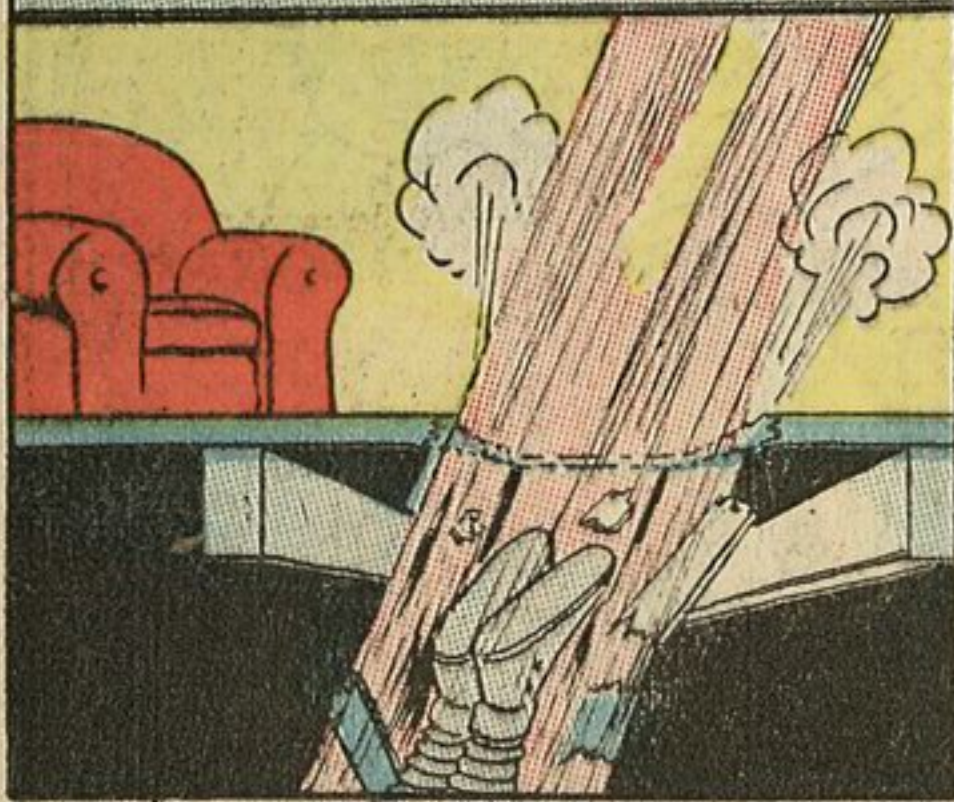


--AND WITH THE NEXT SHOT, THE GUN EXPLODES IN THE KILLER'S FACE---



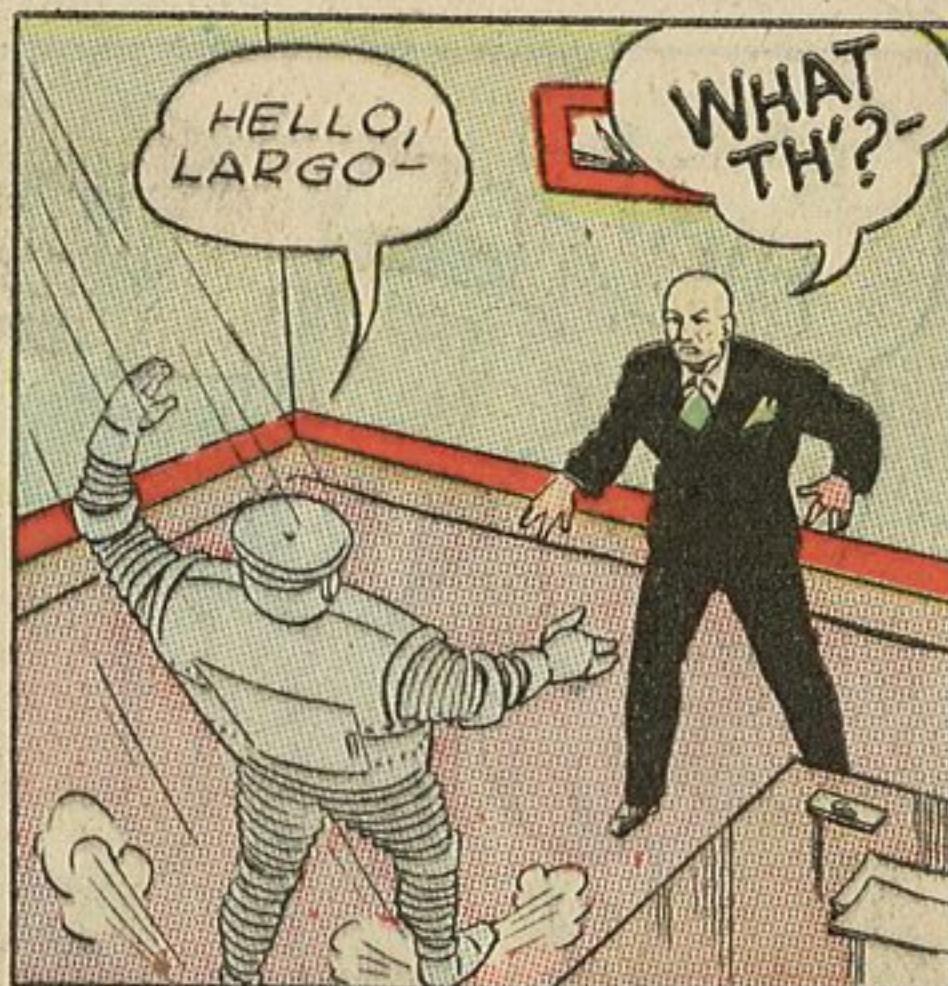


THE IRON MAN CRASHES  
DOWNWARD TO THE FLOOR  
WHERE LARGO IS---



HELLO,  
LARGO--

WHAT  
TH'?

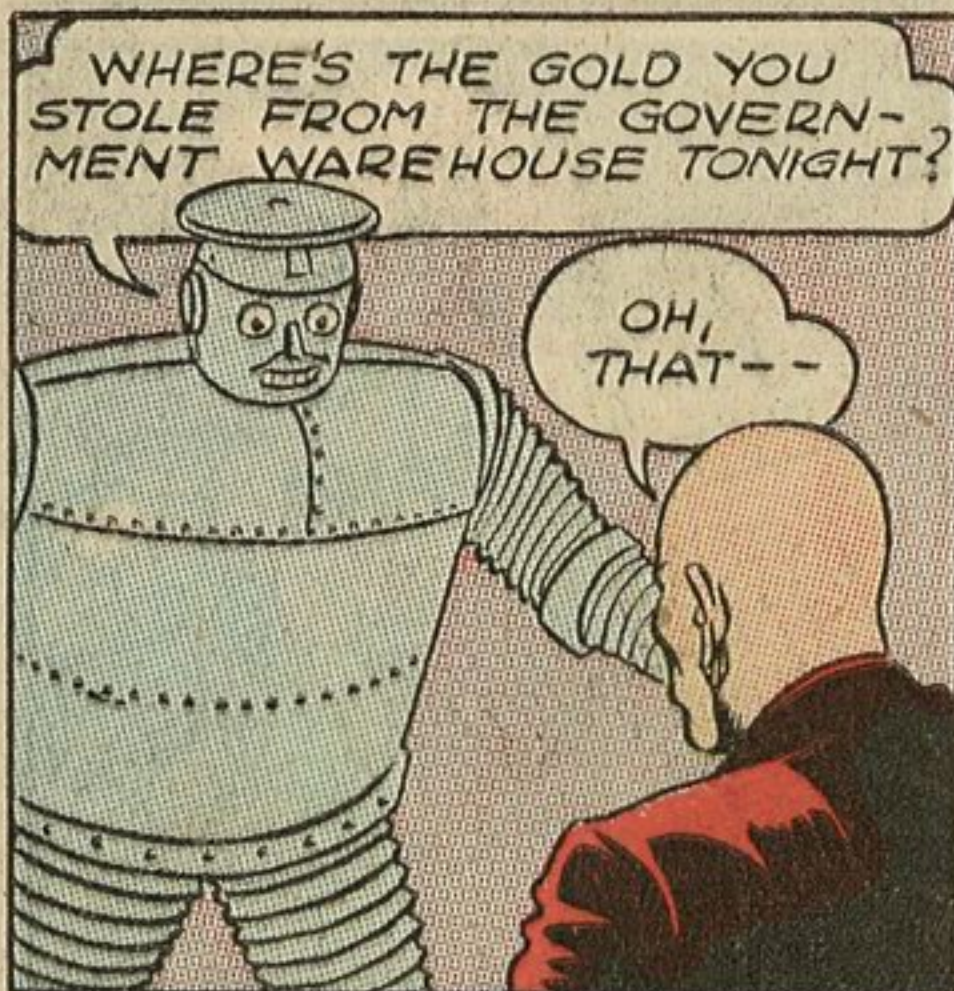


W-WHAT DO  
YOU WANT?

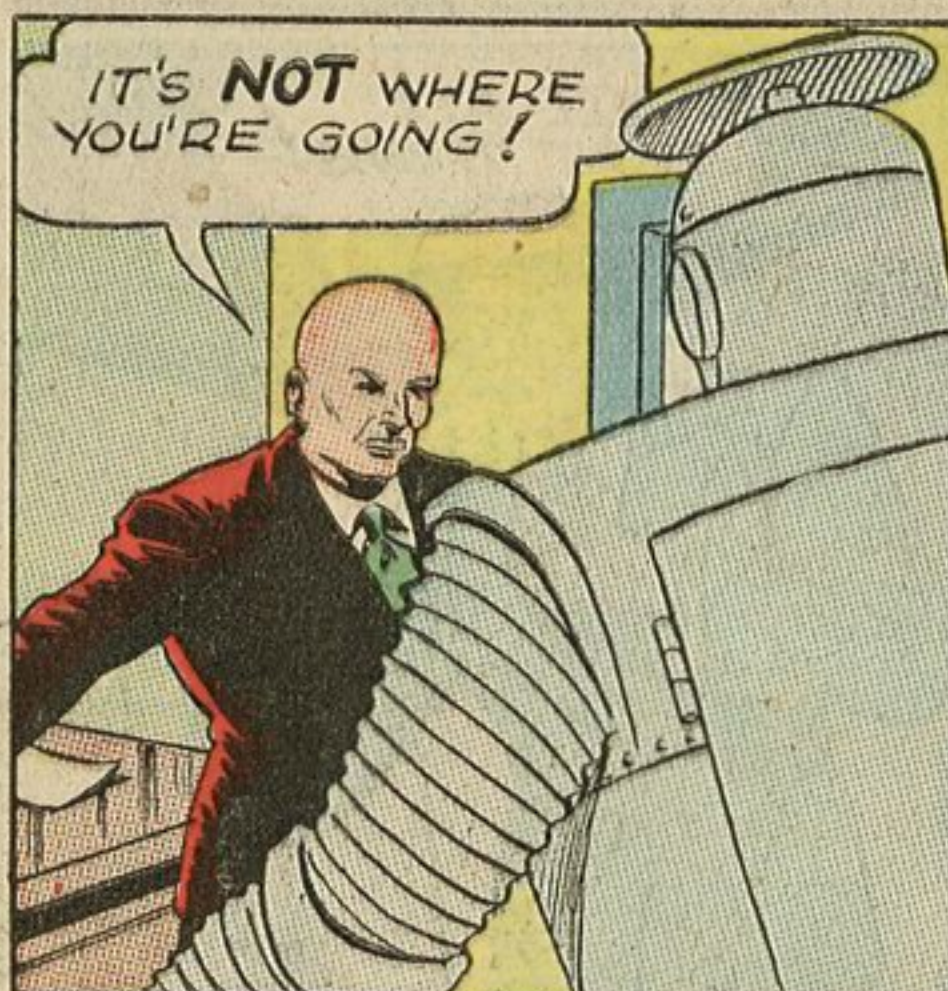


WHERE'S THE GOLD YOU  
STOLE FROM THE GOVERN-  
MENT WAREHOUSE TONIGHT?

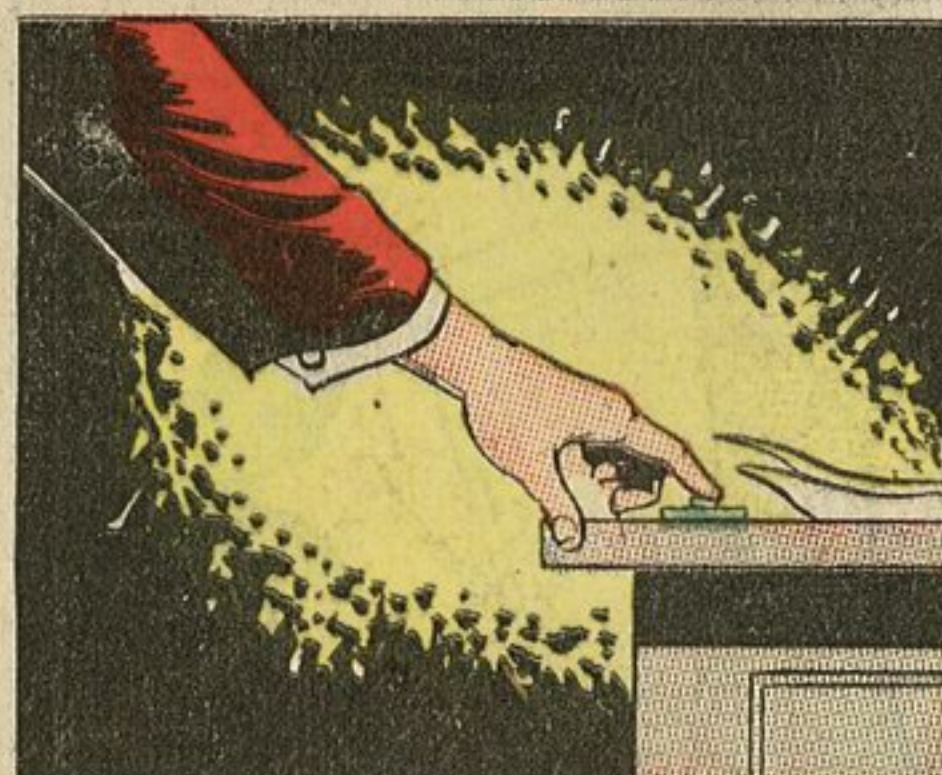
OH,  
THAT--



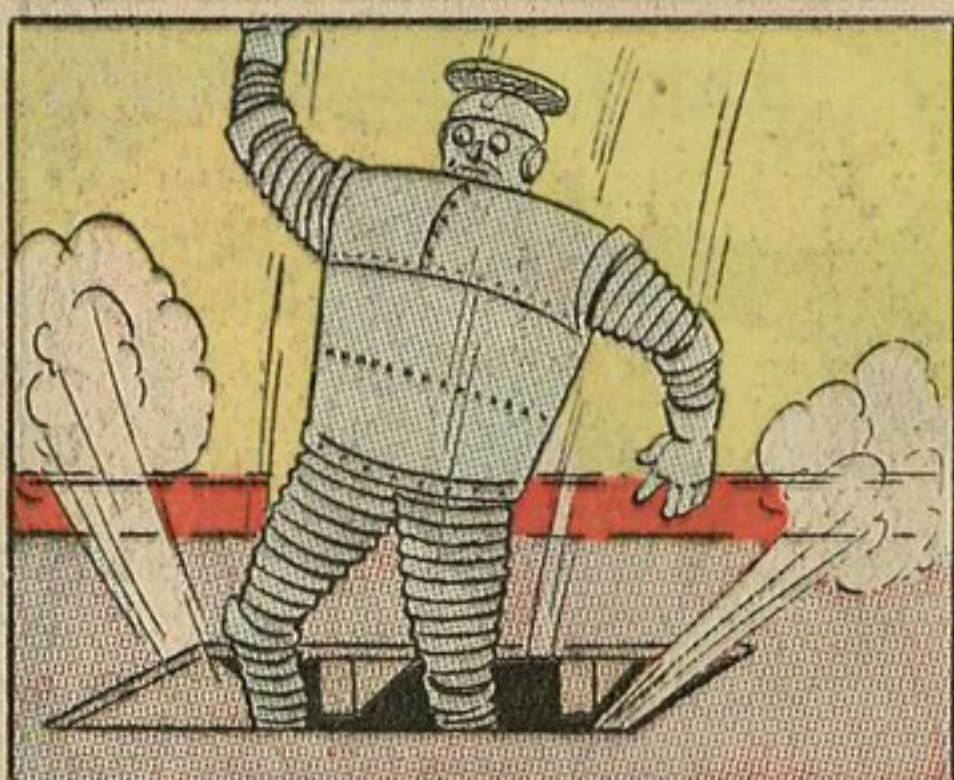
IT'S **NOT** WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!



THE THUG'S HAND REACHES  
FOR, AND PRESSES A  
BUTTON----



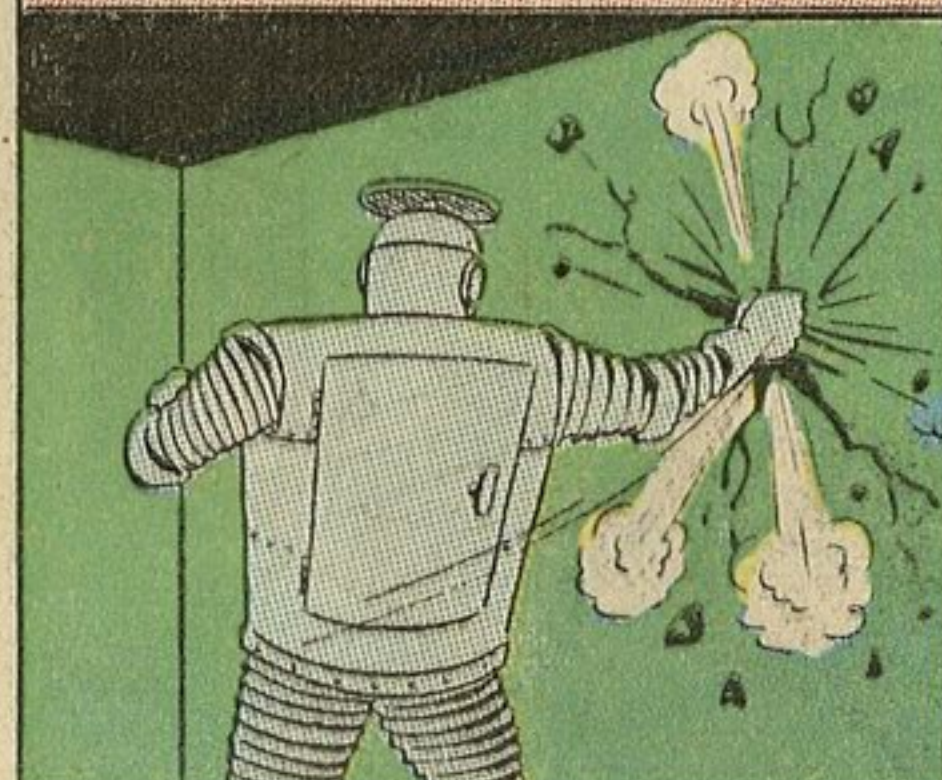
A TRAP-DOOR GIVES WAY  
BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF  
THE IRON MAN---



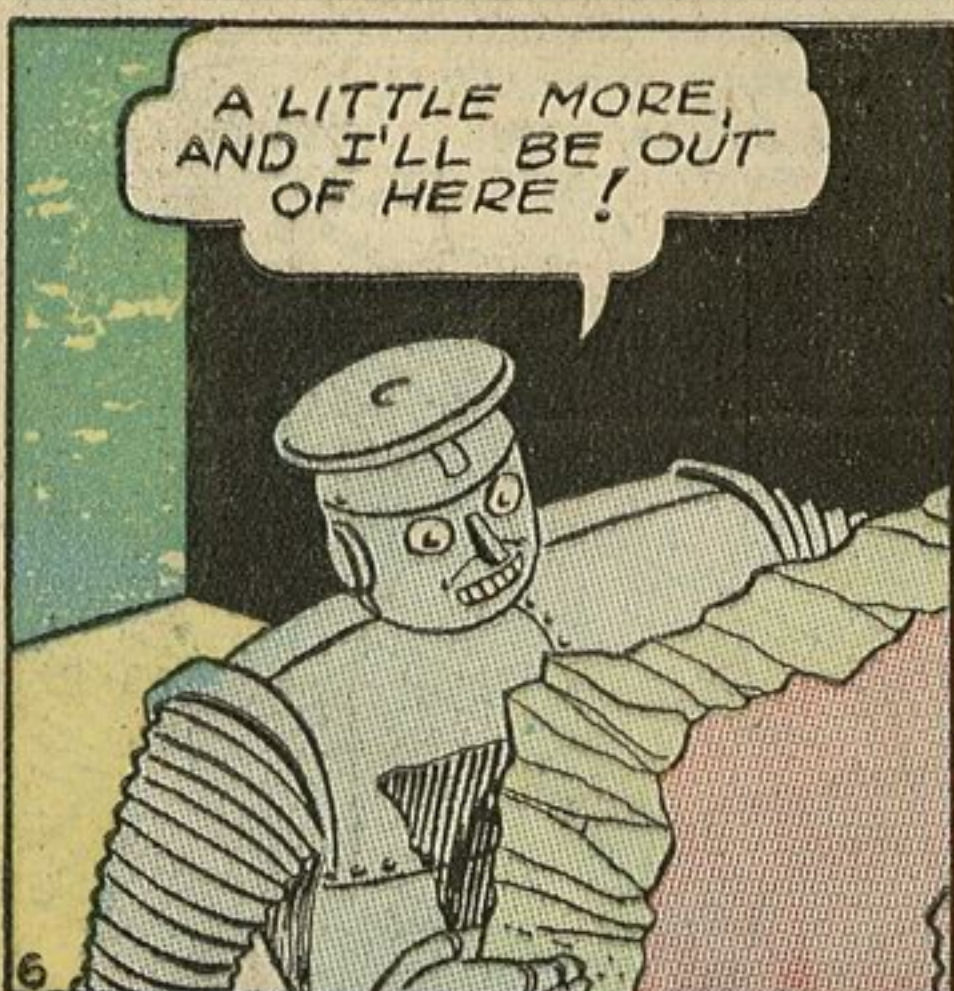
NOW TO GET THE  
GOLD AND  
SCRAM--



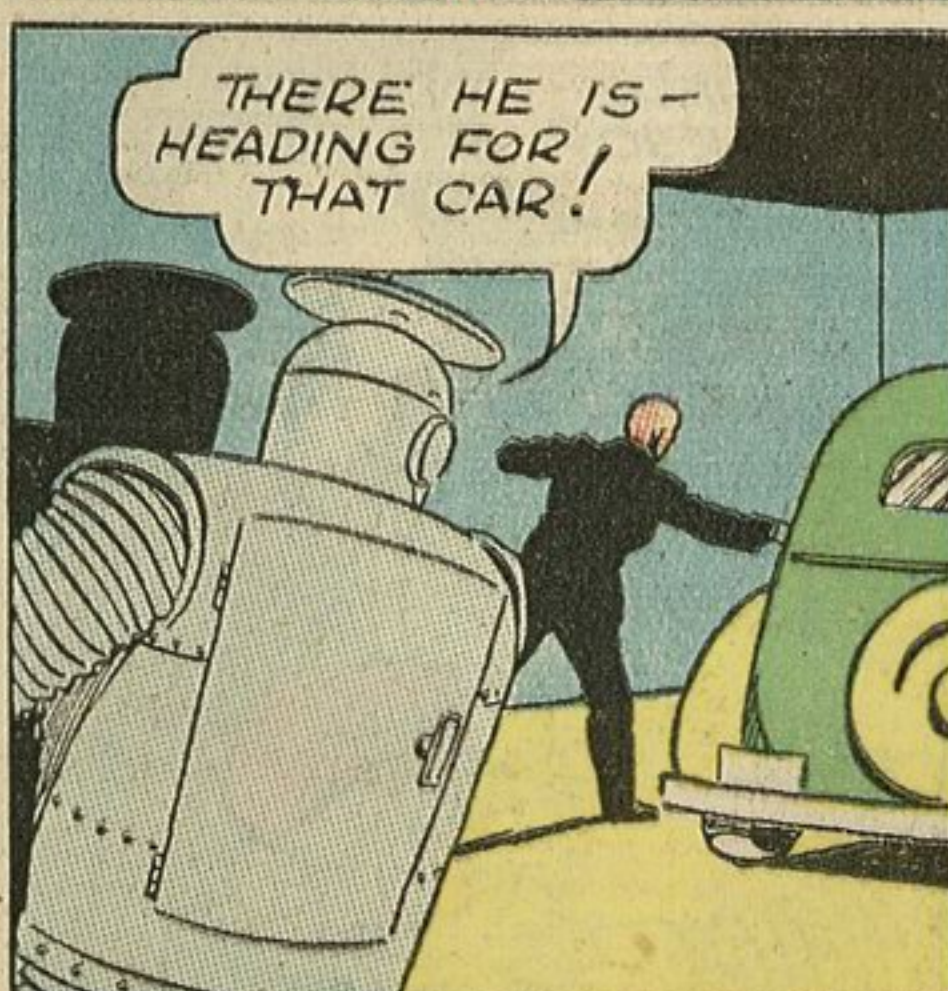
MEANWHILE, THE ROBOT  
BATTERS AWAY AT THE  
THICK WALLS OF HIS CELL--



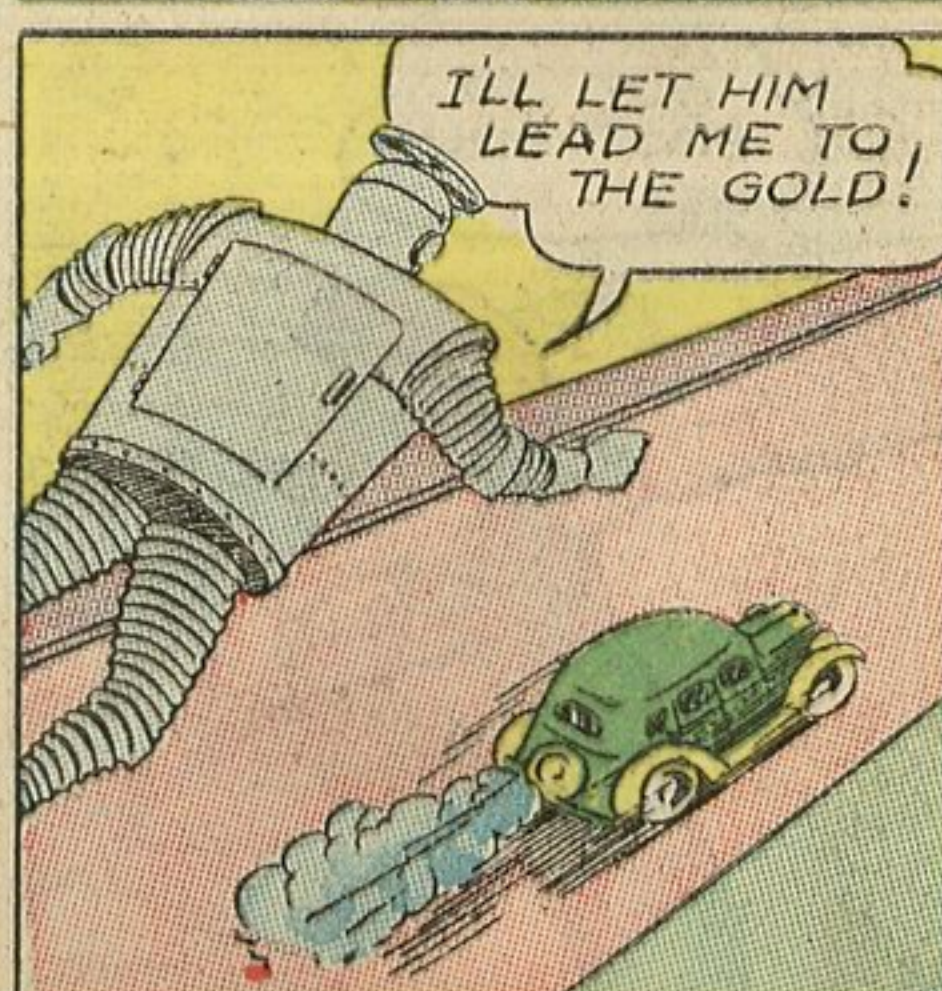
A LITTLE MORE,  
AND I'LL BE OUT  
OF HERE!



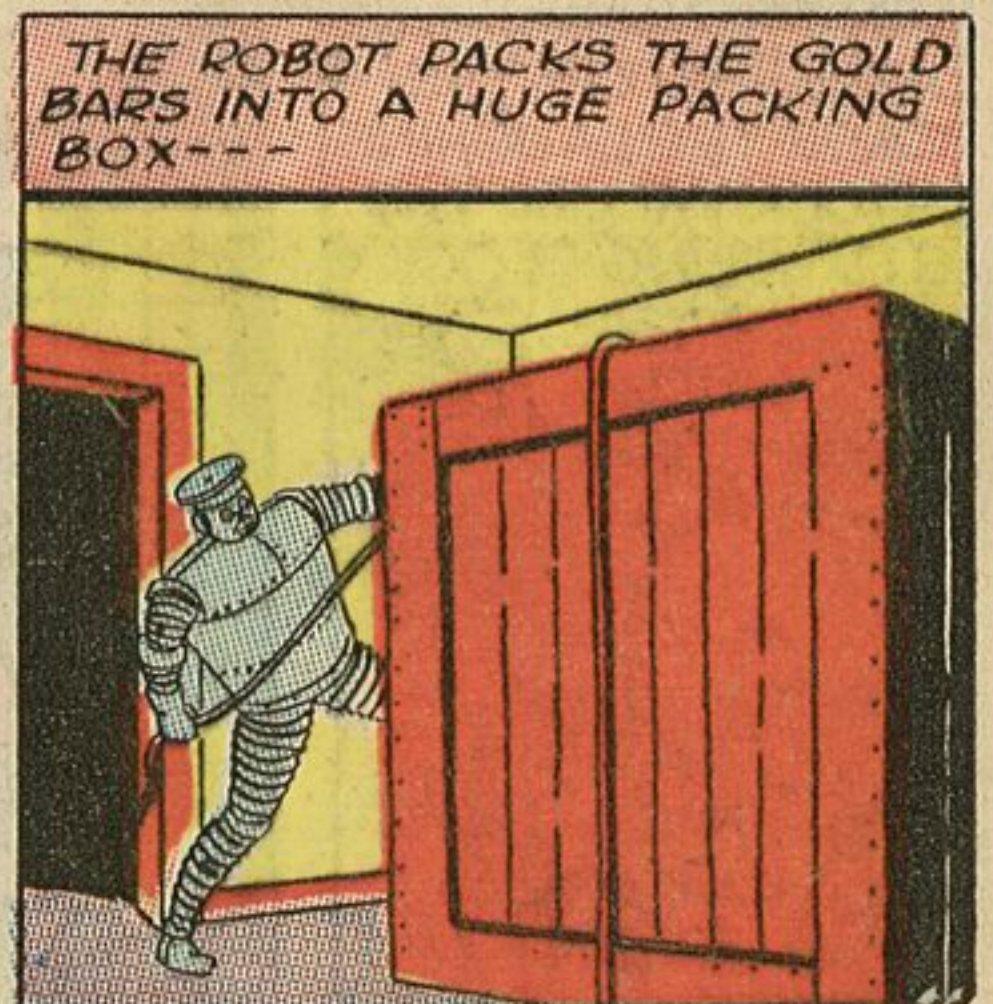
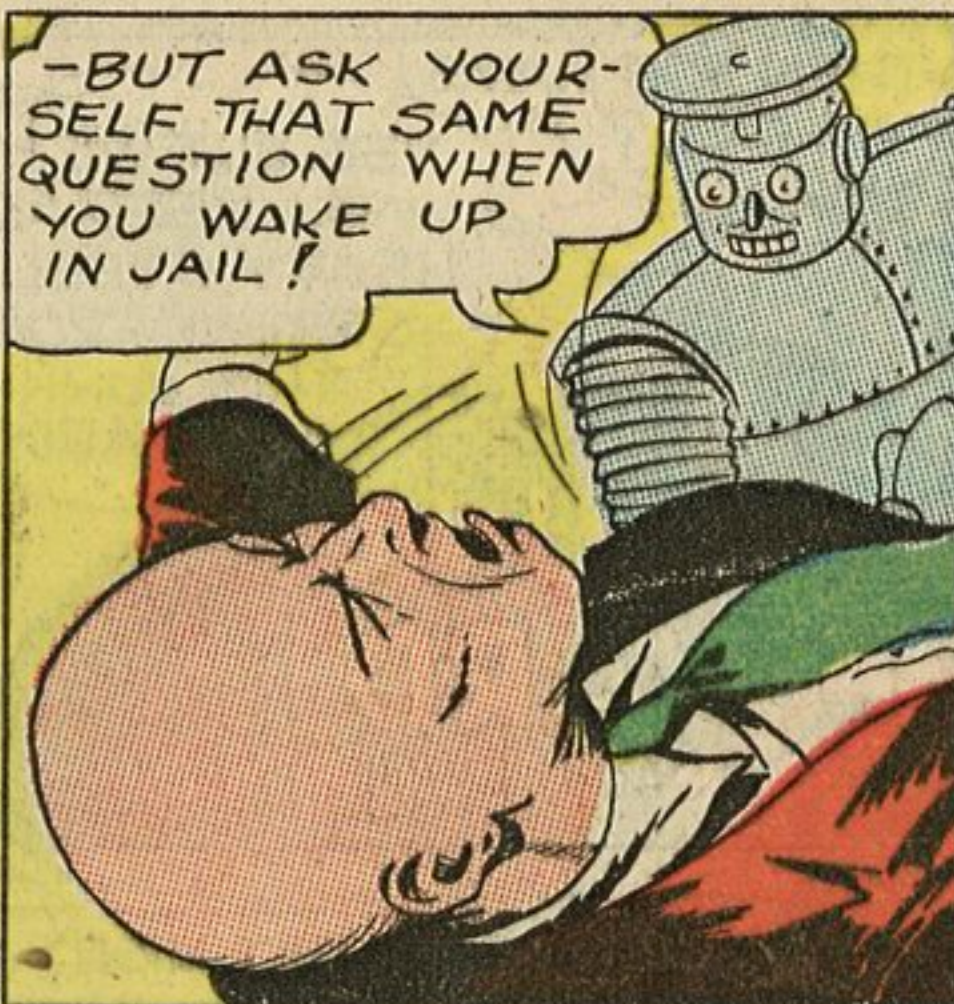
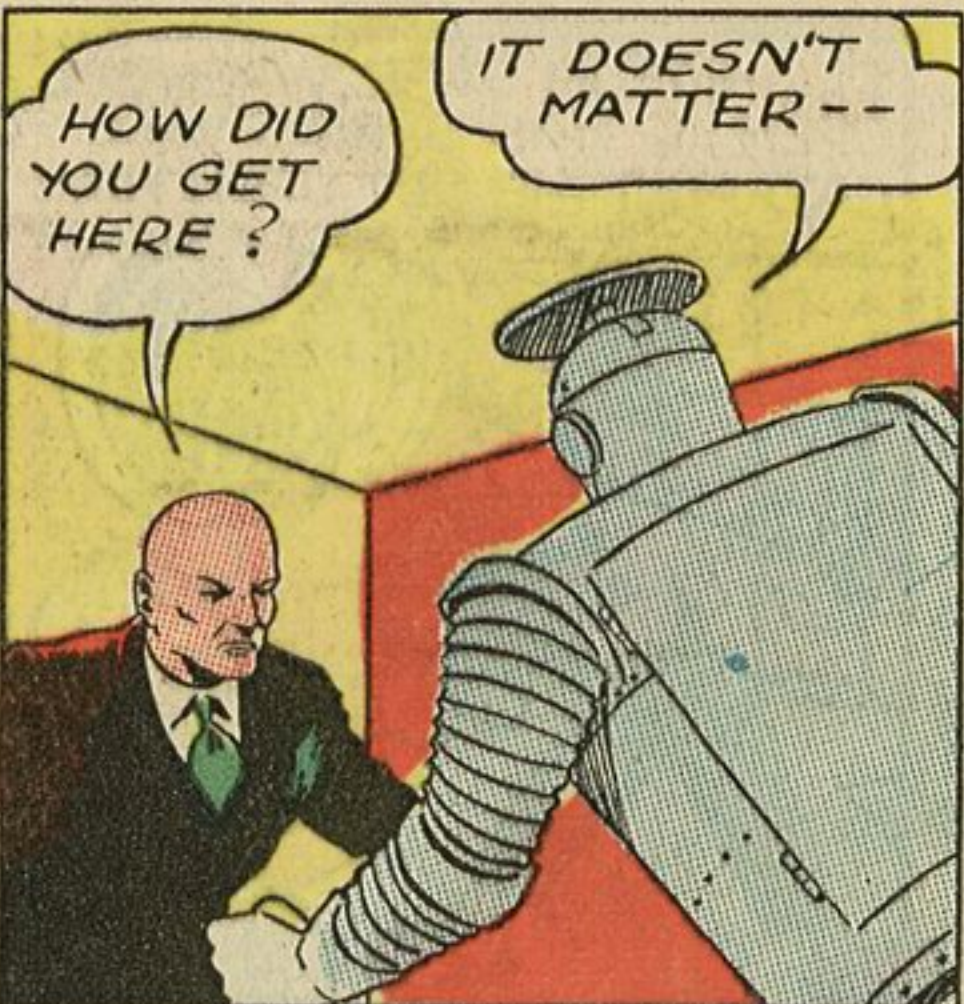
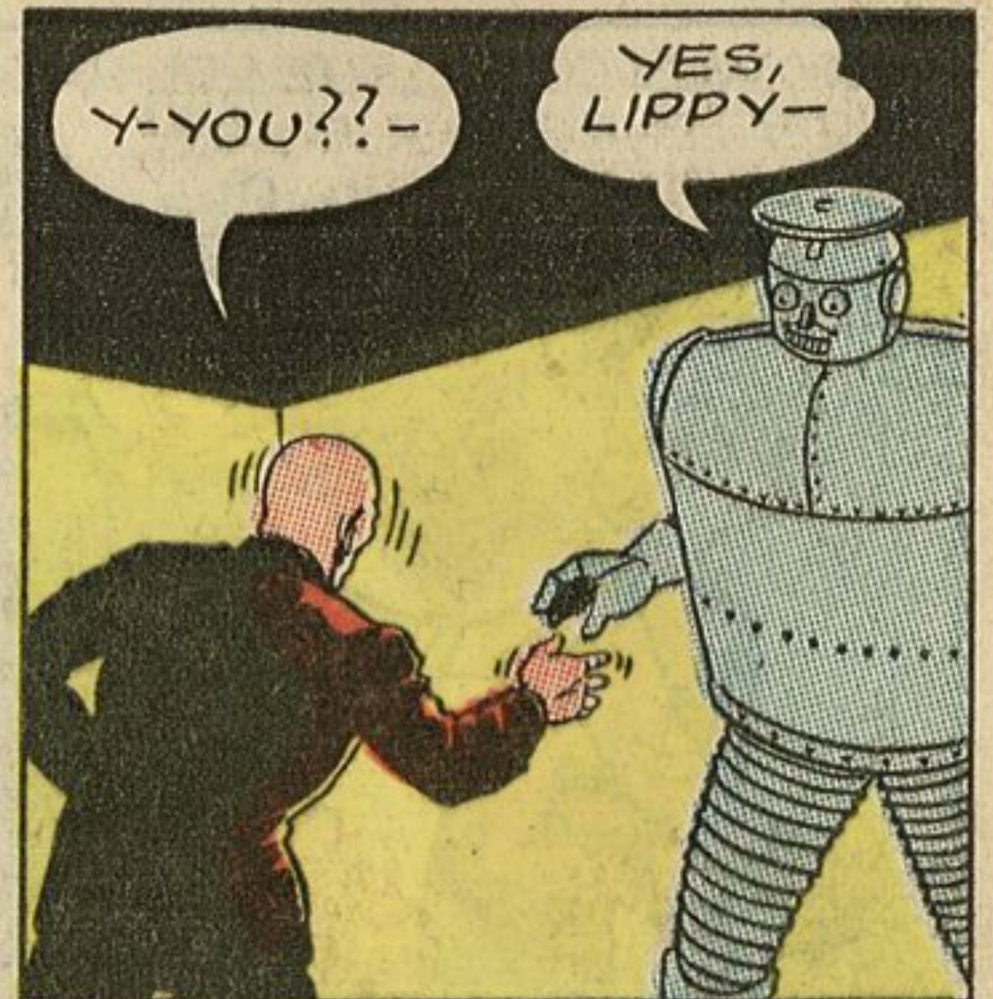
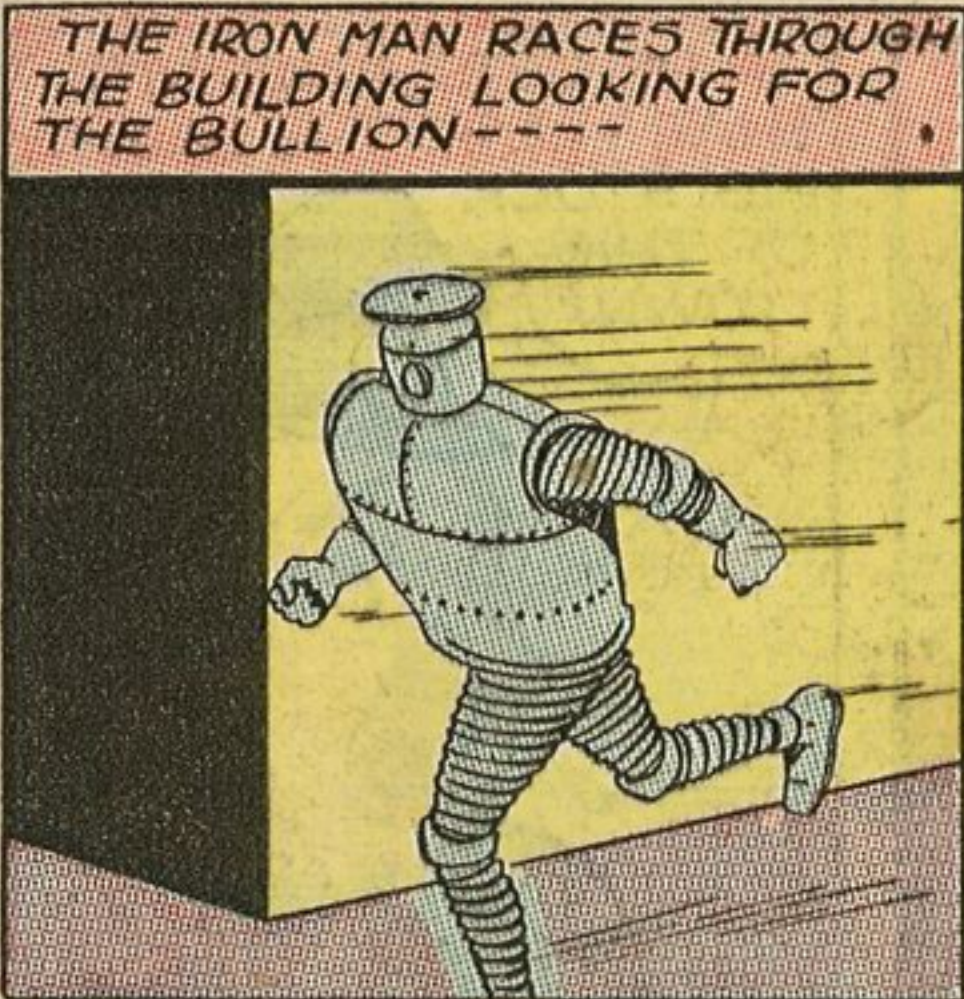
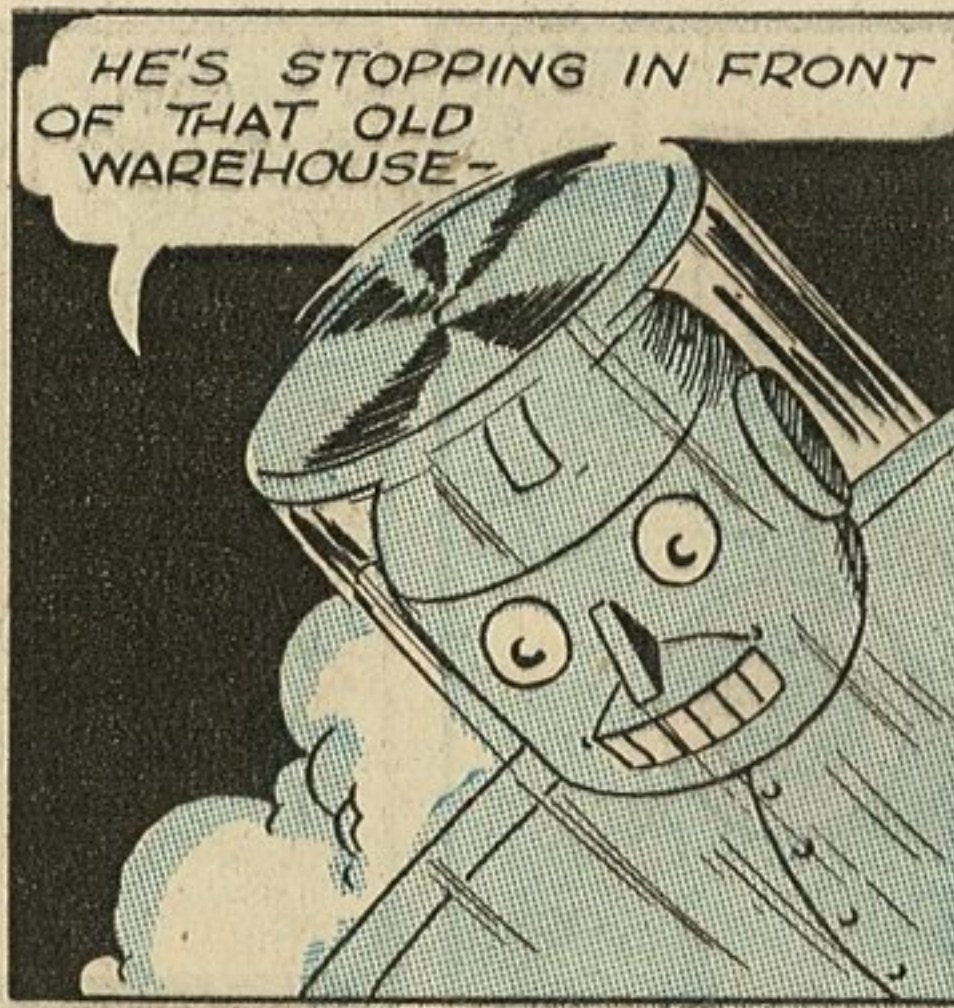
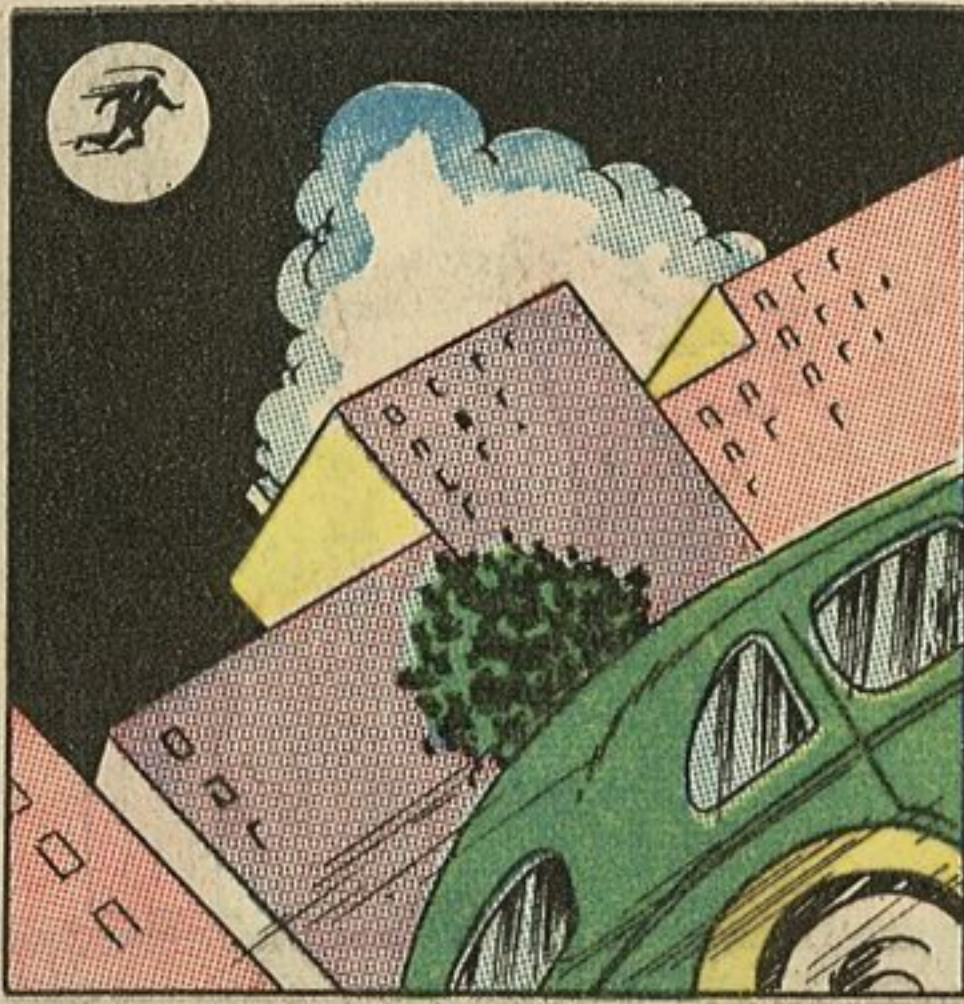
THERE HE IS--  
HEADING FOR  
THAT CAR!



I'LL LET HIM  
LEAD ME TO  
THE GOLD!







THE IRON MAN CARRIES THE HEAVY BUNDLE TOWARD THE GOVERNMENT TREASURY---

THE NEXT DAY--



**STOLEN GOVERNMENT GOLD RETURNED.**

GUARDS TELL A FANTASTIC STORY OF A GROTESQUE FIGURE COMING OUT OF THE SKY AND DEPOSITING THE GOLD AT THE DOOR OF THE TREASURY.

LIPPY LARGO AND GANG CONFESS. PLEAD WITH AUTHORITIES TO SAVE THEM FROM WRATH OF MONSTER IRON MAN.

LIPPY LARGO

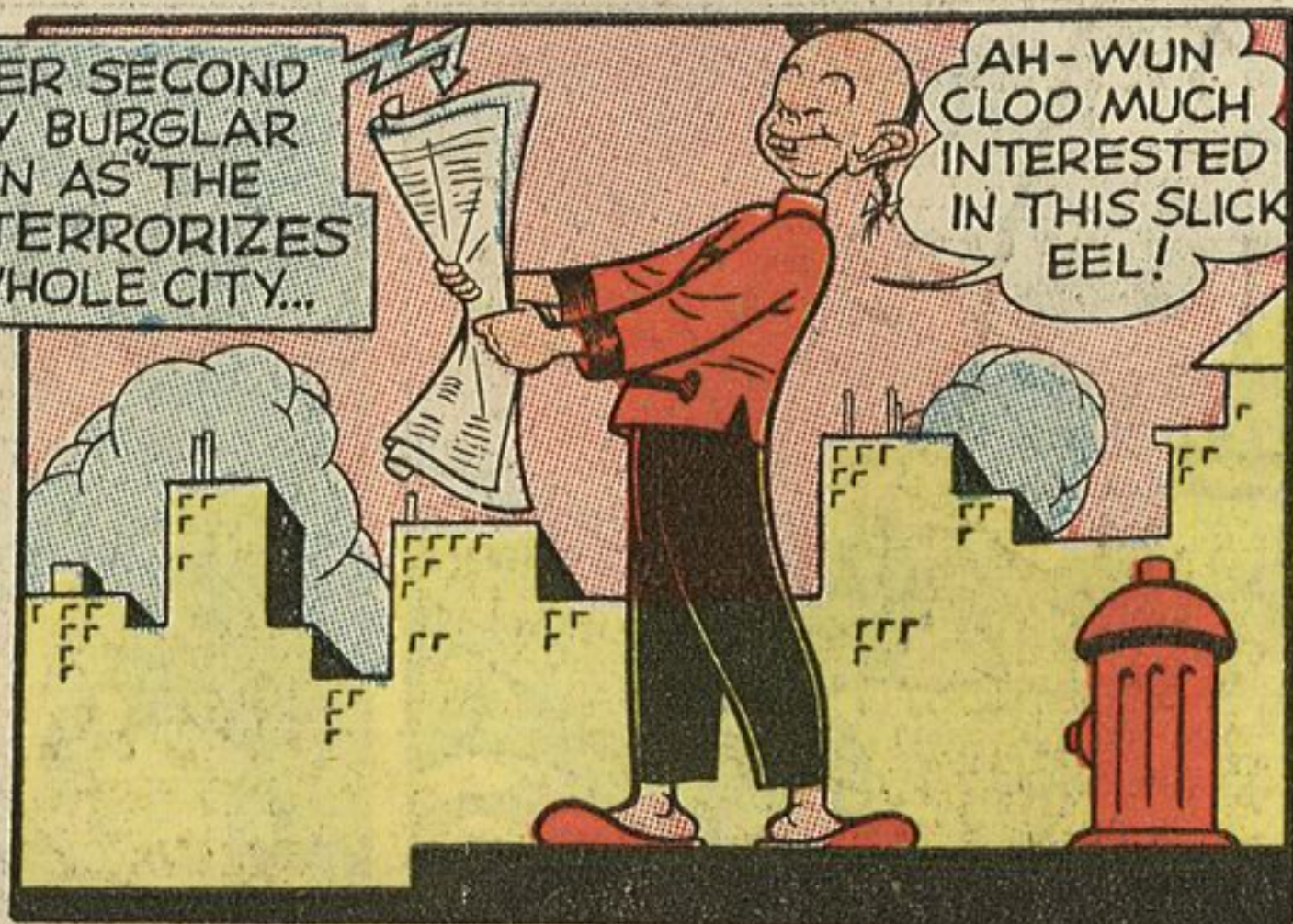


# WUN CLOO

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

by GILL FOX-

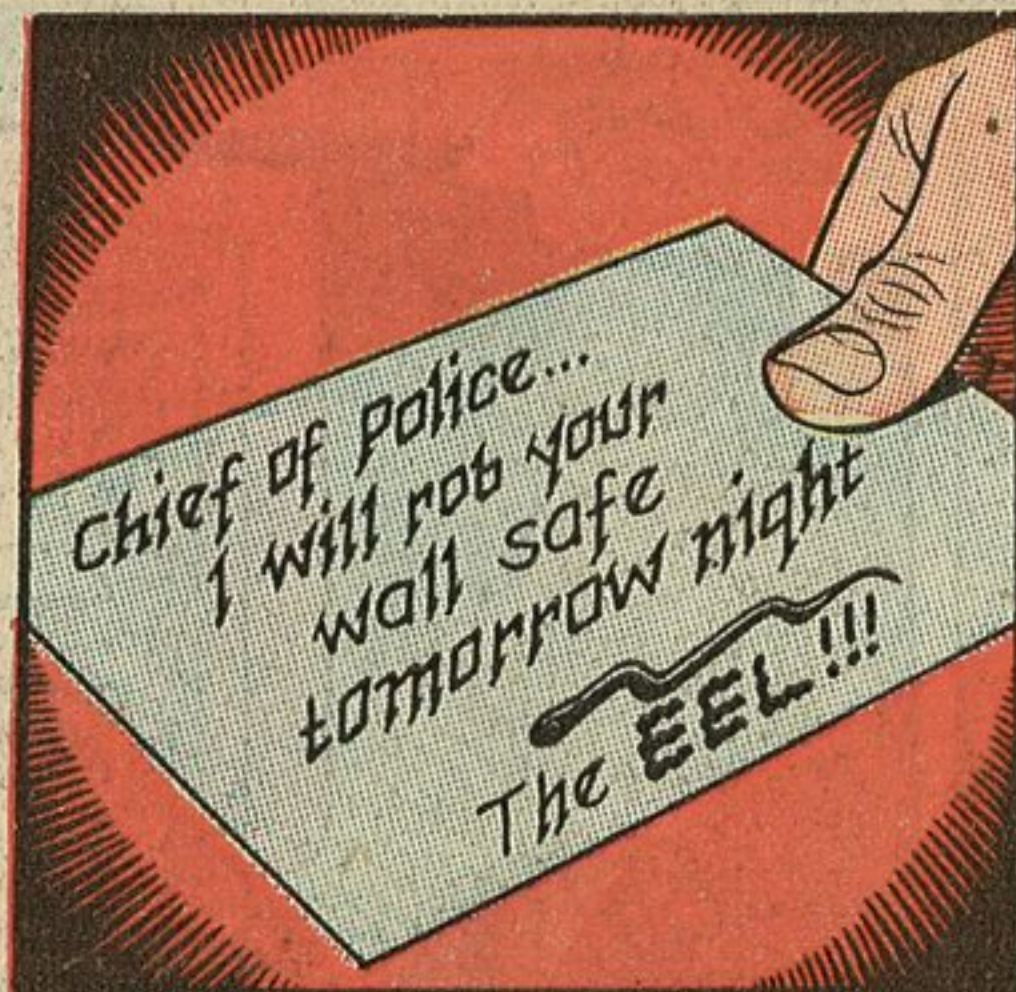
MASTER SECOND STORY BURGLAR KNOWN AS 'THE EEL' TERRORIZES THE WHOLE CITY...



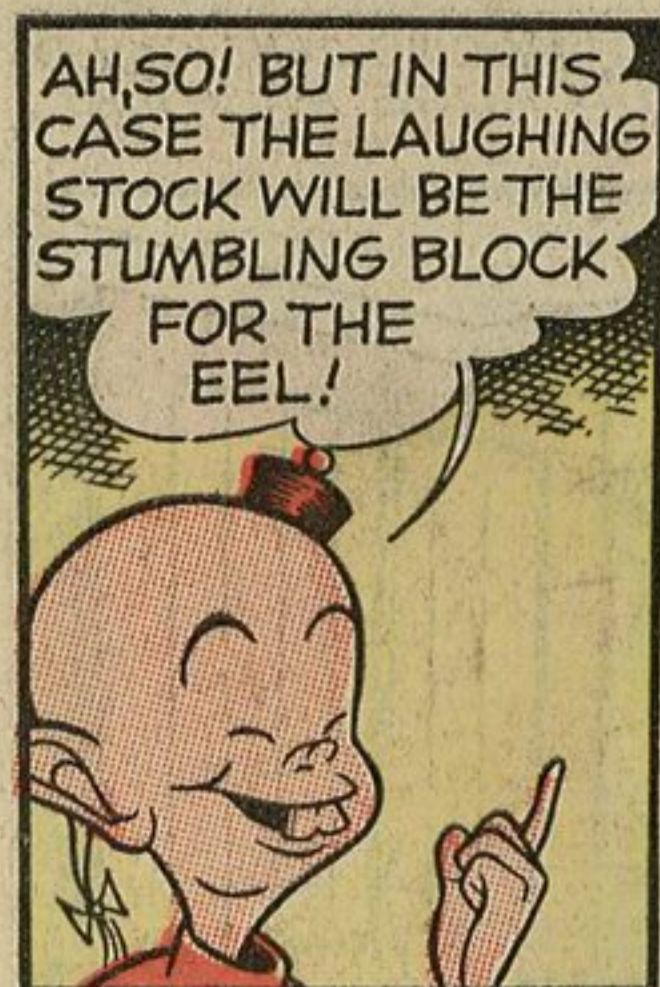
AH-WUN CLOO MUCH INTERESTED IN THIS SLICK EEL!



HEY, WUN CLOO!...THE EEL HAS THREATENED TO ROB ME!... LOOK!



IF HE GETS AWAY WITH THAT, I'LL BE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THIS TOWN!



AH, SO! BUT IN THIS CASE THE LAUGHING STOCK WILL BE THE STUMBLING BLOCK FOR THE EEL!



THEN YOU HAVE AN IDEA?

YES, BUT WE WILL NEED A HEAVY STEEL SPRING FROM THIS JUNK YARD!

THE NEXT NIGHT



I'LL HIDE IN SAFE..WHEN EEL OPEN IT, THIS SPRING WILL CATAPULT ME OUT UPON HIM!



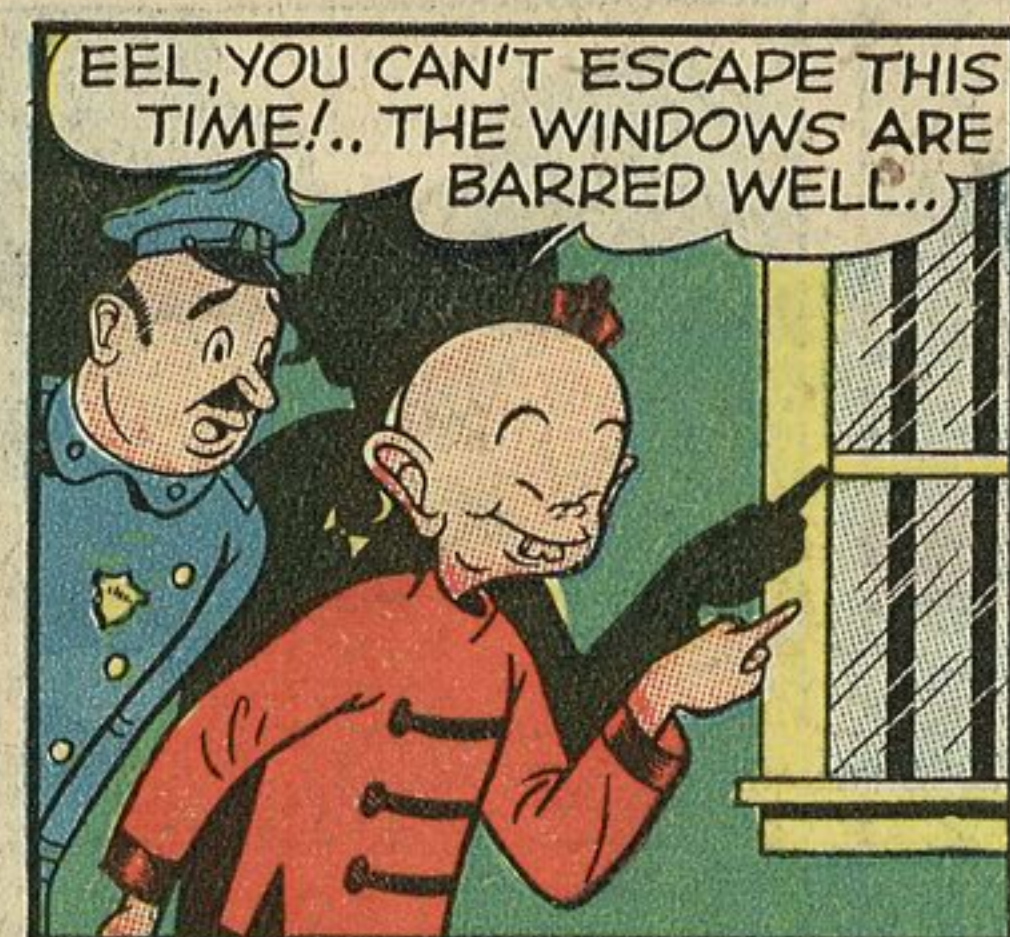
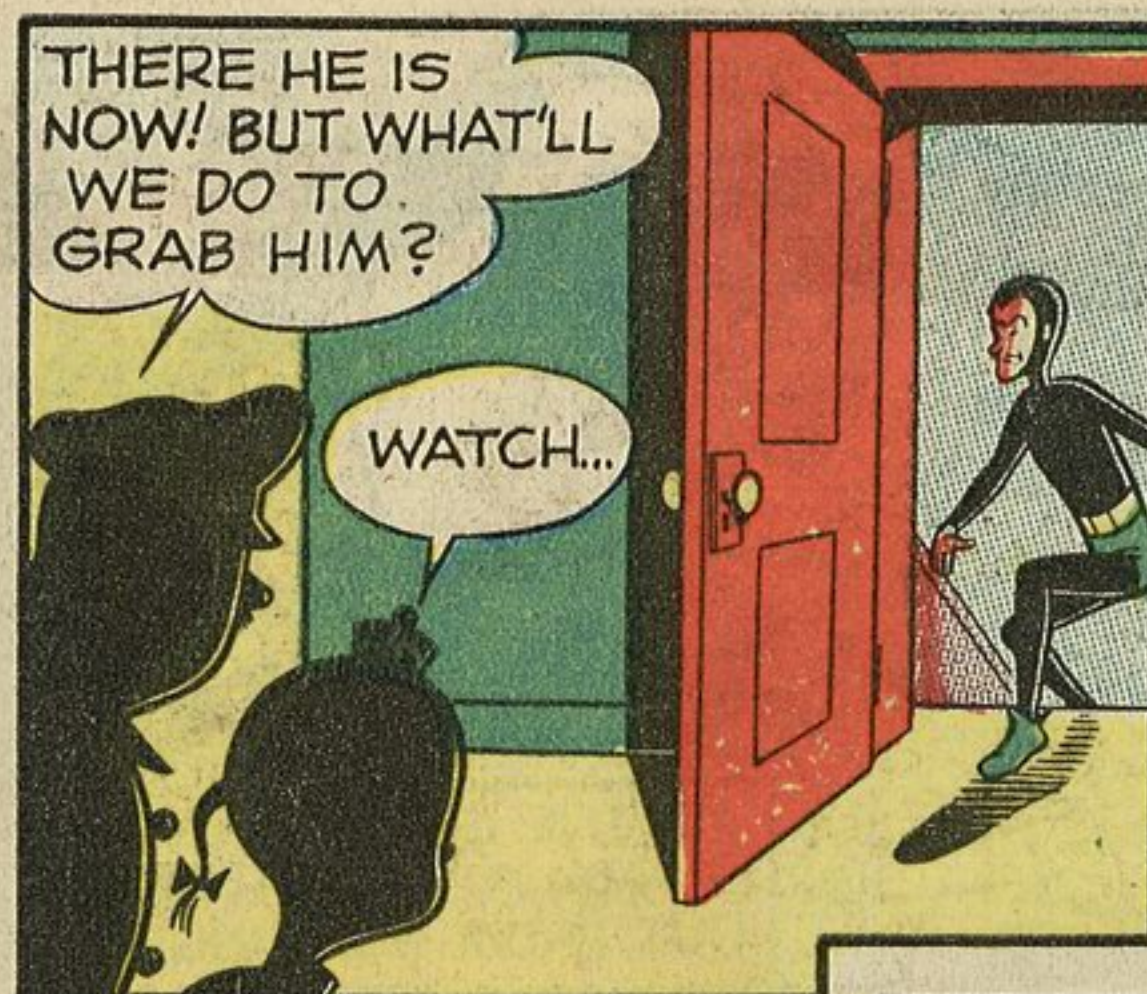
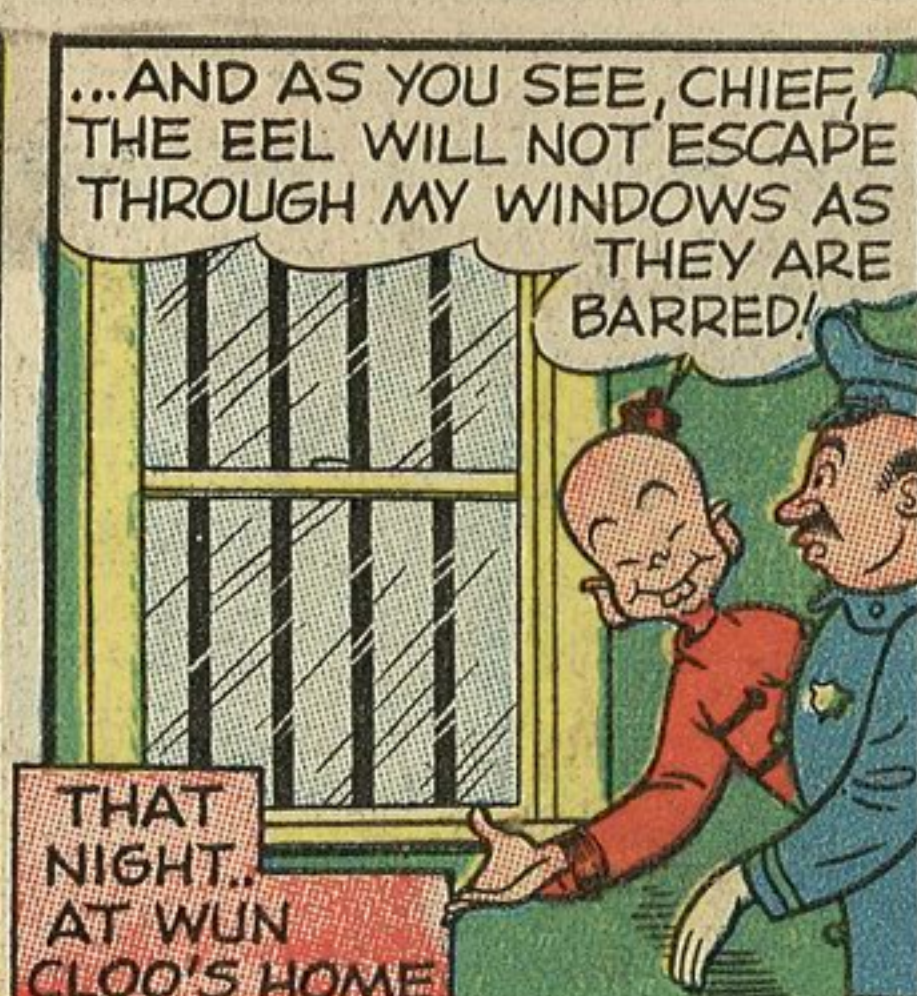
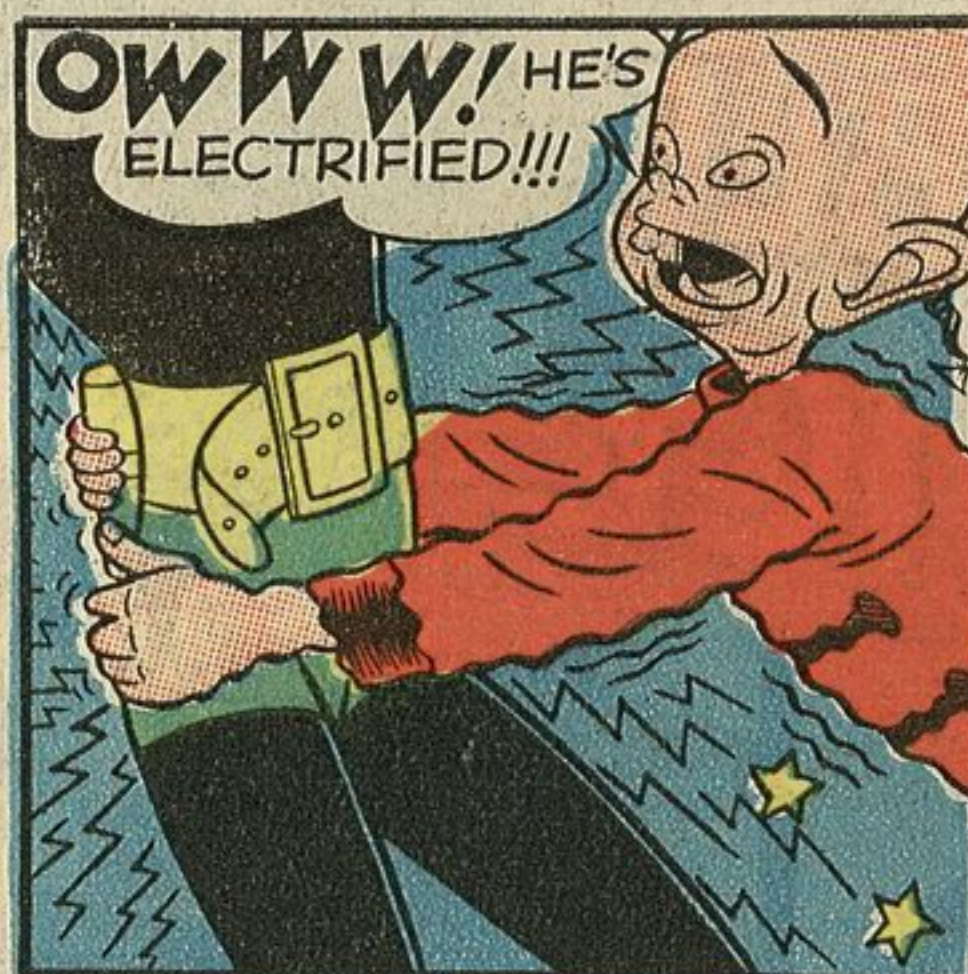
YOUR METHODS FOR CATCHING CROOKS ARE VERY ODD..

SOON AFTER THE LIGHTS ARE OUT, THE EEL TIP-TOES INTO THE ROOM!



A SAFE AIN'T SAFE WHEN I'M AROUND...AH, ONE MORE TURN AND...







# INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by  
ART  
GORDON

DEATH STRIKES IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE AS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION ROCKS THE UNITED STATES AMMUNITION PLANT...

SABOTAGE  
WRECKS PLANT  
F.B.I. AGENTS  
CAPTURE TWO WHO  
SET OFF BLAST...  
'BRAINS' OF SPY RING  
UNKNOWN...

DAYS LATER...IN THE HILLS  
OUTSIDE THE CITY...

IT WON'T TAKE US  
LONG TO REACH THE  
MAYAN INDIAN  
VILLAGE,  
DEAR!

PROFESSOR DIXON HAS  
BEEN LIVING WITH THEM  
FOR A YEAR NOW, STUDYING  
INDIAN LIFE - I'M GOING  
TO TAKE OVER HIS ROUTINE  
WORK!

THAT MEANS HE'LL  
HAVE MORE TIME FOR  
SPECIAL RESEARCH-  
GOSH...I'M LUCKY TO  
GET THIS JOB!

J-JOHN!.. LOOK OUT-  
MOUNTAIN LION!!

BANG!

AS THE GREAT BEAST  
LEAPS, A SHOT RINGS  
OUT FROM THE JUNGLE...

YA GOT 'IM,  
BOSS -  
NICE  
SHOT!

JUST IN  
TIME,  
PEEPER, EH?

THANKS,  
STRANGER-  
YOU CERTAINLY  
SAVED MY LIFE-  
I'M DOCTOR  
GRAY... THIS IS  
MRS. GRAY!

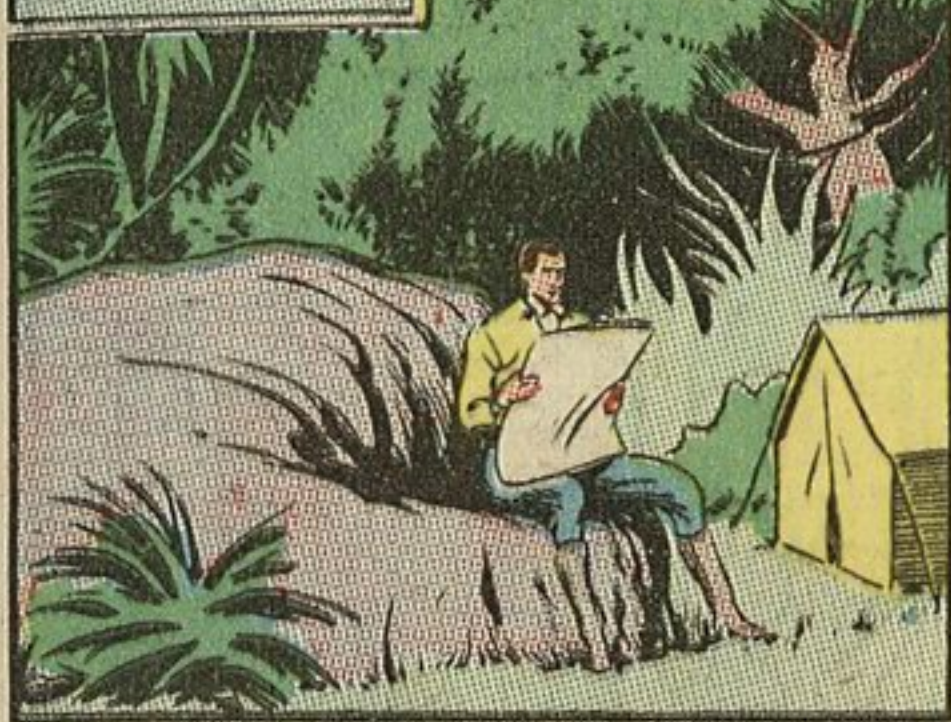
MY NAME'S  
GIRTH -  
MY MAN  
AND I  
ARE LOOKING  
FOR THE  
MAYAN INDIAN  
VILLAGE!

WHY!.. THAT'S  
WHERE WE'RE  
GOING---

FINE, DOCTOR-  
WE CAN JOIN  
PARTIES, EH?  
HA-HA!



NOT FAR AWAY IS ANOTHER CAMPER—KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD, AND ENEMY OF CRIME...



HMM... IT SEEMS THE G-MEN ARE BAFFLED—SOMEHOW A SABOTAGE RING IS GETTING INFORMATION FROM SOMEONE REGARDING CANAL ACTIVITIES—BUT HOW?—EVEN ALL INDIAN VILLAGES ARE UNDER CLOSE WATCH...



SAY—WHAT'S THAT? FOUR WHITE PEOPLE GOING DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE... GUESS I'LL FOLLOW THEM!



I THINK WE'RE COMING TO A CLEARING!



THERE IT IS, FOLKS—THE MAYAN INDIAN VILLAGE—THEY STILL LIVE PRIMITIVELY AS THEIR ANCESTORS DID! WELL... LET'S GO!!



THERE'S THE PROFESSOR NOW TO GREET US!

COME IN, DOCTOR GRAY—I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



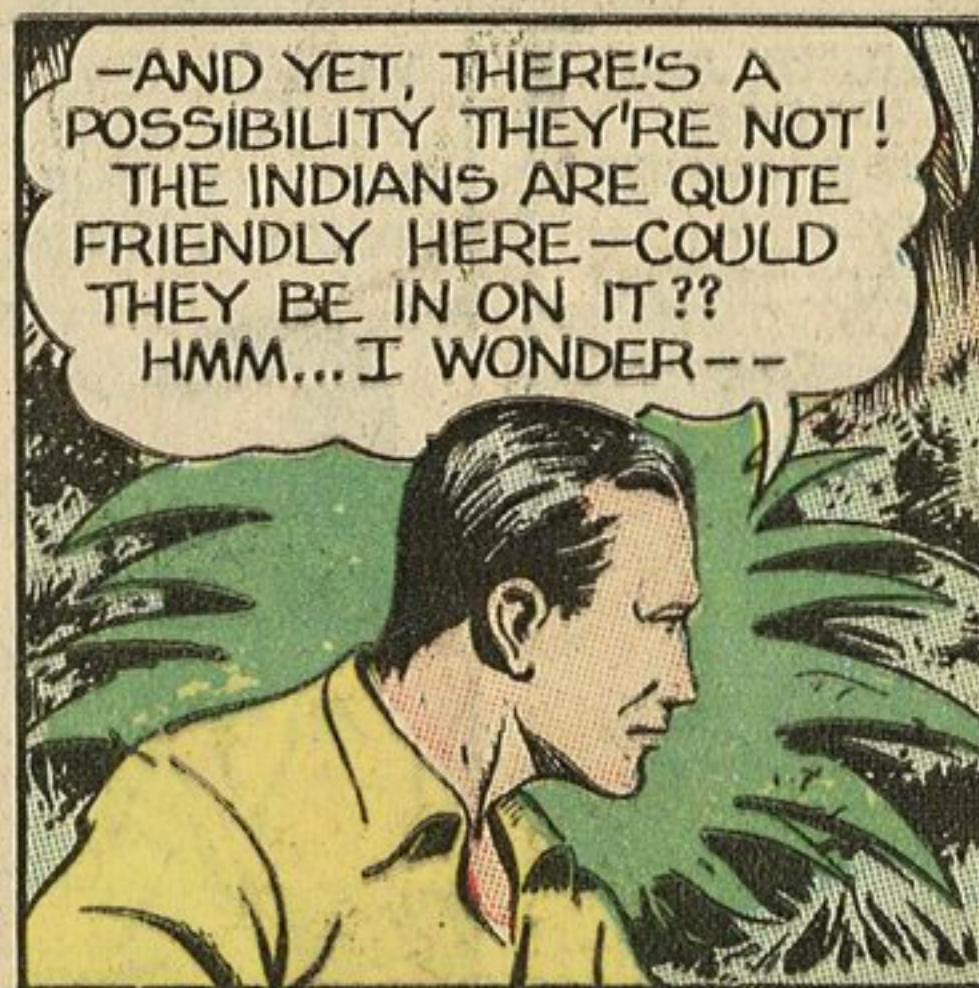
THIS IS THE MAIN PART OF THE CITY—MY QUARTERS ARE JUST BEYOND THAT HILL!



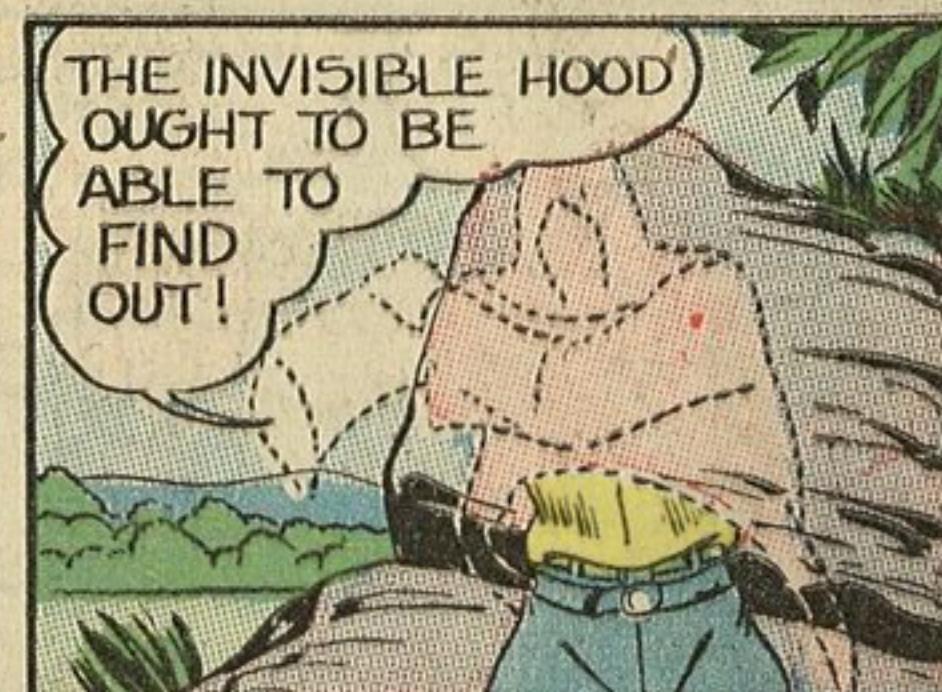
SO—THEY'VE ENTERED THAT INDIAN VILLAGE... HMM—I WONDER IF THEY'RE JUST TOURISTS—



—AND YET, THERE'S A POSSIBILITY THEY'RE NOT! THE INDIANS ARE QUITE FRIENDLY HERE—COULD THEY BE IN ON IT?? HMM... I WONDER—

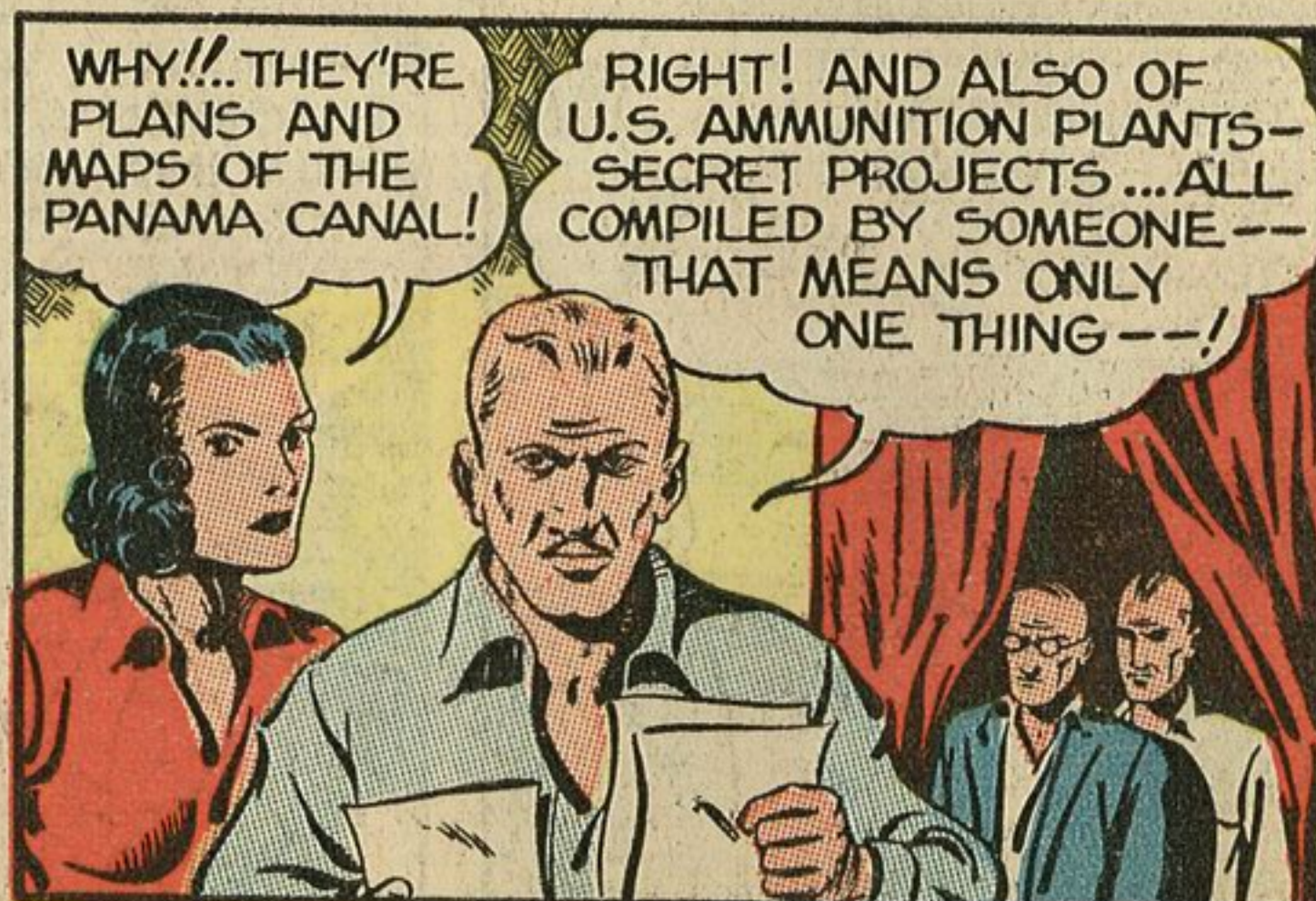
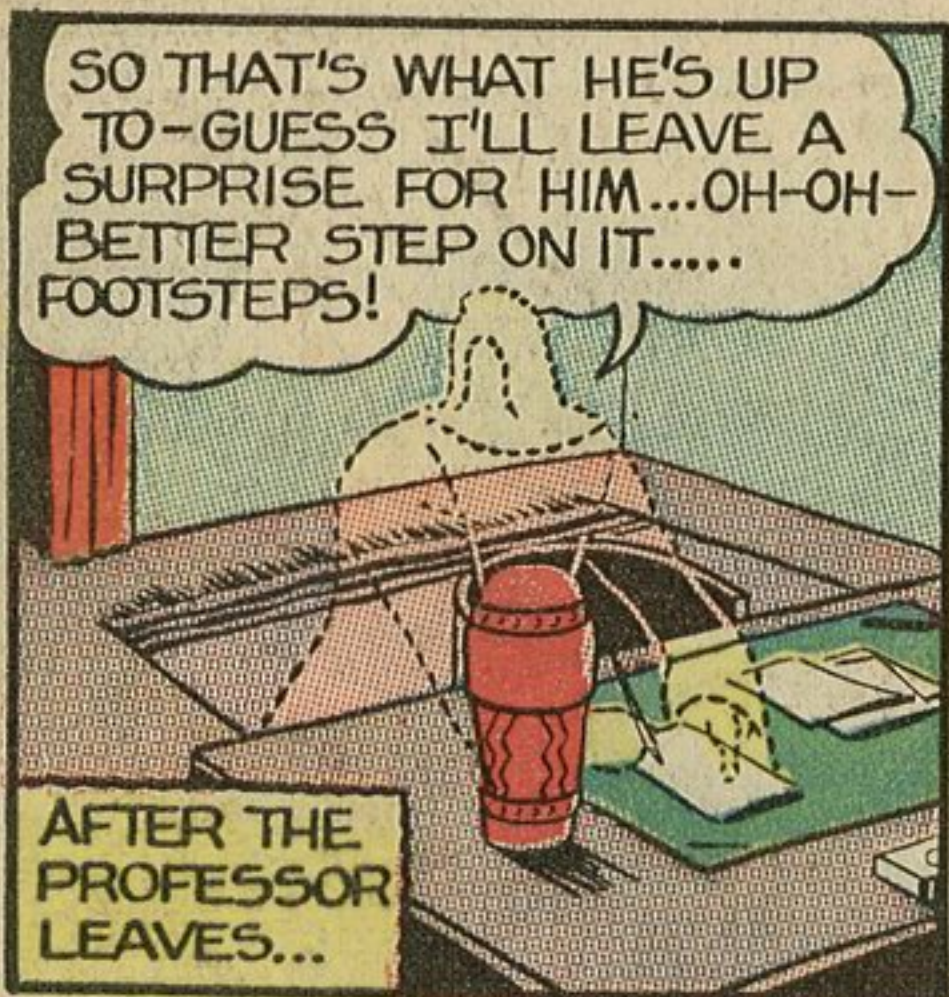
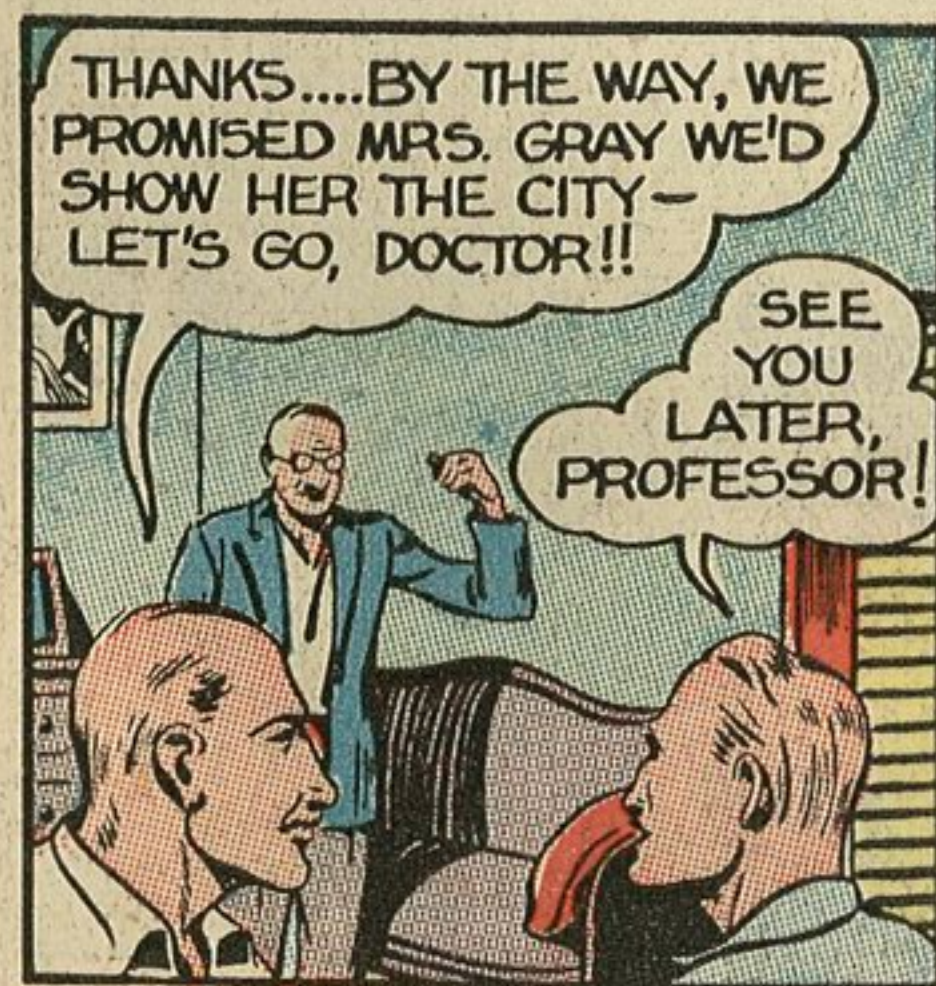
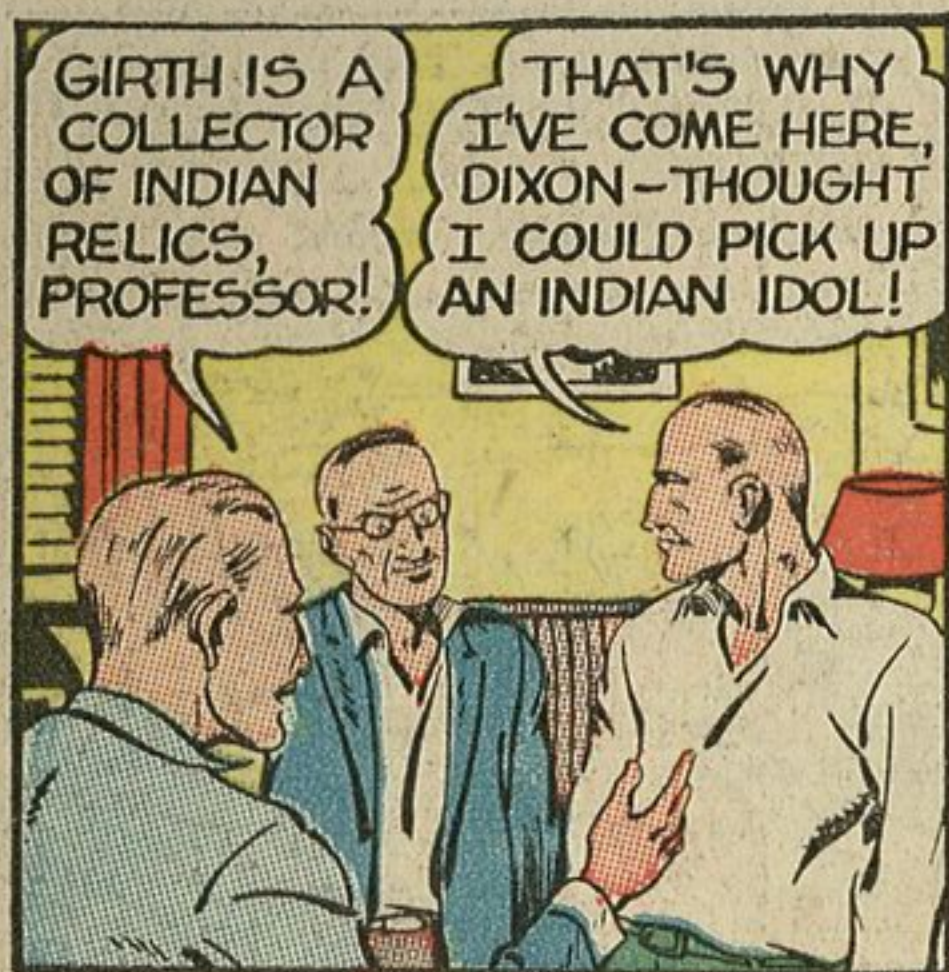


THE INVISIBLE HOOD OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIND OUT!



THURSTON DONS HIS HOOD, WHICH IS COVERED BY A SECRET CHEMICAL THAT MAKES ITS WEARER INVISIBLE...

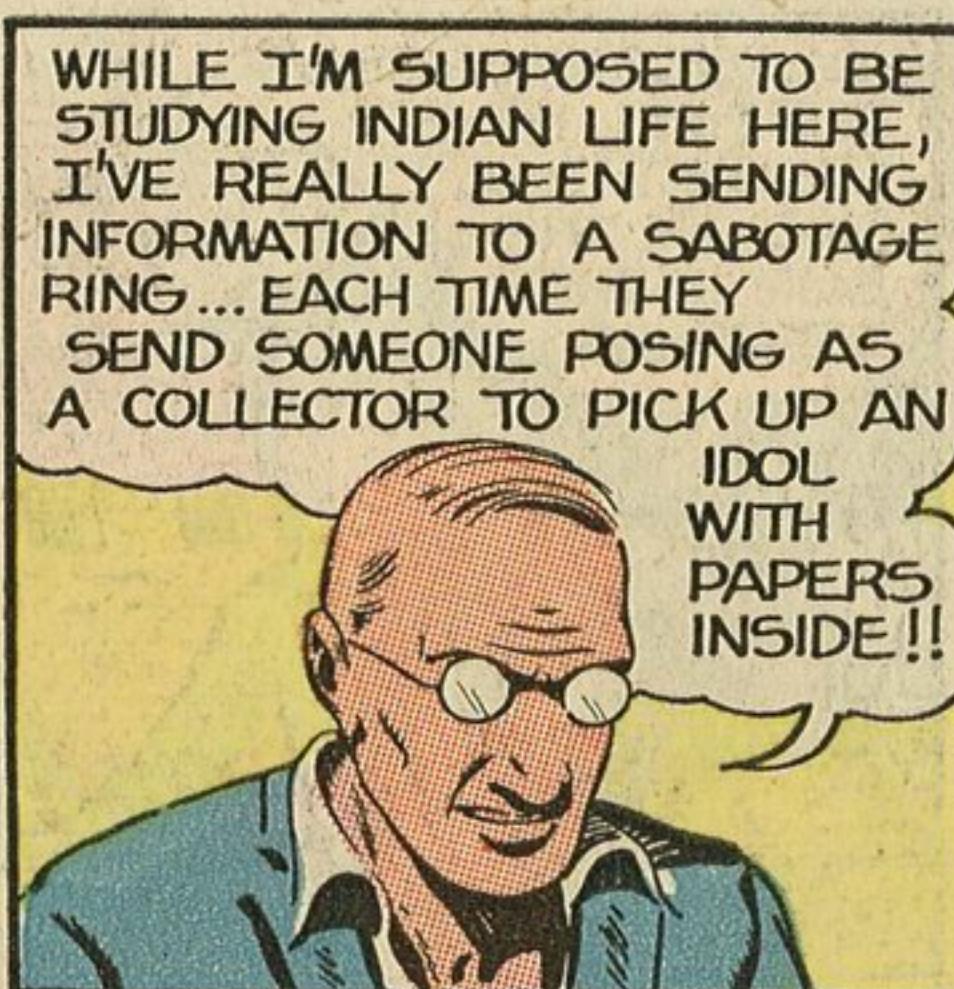








-THAT WE'RE BOTH SPIES, EH DOCTOR? BUT NEITHER YOU NOR YOUR WIFE WILL LIVE TO TELL IT!



WHILE I'M SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING INDIAN LIFE HERE, I'VE REALLY BEEN SENDING INFORMATION TO A SABOTAGE RING... EACH TIME THEY SEND SOMEONE POSING AS A COLLECTOR TO PICK UP AN IDOL WITH PAPERS INSIDE!!



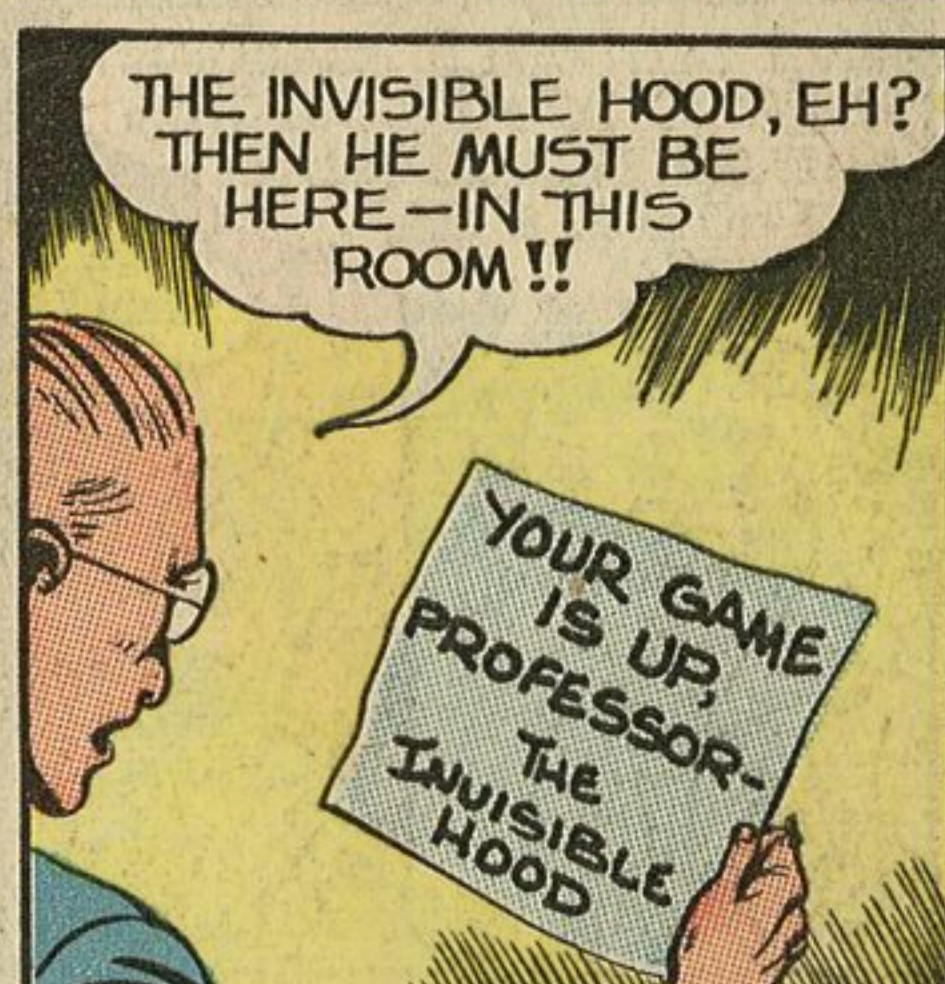
I FIGURED WITH AN ASSISTANT THINGS WOULD LOOK MORE NATURAL AND THERE WOULD BE NO SUSPICION FROM THE G-MEN-



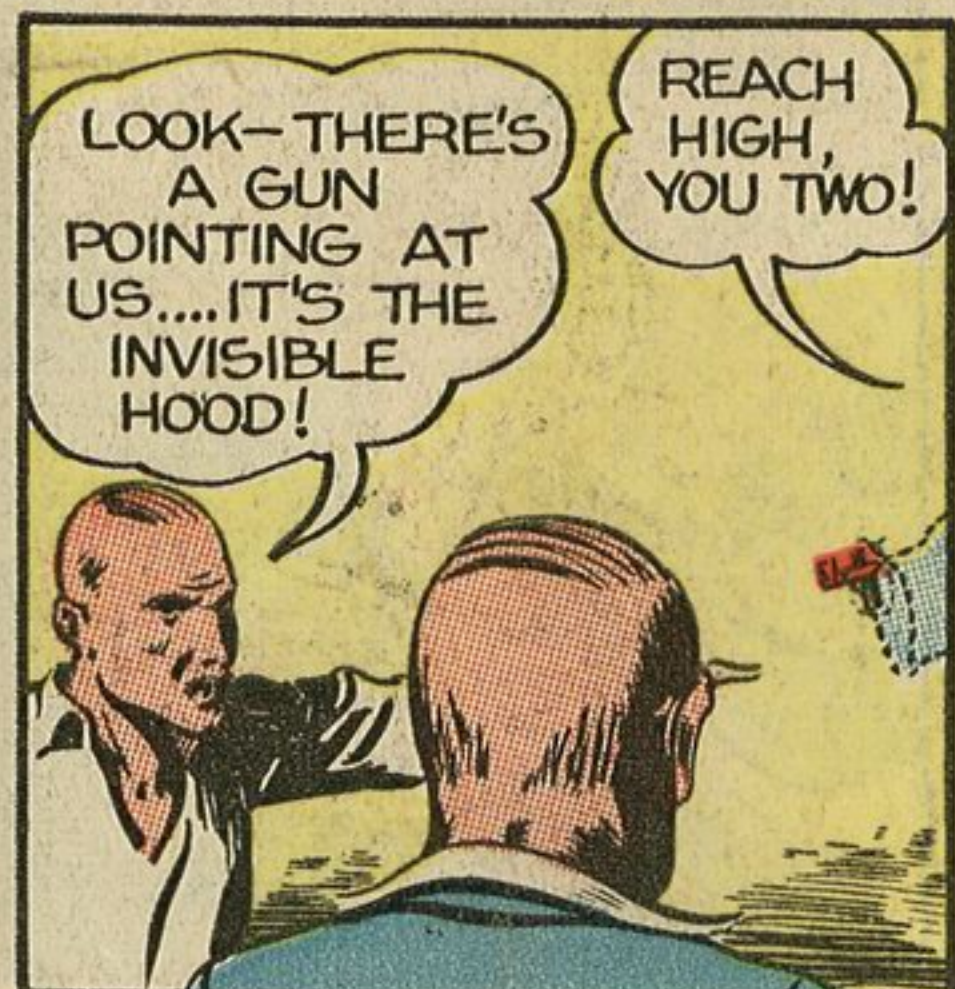
QUICK, GIRL! TAKE BACK THOSE PAPERS AND COUNT 'EM.... SHOULD BE FIVE - WE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES!



GREAT SCOTT!! THERE ARE SIX, DIXON--AND LOOK!

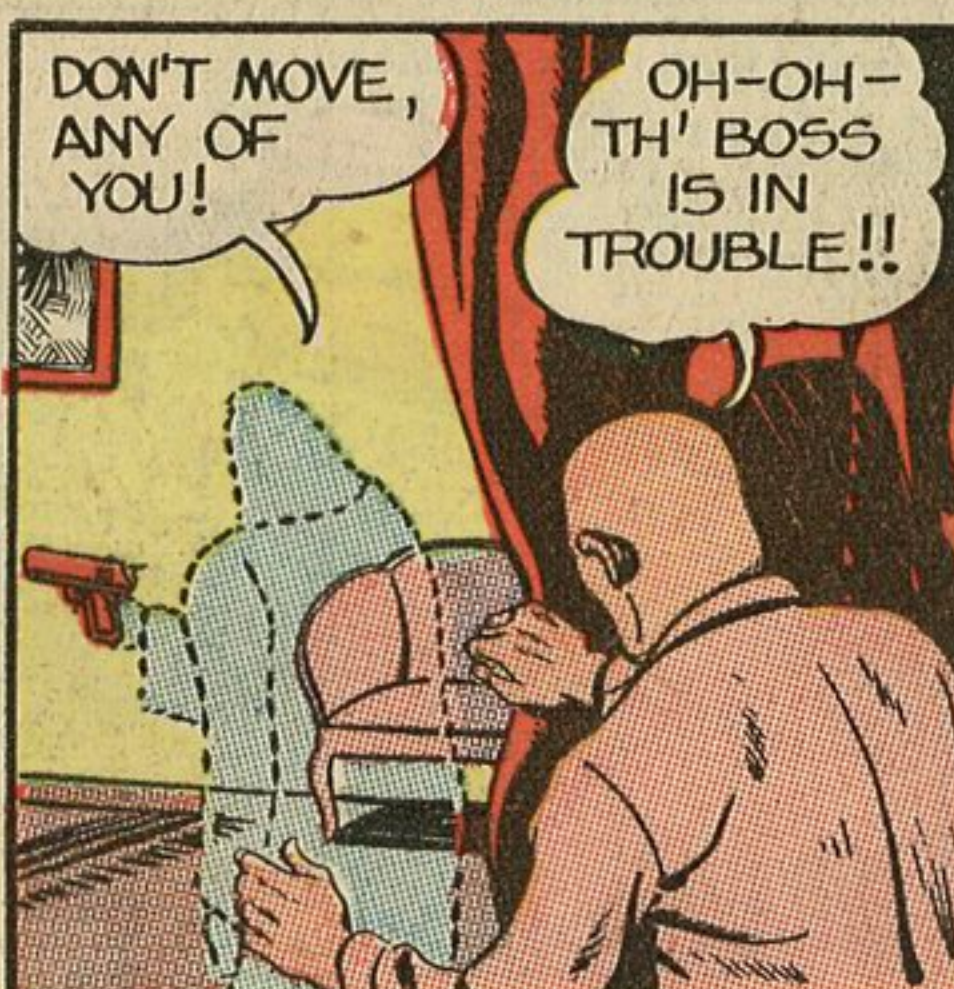


THE INVISIBLE HOOD, EH? THEN HE MUST BE HERE - IN THIS ROOM!!



LOOK--THERE'S A GUN POINTING AT US....IT'S THE INVISIBLE HOOD!

REACH HIGH, YOU TWO!

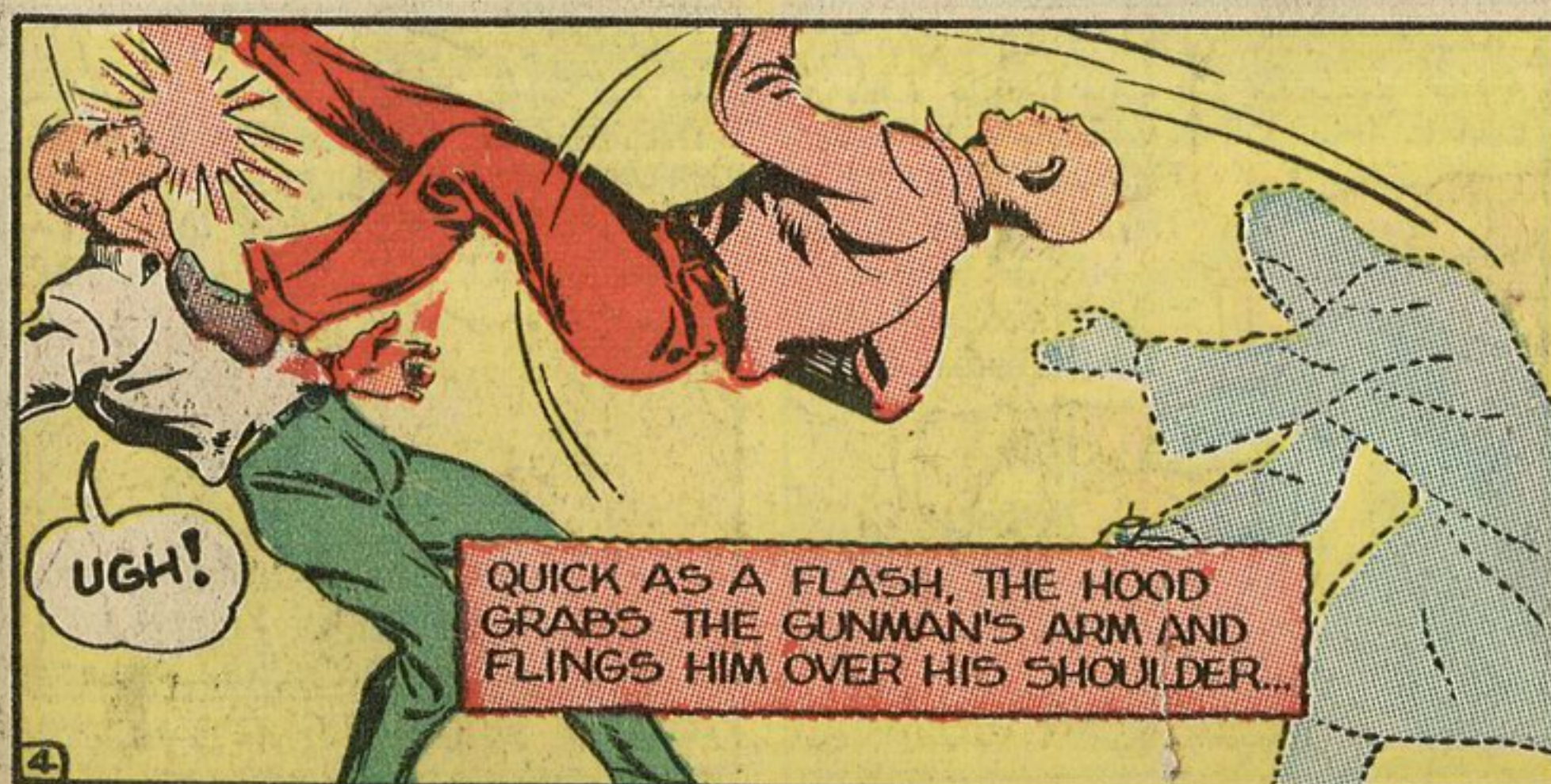


DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU!

OH-OH--TH' BOSS IS IN TROUBLE!!



HANDS UP, MR. GHOST-- I THINK YOU CAN FEEL THIS GUN IN YOUR BACK, EH?



UGH!

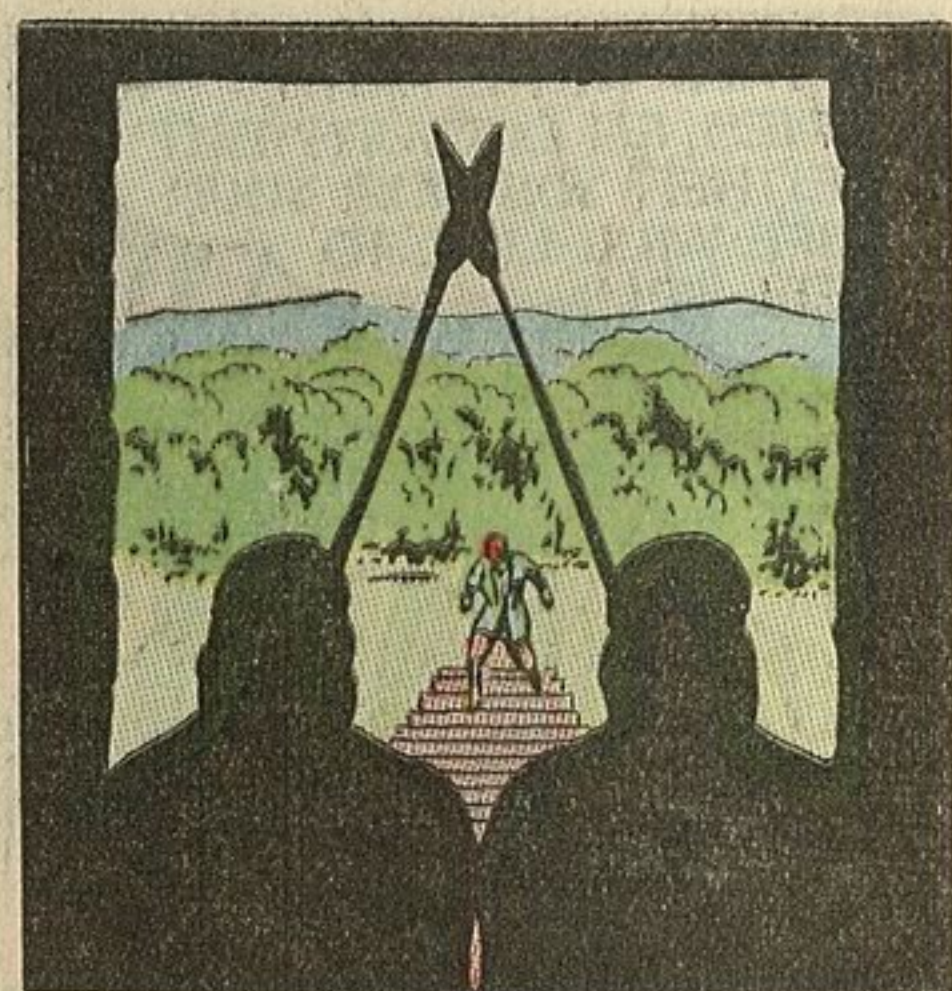
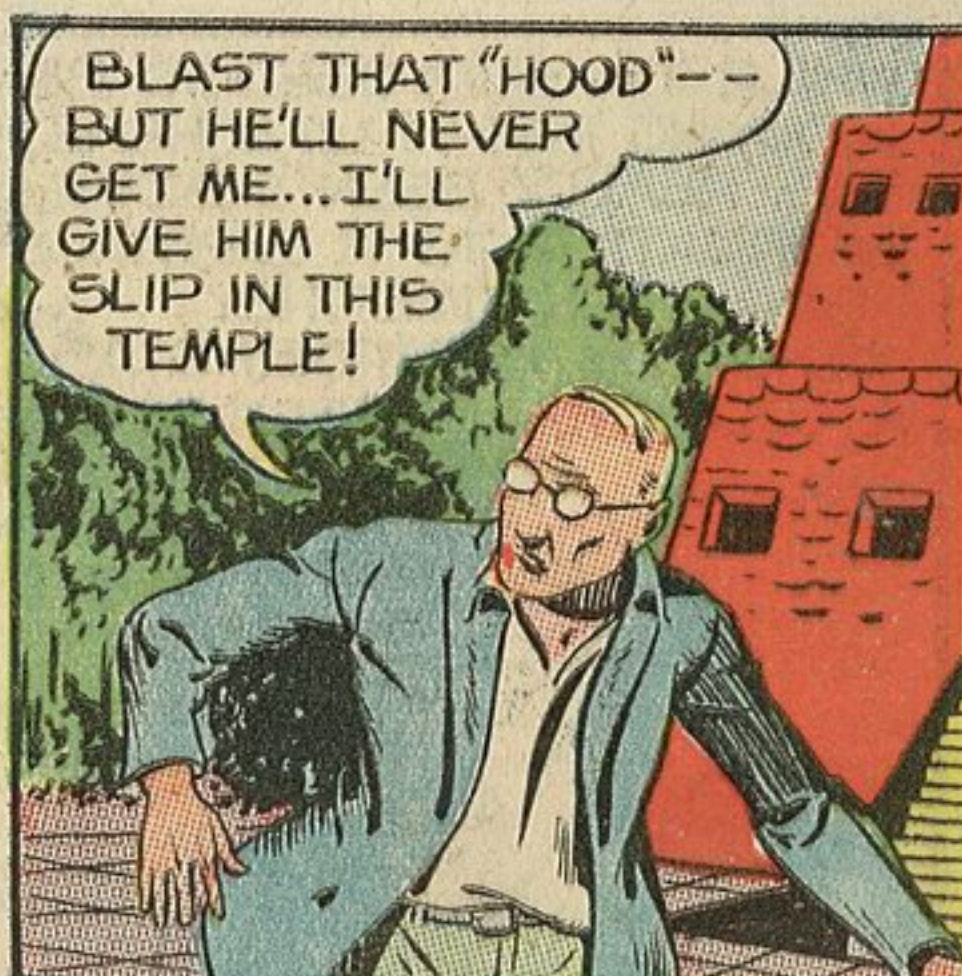
QUICK AS A FLASH, THE HOOD GRABS THE GUNMAN'S ARM AND FLINGS HIM OVER HIS SHOULDER...



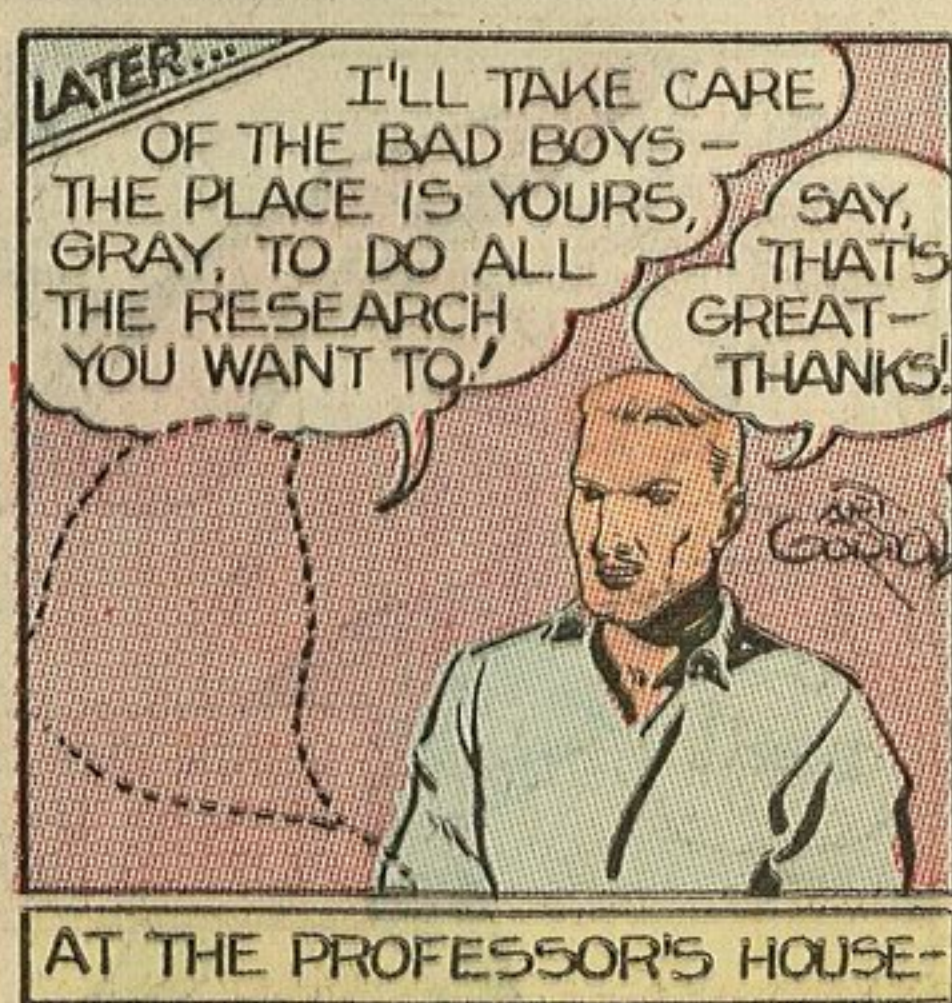
THEY'RE BOTH OUT COLD--! BOY!.. THAT WAS QUICK ACTION!

THE PROFESSOR-- HE'S MAKING A GETAWAY!





AS THE INVISIBLE HOOD COMES UP THE TEMPLE STAIRS...

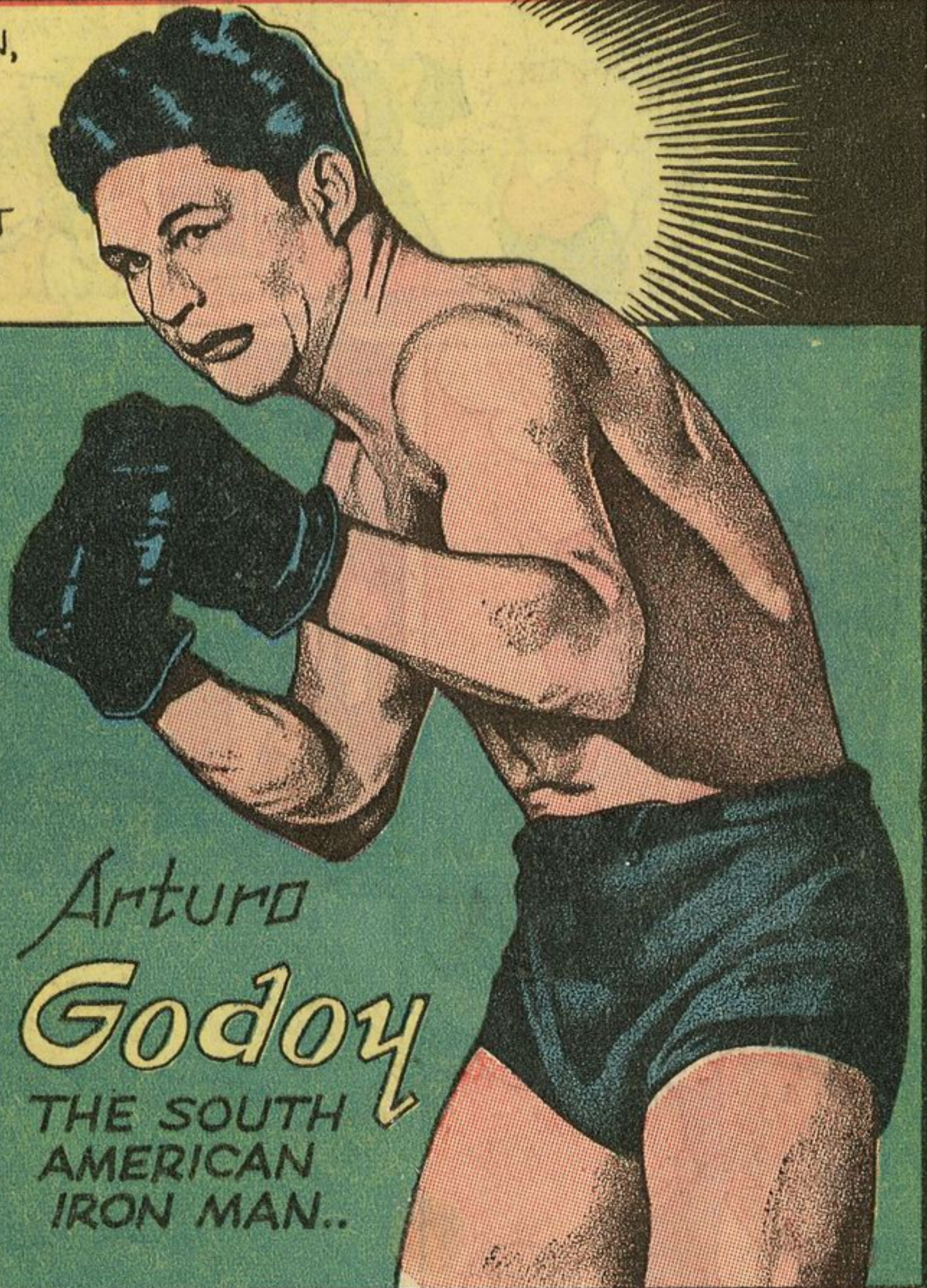




# SPORTRAITS

FACING THE GREAT CHAMPION, JOE LOUIS, IN THE ROLE OF THE UNDERDOG, GODOY UPSET ALL THE DOPE BY STAYING THE 15 ROUNDS AND GIVING LOUIS ONE OF HIS TOUGHEST FIGHTS!

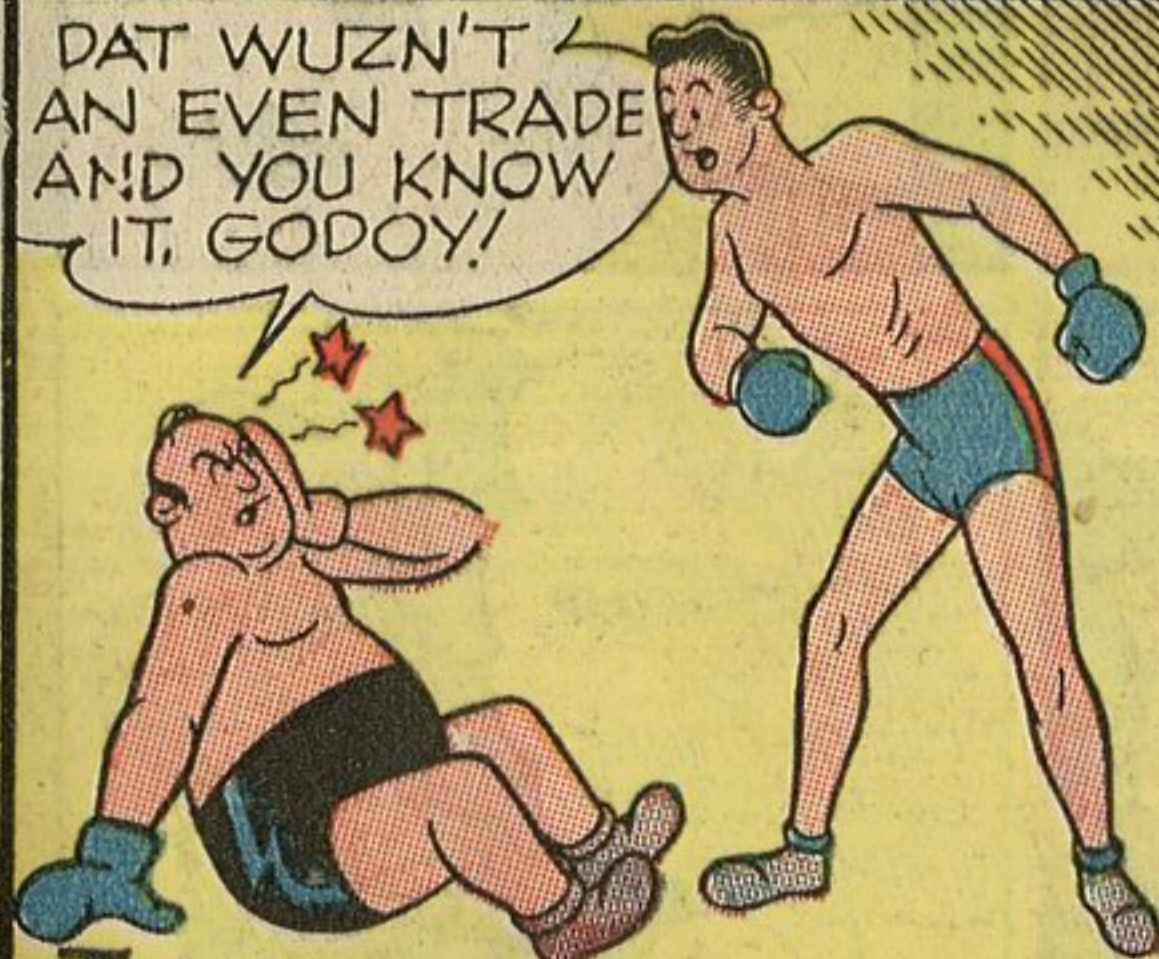
AH HEARD OF MEN STAYING LOW TO THE CANVAS, BUT THIS GUY'S UNDER IT!



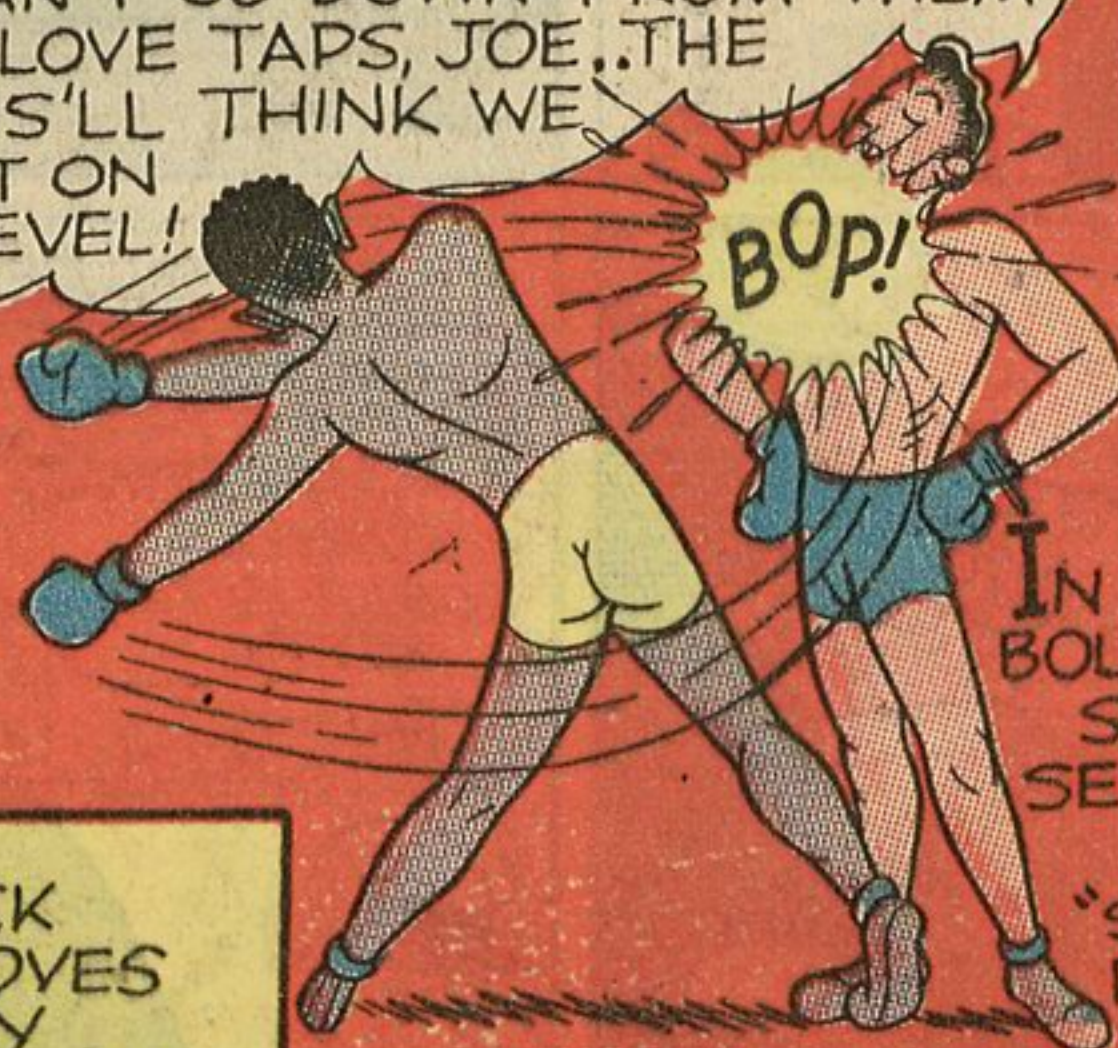
Arturo  
**Godoy**  
THE SOUTH  
AMERICAN  
IRON MAN..

ARTURO'S EXTREMELY LOW CROUCH BAFFLED LOUIS PLENTY-AT TIMES THE SOUTH AMERICAN'S GLOVES WERE BUT A FOOT FROM THE CANVAS!

DAT WUZN'T AN EVEN TRADE AND YOU KNOW IT, GODOY!



I CAN'T GO DOWN FROM THEM LIL' LOVE TAPS, JOE..THE FANS'LL THINK WE AIN'T ON TH' LEVEL!

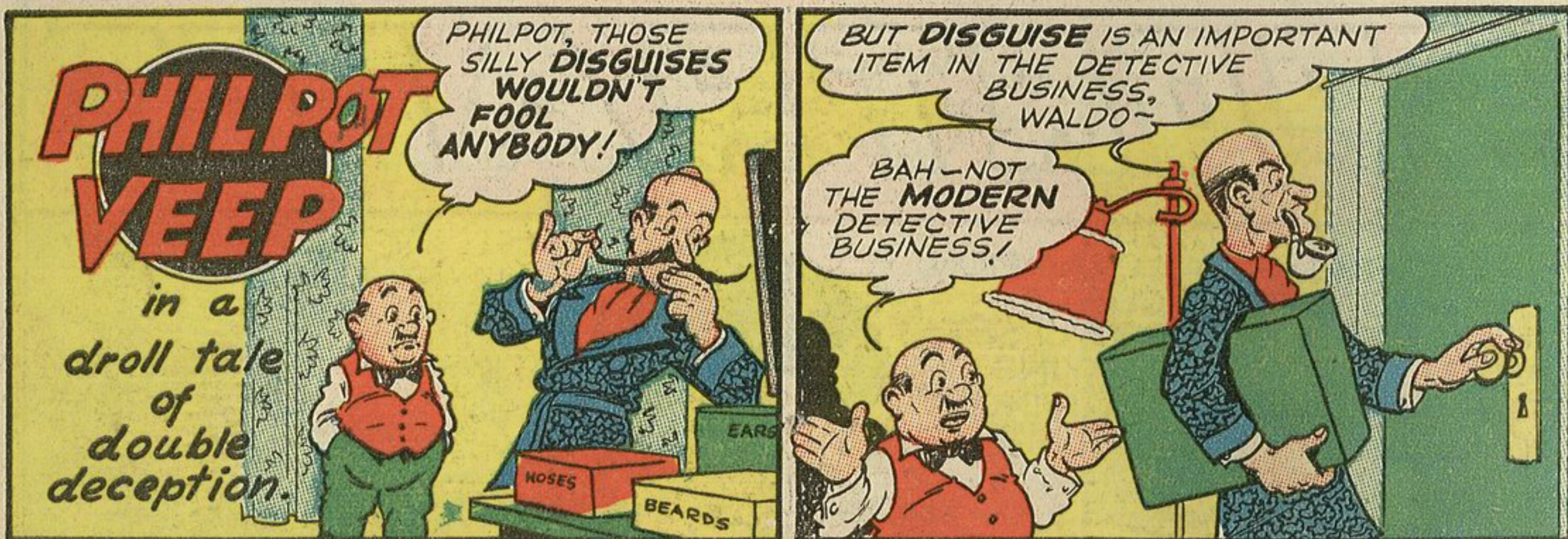


-GILL  
FOX-

TWICE IN 1937 GODOY TURNED BACK TOUGH TONY GALENTO..WHICH PROVES HE CAN TRADE PUNCHES EVENLY WITH A SLUGGER AS WELL AS A BOXER..

IN THE LOUIS BOUT, ARTURO STOPPED SEVERAL OF JOE'S "SUNDAY" PUNCHES.. BUT HE KEPT BORING IN!





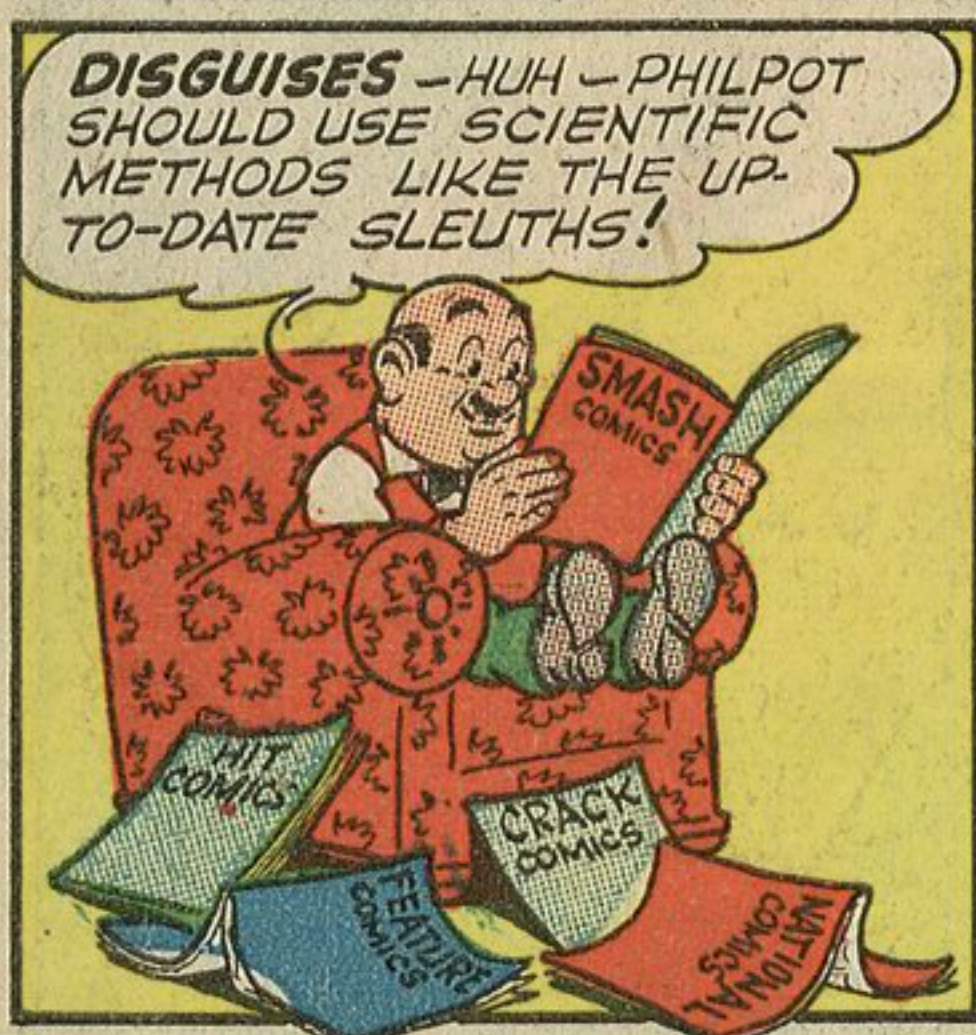
# PHILPOT VEEP

in a droll tale of double deception.

PHILPOT, THOSE SILLY **DISGUISES** WOULDN'T FOOL ANYBODY!

BUT **DISGUISE** IS AN IMPORTANT ITEM IN THE DETECTIVE BUSINESS, WALDO~

BAH~NOT THE **MODERN** DETECTIVE BUSINESS!



**DISGUISES** -HUH- PHILPOT SHOULD USE SCIENTIFIC METHODS LIKE THE UP-TO-DATE SLEUTHS!



WHERE'S PHILPOT VEEP?- I'M THE MANAGER OF BIG TOP CIRCUS!

IS SOMETHING WRONG?



I SHOULD SAY SO! OUR **MAN-EATING GORILLA HAS ESCAPED**-HE'S A **TERROR**-NOBODY IS SAFE WHILE HE'S LOOSE!- HE'S A **KILLER!**

I'LL TRY TO FIND PHILPOT--



I'M THE **ASININIAN AMBASSADOR**- WHERE EES IT ZE PHILPOT? **TARRIBLE THING** HAVE HAPPEN!



**KEENG** EES VEESIT ME INCOGNEETO- AN' VOT HAPPEN? -SOME CROOK HE **STEAL KEENG**-**KEENG EES GONE**-**VANISH!**

PHILPOT ISN'T HERE!



BAH!- I GO TO POLEECE- ZEN I DECLARE WAR- ZEN I COMMIT SUICIDE!

HELLO... POOL ROOM?- IS VEEP THERE?- NO--



HI HO, I'M THE KING OF ASININIA- I'M SHORT ONE AMBASSADOR!



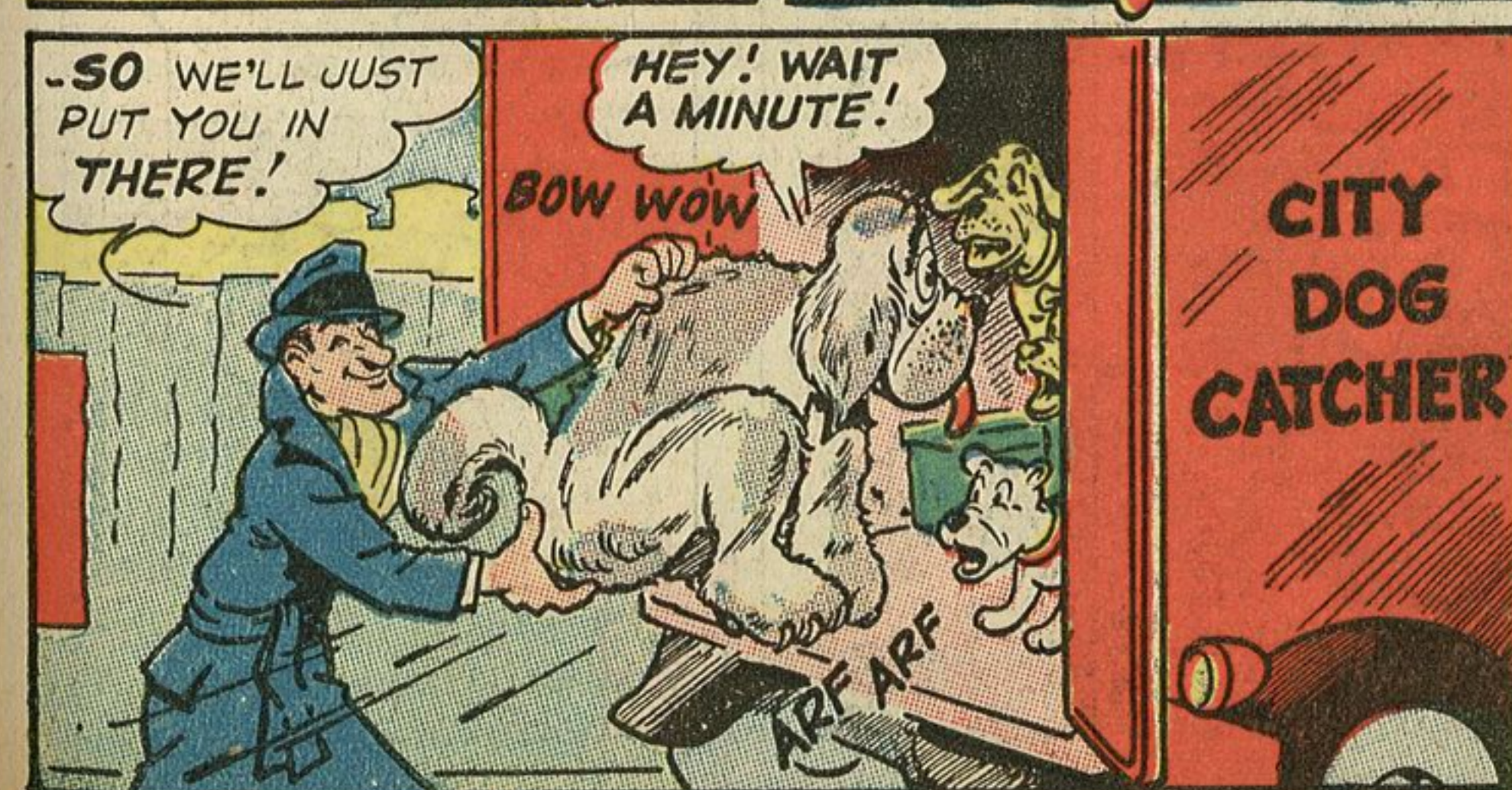
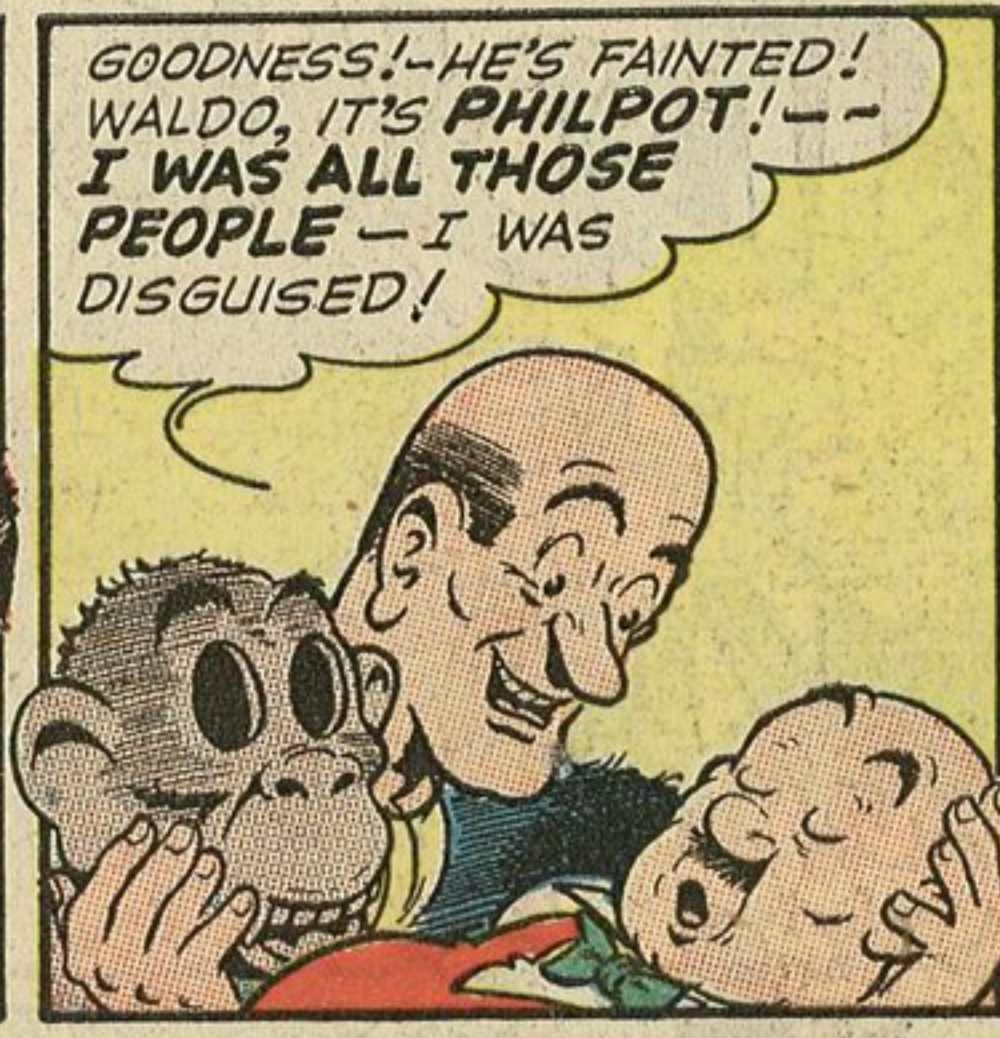
HE WAS JUST **HERE** LOOKING FOR **YOU**-- SAY, YOUR MAJESTY, THERE'S A **MAN-EATING GORILLA** LOOSE IN THIS CITY!

PIFFLE!

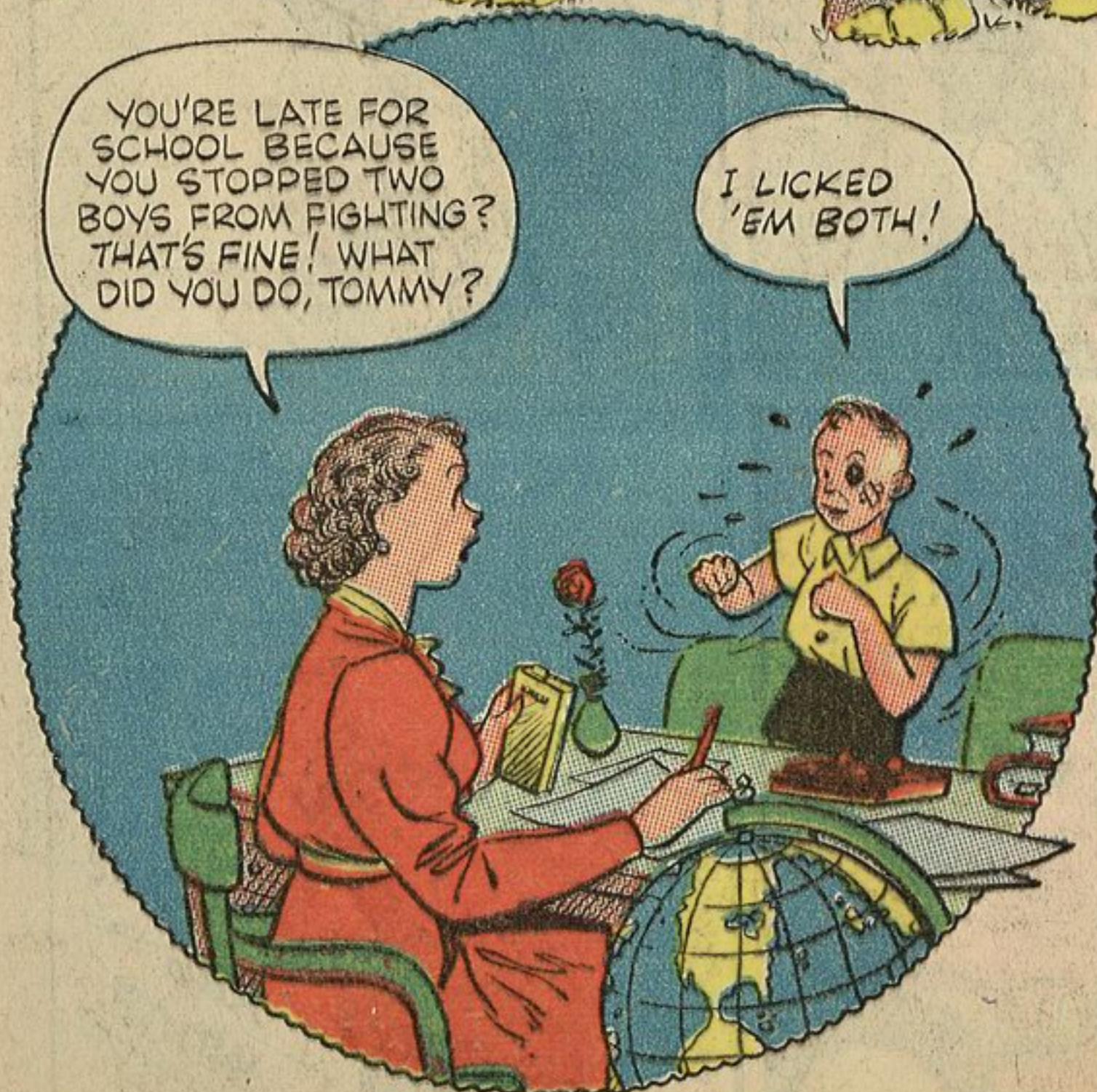
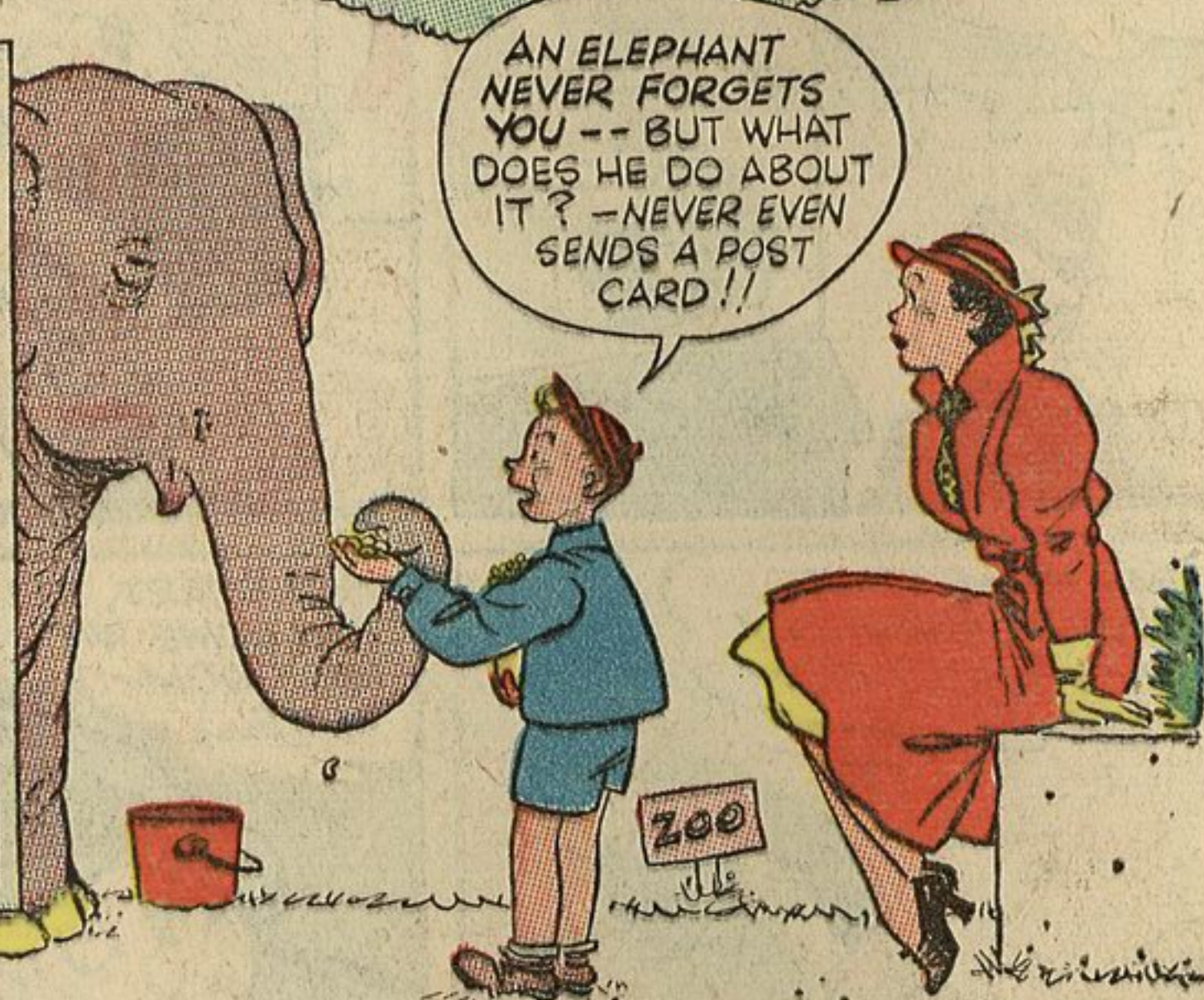
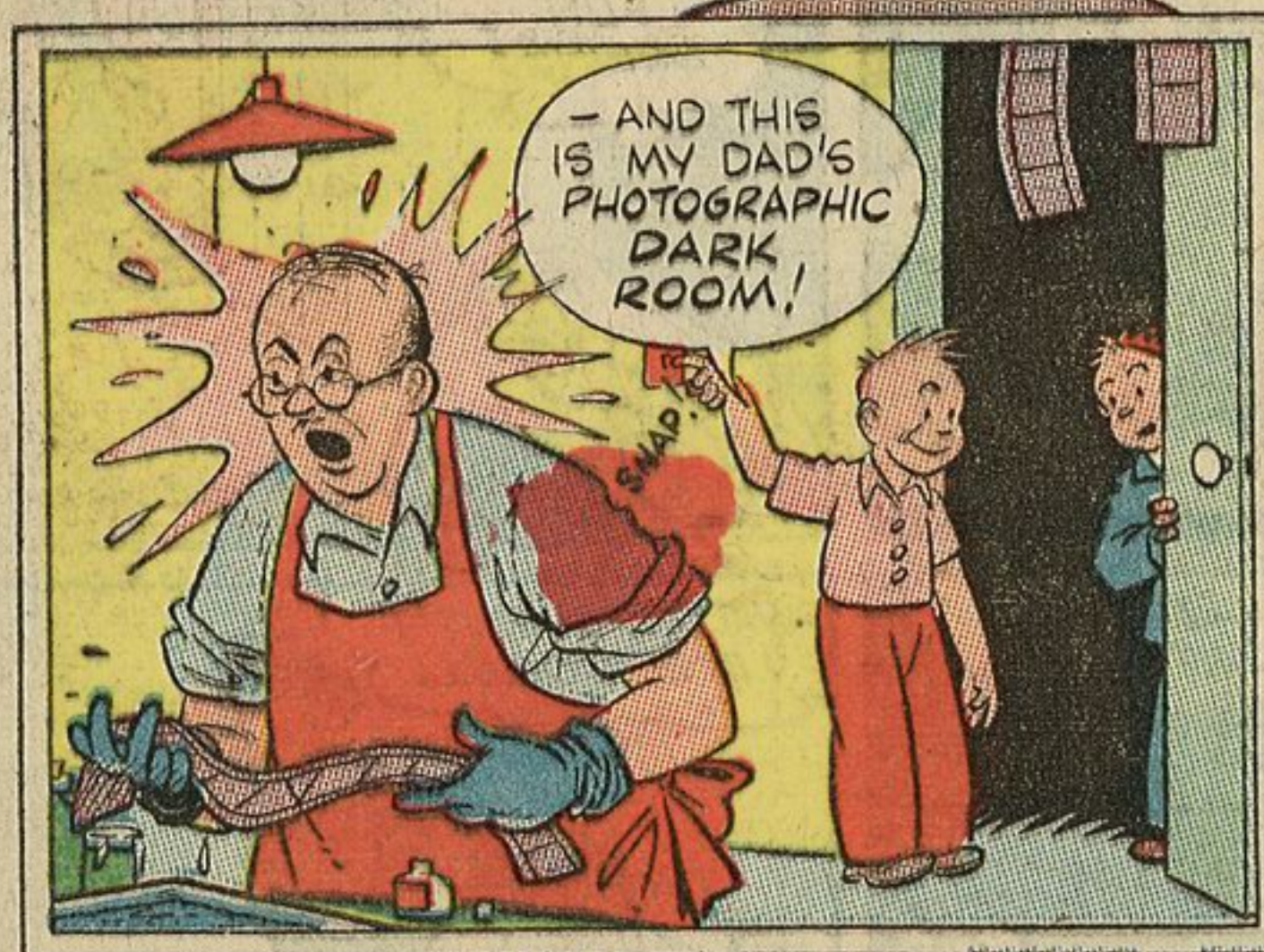
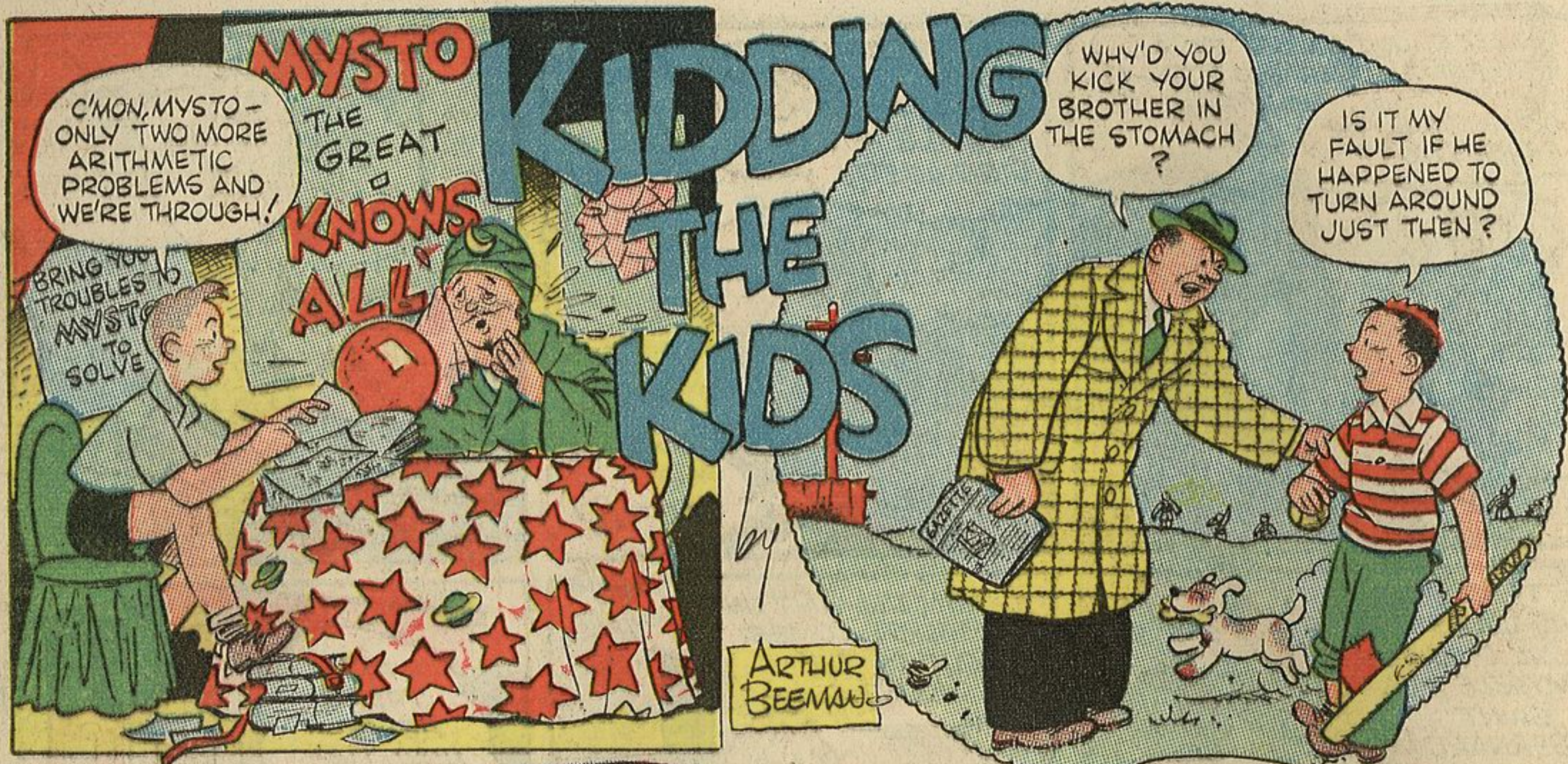


HELLO ~~~ "BRENNER'S BAR AND GRILL"? IS PHILPOT VEEP THERE?- NO? OH, I'LL BET THAT GORILLA GOT HIM!

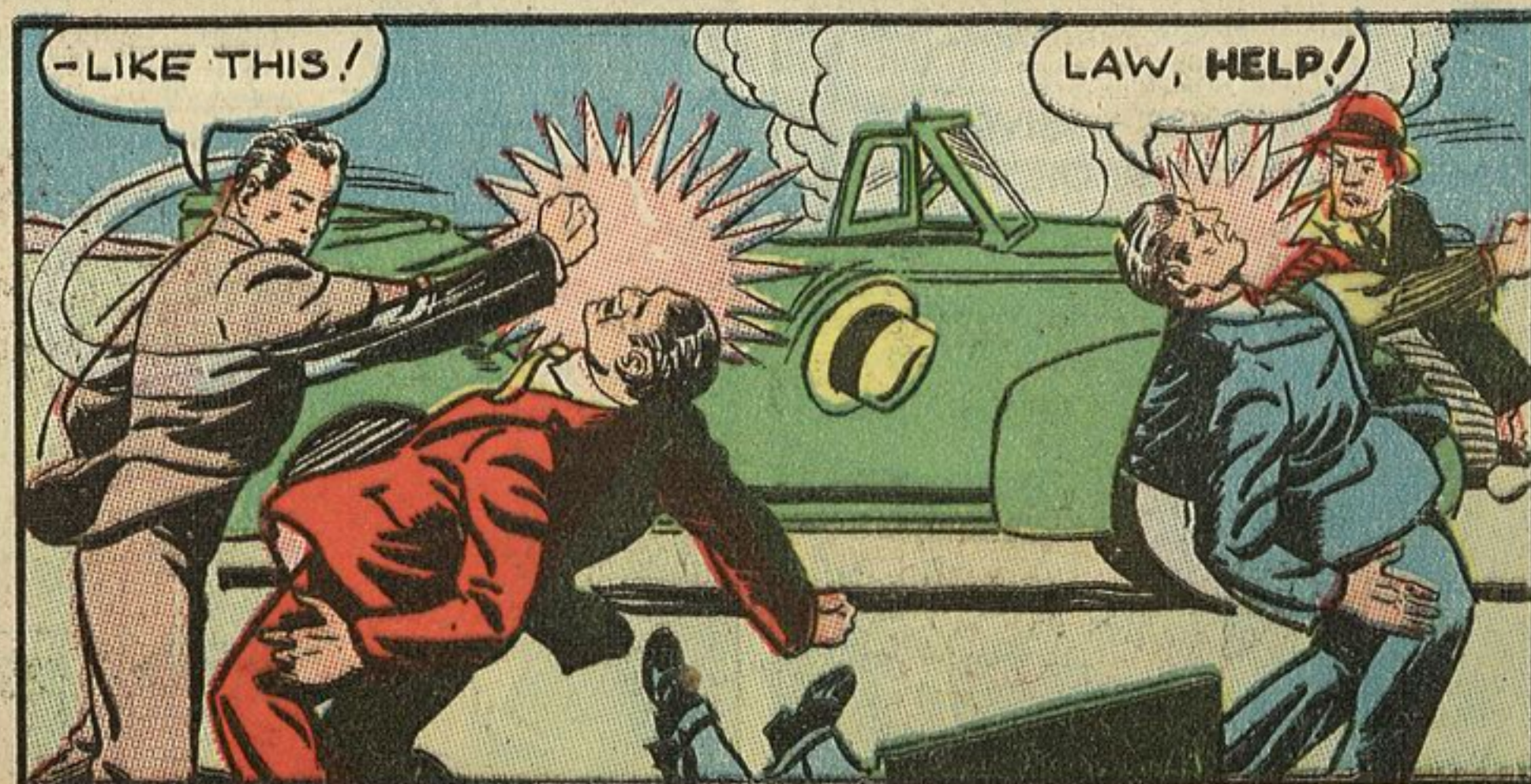
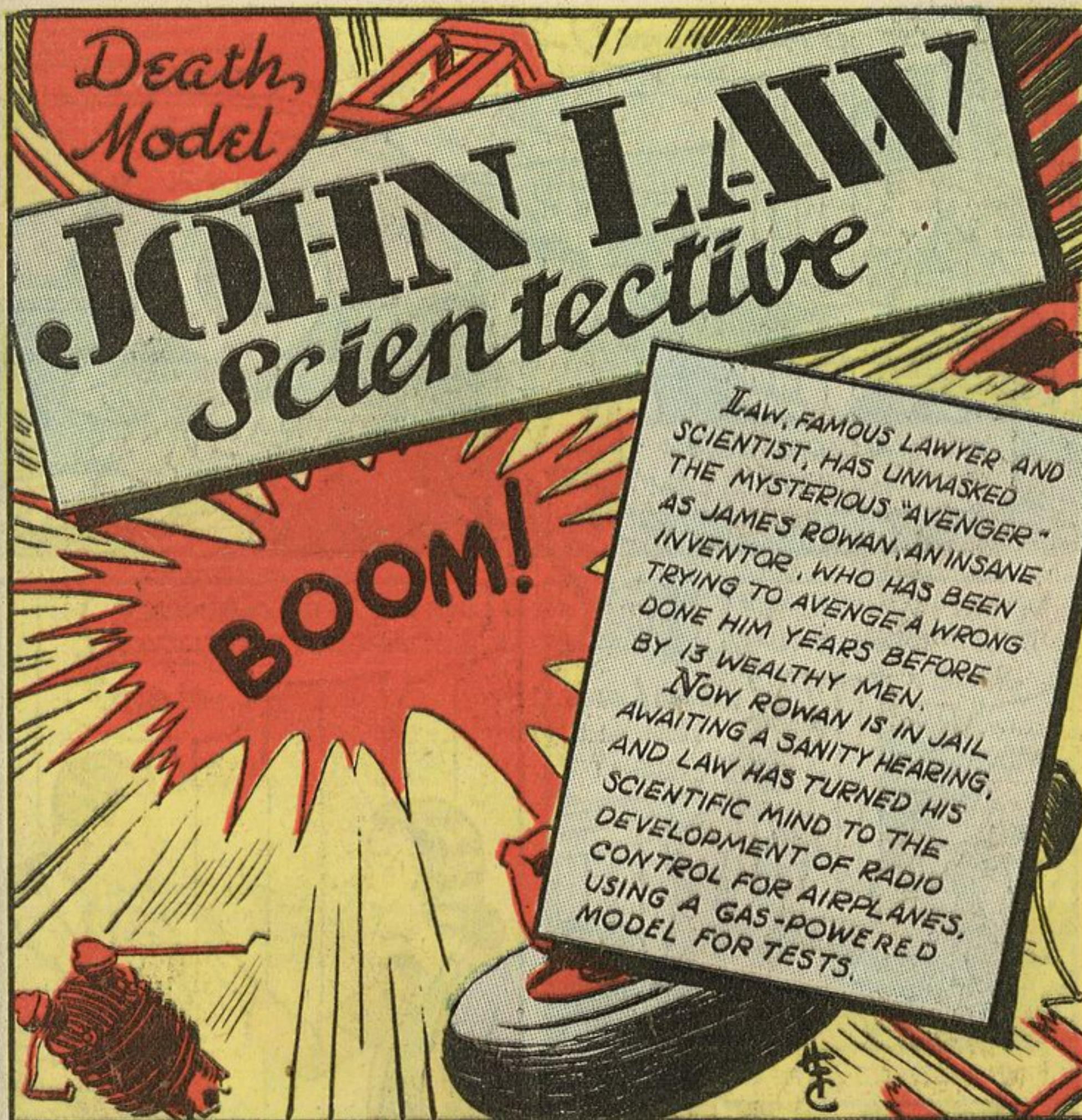




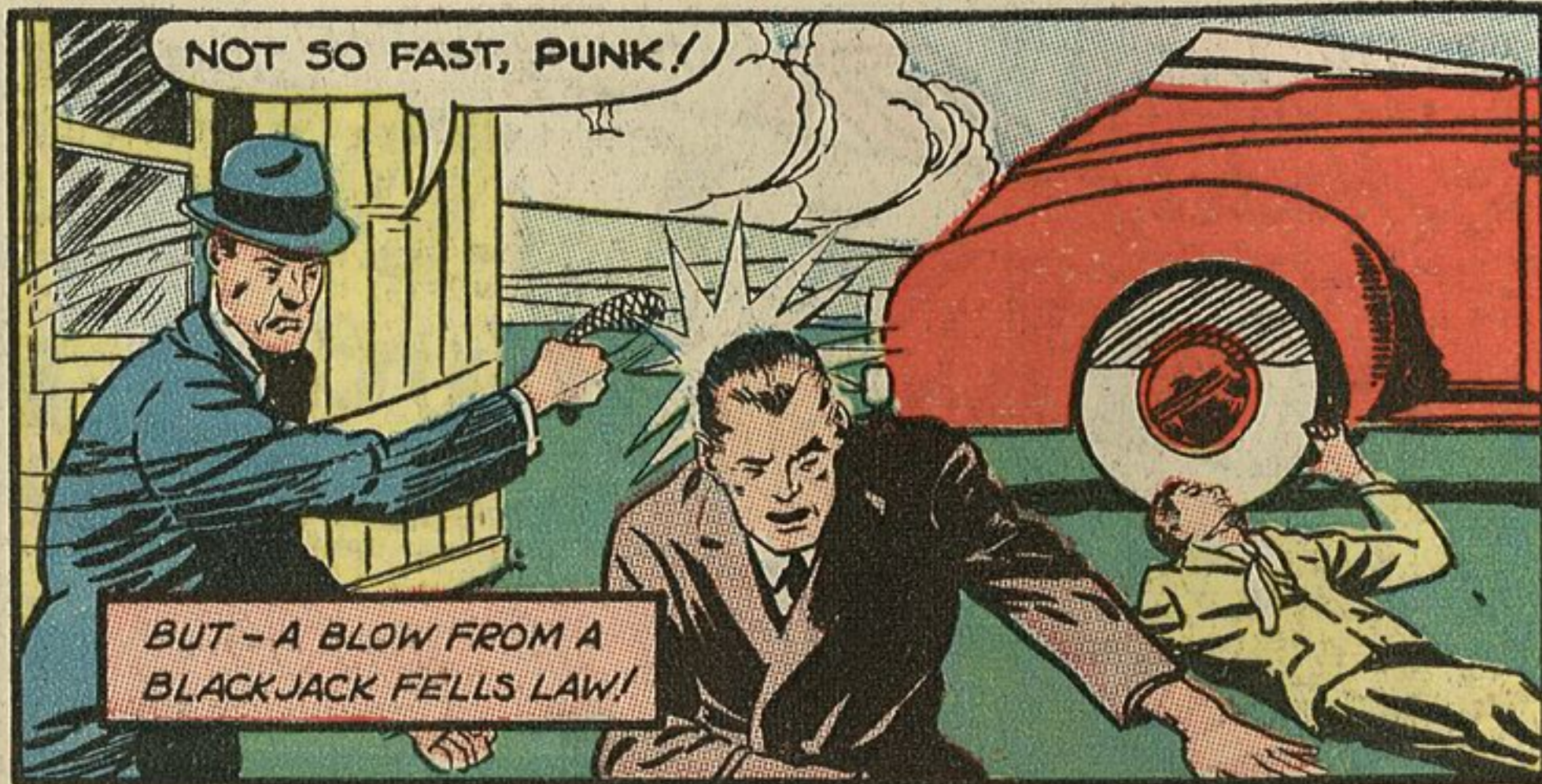












BUT - A BLOW FROM A BLACKJACK FELS LAW!



WHILE LAW AND RAY LIE UNCONSCIOUS!



JOHN! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

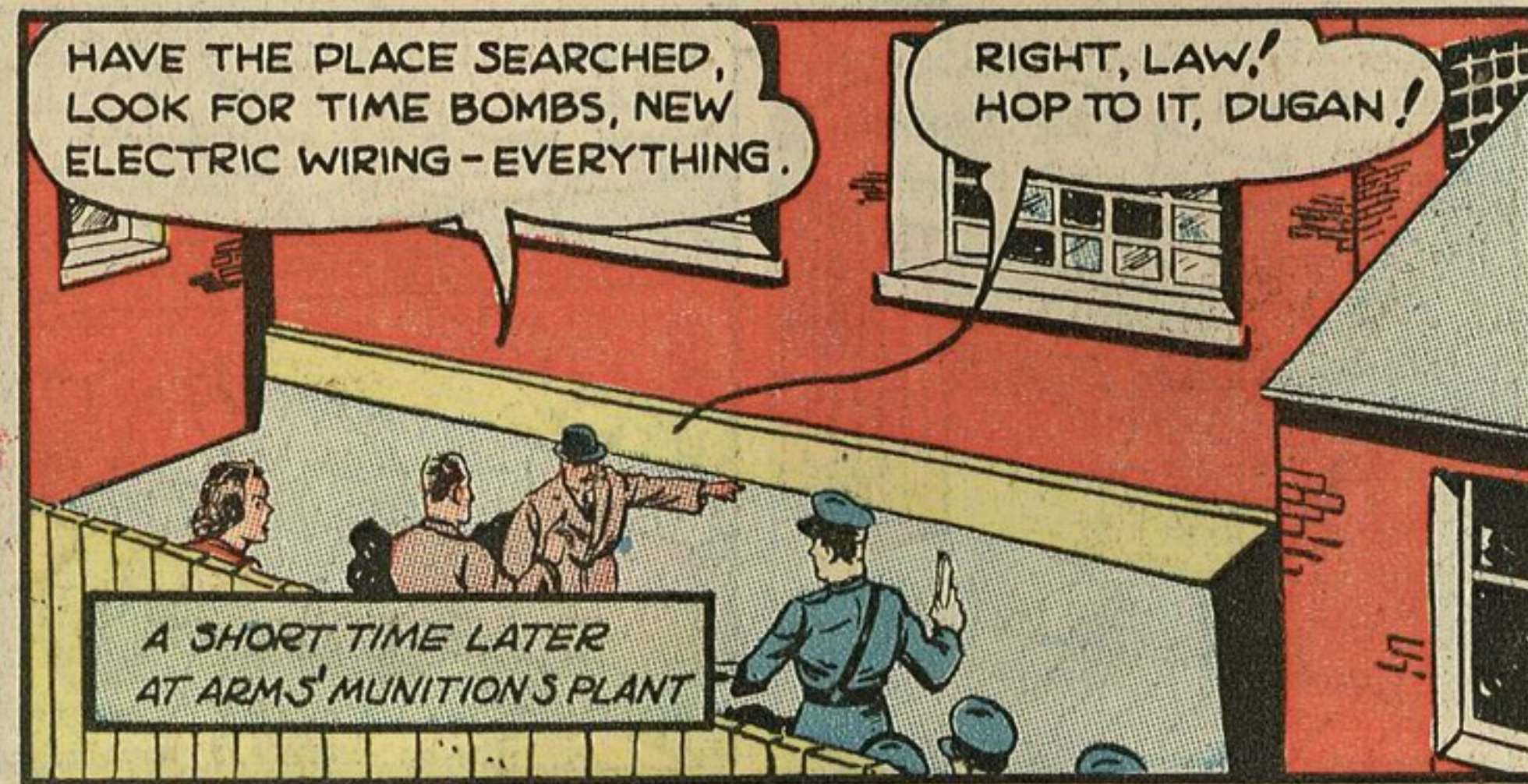
5 MINUTES LATER



HE DID?



YES - AND THAT MADMAN SAYS HE'LL BLOW UP MY MUNITIONS PLANT BY 4 P.M. TOMORROW.



RIGHT, LAW! HOP TO IT, DUGAN!

A SHORT TIME LATER AT ARMS' MUNITIONS PLANT



THE MOST POWERFUL EXPLOSIVE IN THE WORLD!

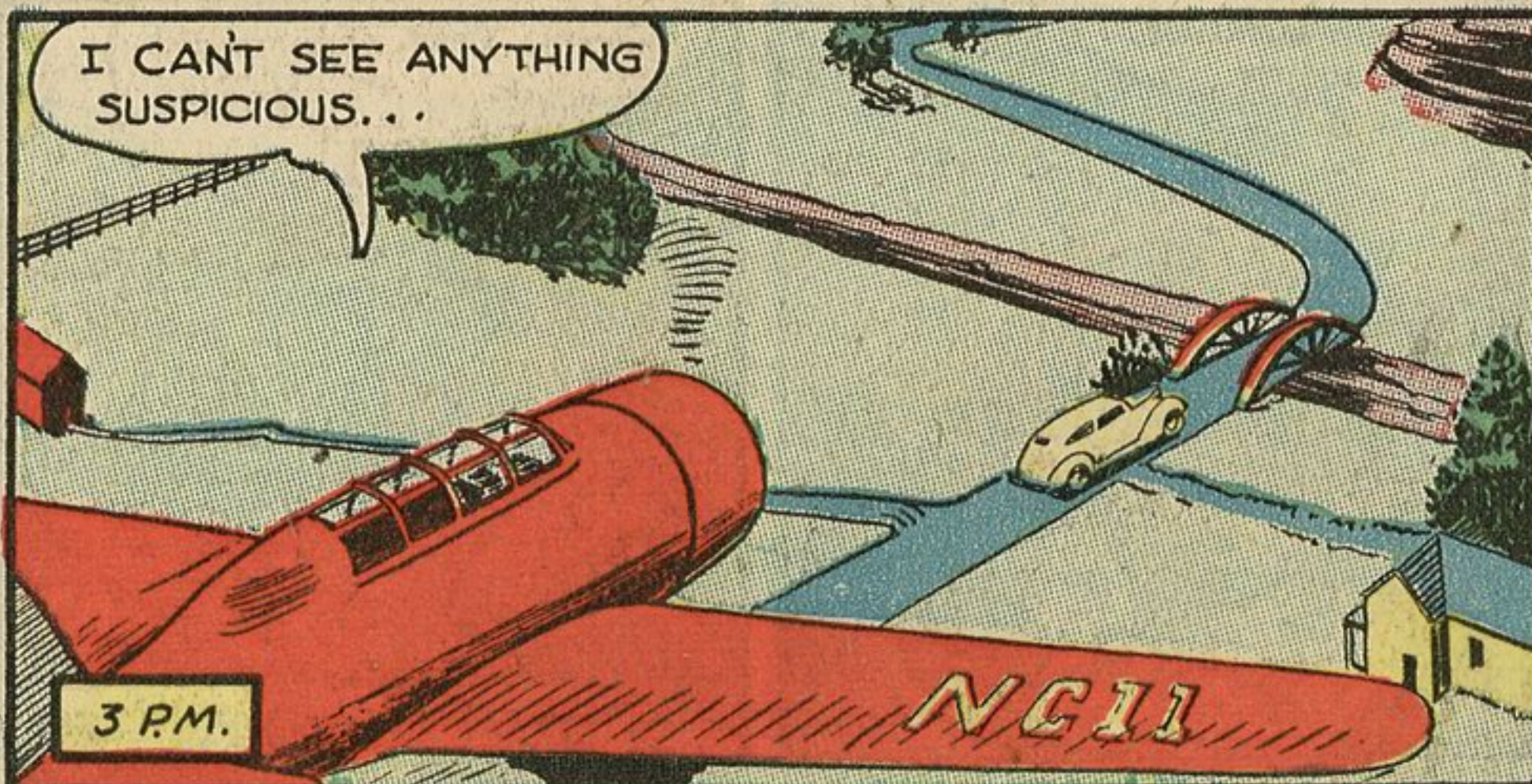


IT MAY TIE IN WITH THE AVENGER'S THREAT!

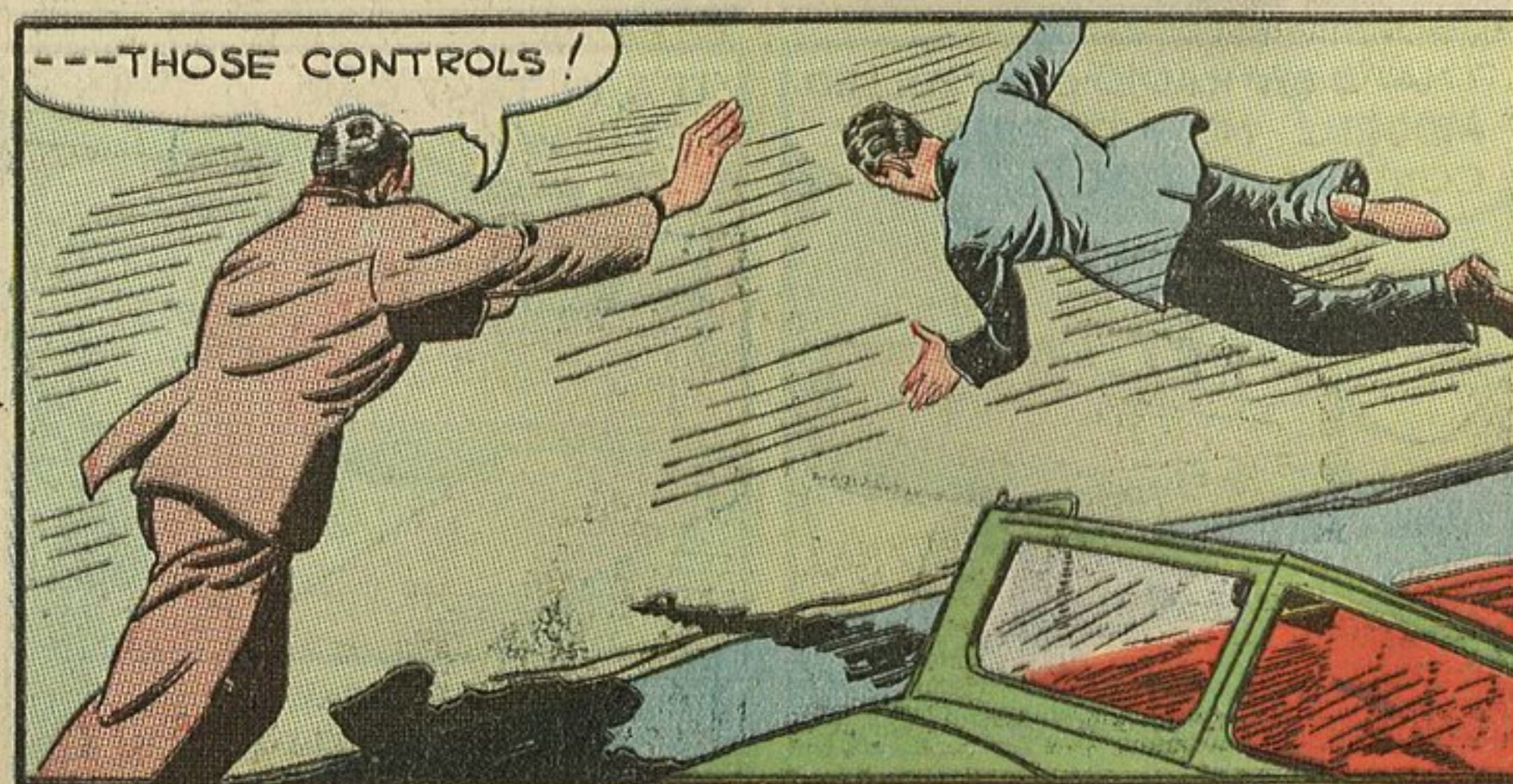
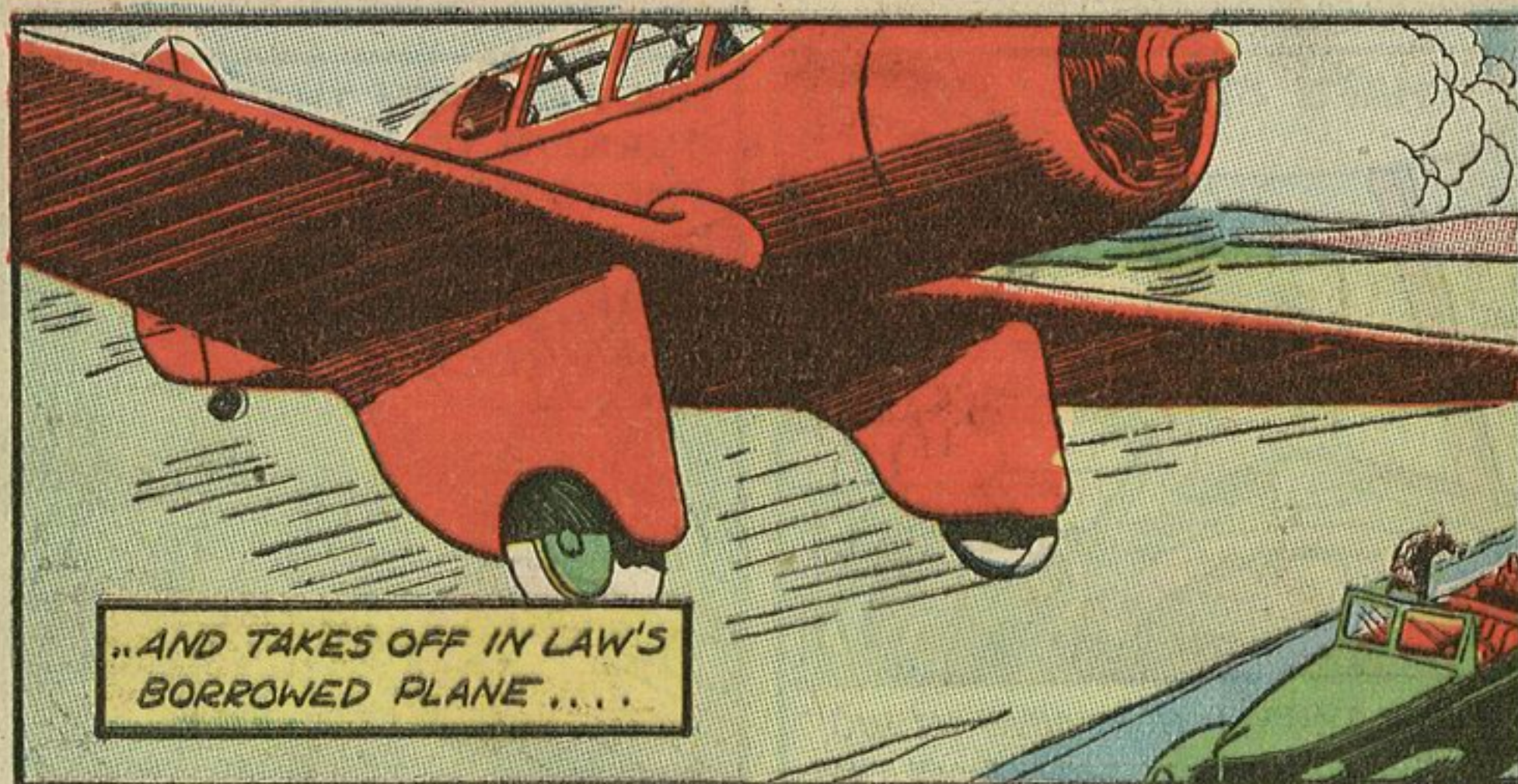
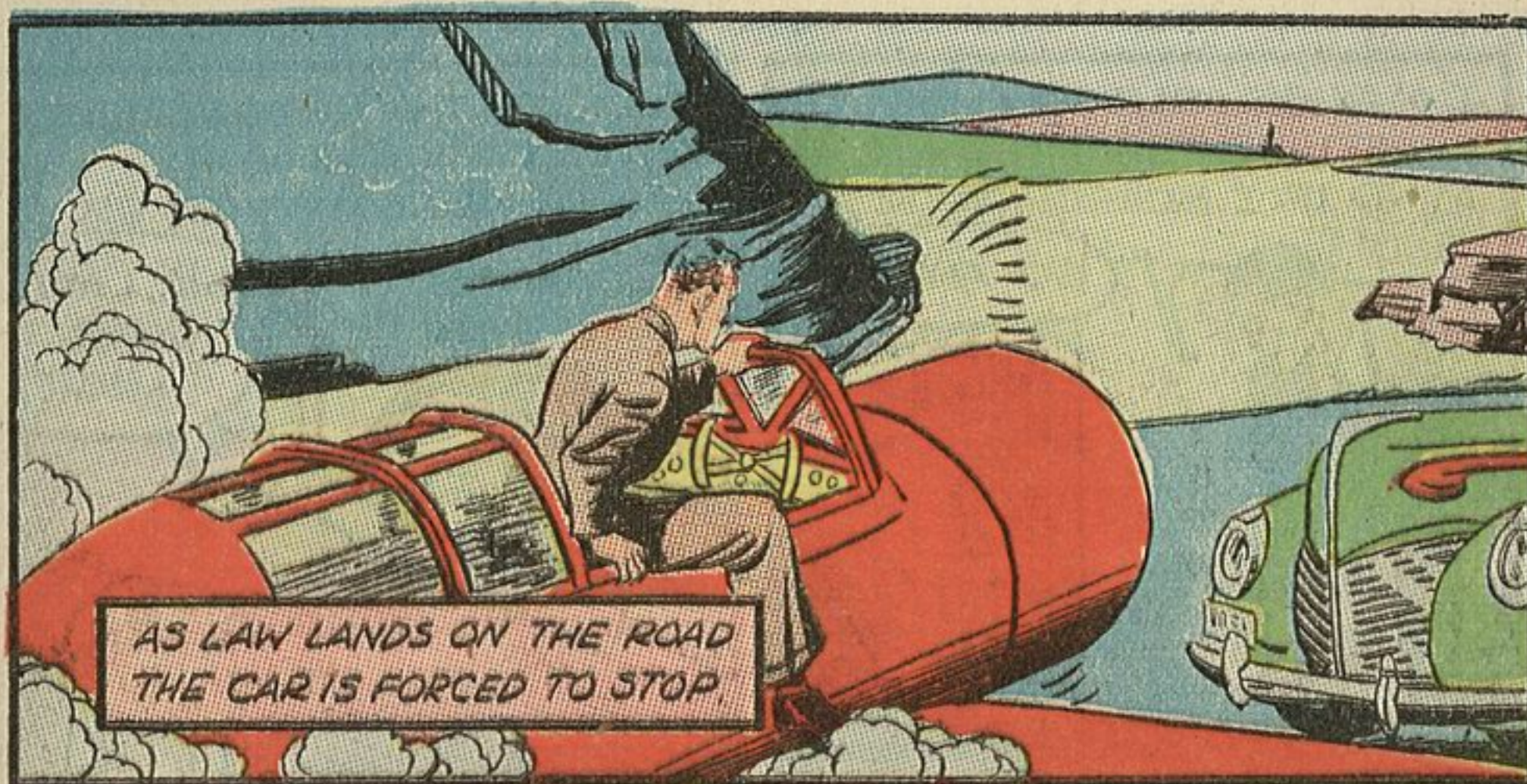


... A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PLANT SHOWS NOTHING.



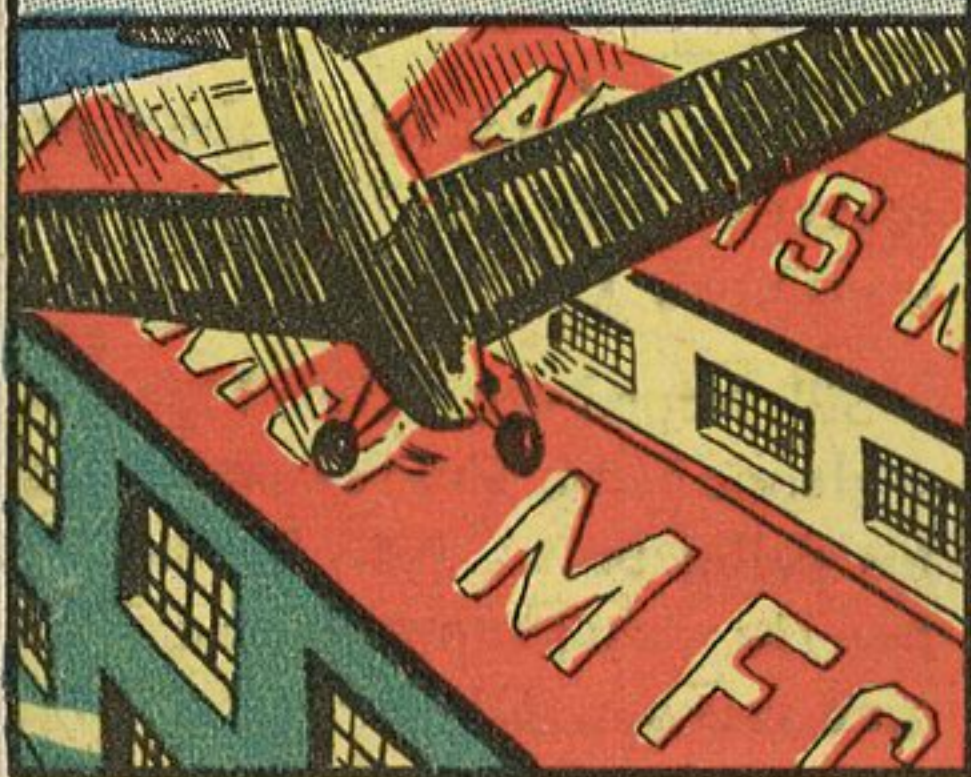








THE MODEL NOSES DOWN, AND DIVES TOWARD THE ARMS MUNITIONS FACTORY!!

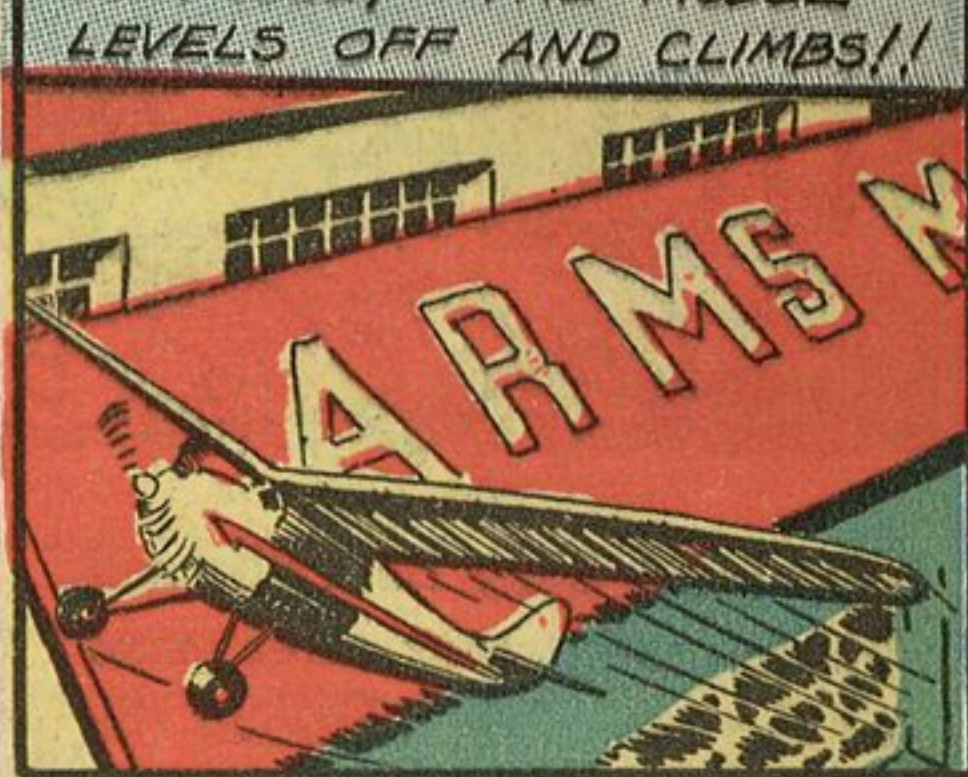


I'VE GOT TO STOP THAT DIVE, IF MY MODEL'S CARRYING WHAT I SUSPECT---

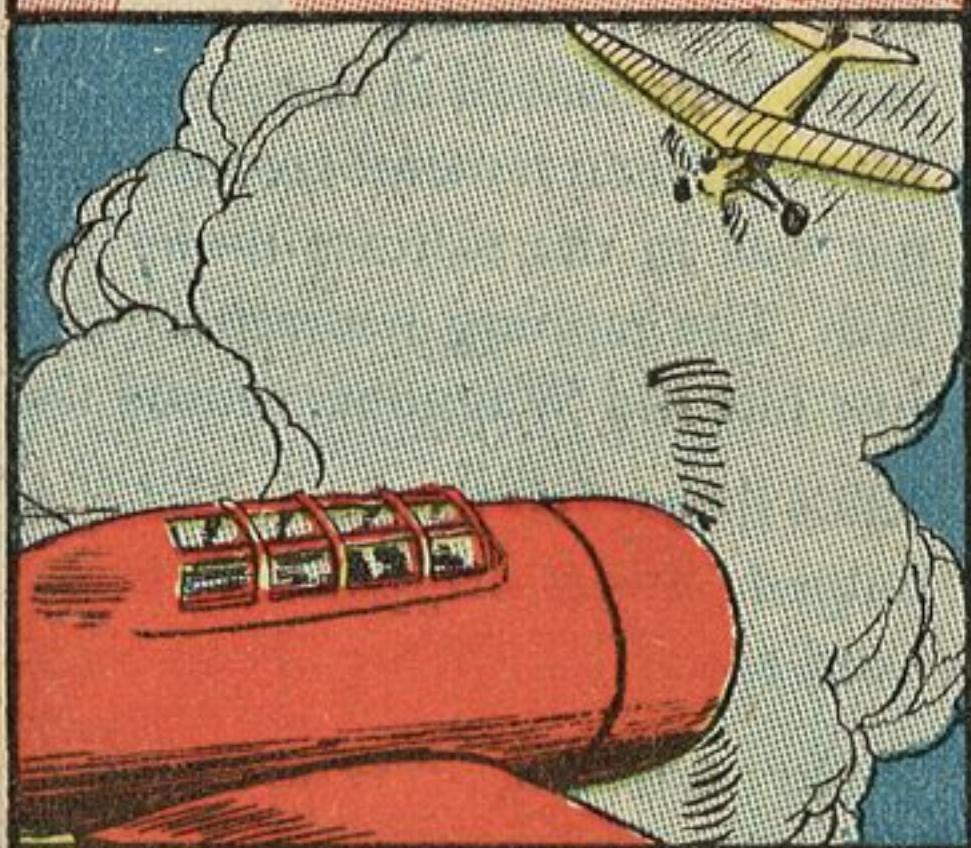


LAW DASHES TO THE CONTROLS.

AT THE LAST MINUTE,...IN RESPONSE TO LAW AT THE CONTROLS, THE MODEL LEVELS OFF AND CLIMBS!!



-- THEN DIVES TOWARD THE AVENGER'S CIRCLING SHIP.



LOOK OUT - HELP!

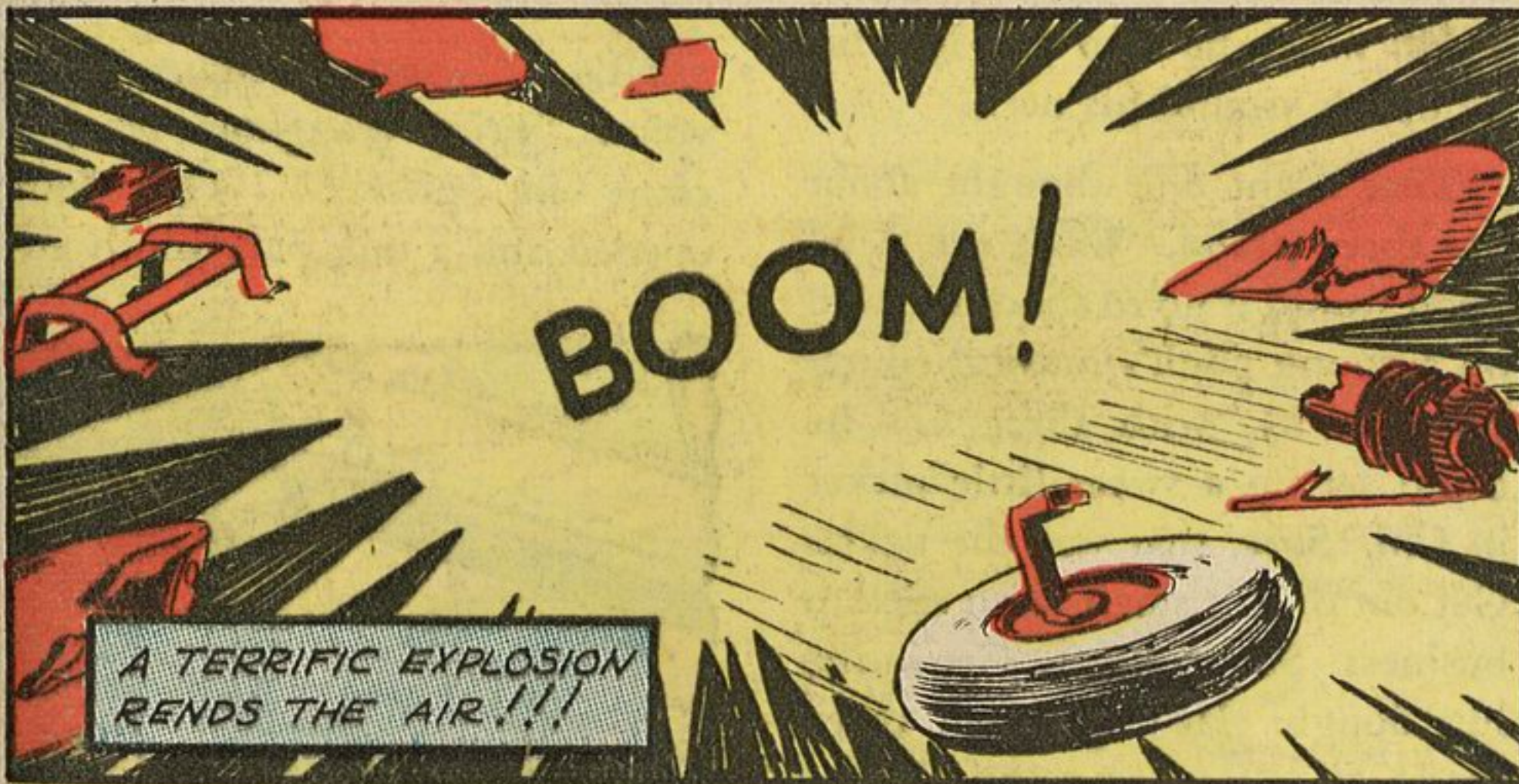


IN THE AVENGER'S SHIP

SAVE ME! LAW!



BOOM!



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION RENDS THE AIR!!!

THAT'S THE END OF THE AVENGER ALL RIGHT!



GREAT GUNS, LAW, WHAT HAPPENED?

I GUIDED MY MODEL PLANE INTO THE AVENGER'S SHIP, ARMS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER.

BUT THAT EXPLOSION??

YOUR MISSING DXZ, IN MY STOLEN RADIO-CONTROLLED MODEL PLANE.



HOW DID YOU SPOT THAT MODEL AS YOURS?

I HEARD THE CLICKS OF THE CONTROL SIGNALS OVER THE RADIO!





# Music For Murder

By Robert M. Hyatt

Luigi (alias Silk) Baca dimmed the blaring radio, took three paces across the room, then turned the music on again. The orchestra was interrupted by a news flash: Somebody had been shot; the police were hot on the trail . . .

Police! Silk swore softly under his breath. Coppers! A shiver of fear stole up his spine. Then he ground his teeth. What the heck had he to fear from the law? What was eating on his nerves? He snapped the radio off, slumped down into a big easy chair and picked up a magazine.

The lamp threw his evil, furtive face into bold relief. Thin, spidery lines made a web around his thin-lipped mouth. Spidery—that was the word that best described Silk Baca. Silk. He had earned that moniker by being clever—spidery. He was clever! He had never fouled a job. He hadn't fouled the last one. Old Waggoner was dead. The old musician would never again . . .

A soft sound stole through the closed door. Silk jumped, breathing hard, eyes slitted. The sound was not repeated, but he could have sworn . . . He sat back and drew a shaky hand over his moist brow. Going soft! What the devil, Waggoner was dead, wasn't he?

The dumb coppers wouldn't have a thing on him. He had seen to that, before he left the room of death across the hall. The old cleverness! Silk! They'd find the old man's body where it had fallen, his own gun in his hand. Silk's

revolver—Silk laughed unpleasantly. Why, his gat hadn't been fired in months!

Silk permitted himself a few reminiscences. But the thought of old Waggoner, the musician, kept recurring. The old man had been a favorite in the entire block. Silk remembered how he used to come tapping at his door, shyly inviting him over for a cup of tea. The old man had been lonely, he often told Silk. His one ambition was to make enough to see his young nephew through the Conservatory. Once he had confided to Silk that he had saved up almost enough—\$3000 which he kept tied in a little pouch around his neck.

That night Silk thought about the three grand. What the devil good would it do to shoot the wad on a young punk's musical education? Why, with three G's he could set up a sweet little racket in Chi. Sure, that was the ticket. Get out of this small-town stickup business. Start a graft. Get in the big dough. He'd get that three thou!

He'd got it. It reposed in a roll behind a loose bit of plaster in the hall. And old Waggoner was dead. He would never play his haunting airs again. Never come tapping at the door . . .

The soft, disturbing sound drifted into his room once more. Piano! Sure it was. And it was that same well known number the old man had always played about this time of evening. But who could be playing it? No one else

in the apartment had a piano. No one else but old Waggoner could play like that . . . !

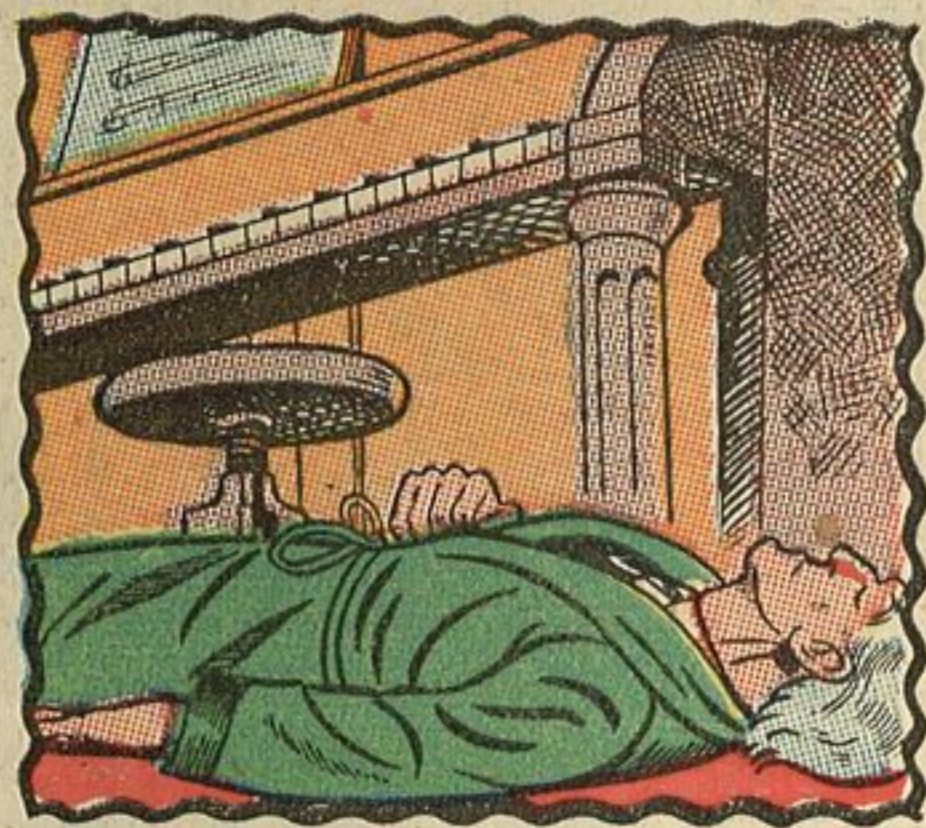
The soft chords fell in the slow, measured beat old Waggoner always used. Cripes!

Silk leaped up, steadied himself with one hand. Cold sweat beaded his pallid brow. No. It couldn't be. He wasn't superstitious. That stuff was out. Old Waggoner was stiff as a plank by now . . .

The music ended, and a moment later a soft tapping came at his door. Silk clawed at the pocket of his robe, then remembered that his gat was in the suitcase under the bed. The tapping was repeated—just like old Waggoner would do. Silk's throat felt parched. His eyes bulged. Sweat dripped into them. Cold sweat.

He croaked, "Who's—who's there?"

"It's I," came a strange, thin voice. "Fritz Waggoner—may I come in, please?" The door opened and a tall, pale youth en-



tered hesitantly. He looked at Silk, frightened.

"It's about—about Uncle John," the newcomer said tremblingly. "John Waggoner—he's—dead. Somebody shot him!"

"Nuts!" snarled Silk. "Yer crazy, kid. I just heard the old man playin'!"



"It was I playing," said Fritz. "I played 'The Last Chord.' Uncle John always told me if anything ever happened to him I was to play it. I did. Then I phoned the police."

"Phoned th'—" Silk caught himself in time. What had he to worry about? He was in the clear.

"You—you say yer uncle is shot? Cripes!"

"I came to you," the youth said sadly, "because Uncle John often told me about you. You were his friend. I thought you might—"

A loud knocking on the door made Silk jump in spite of himself. It burst open and three plain clothes men entered.

"You Luigi Baca?" one of them demanded.

Silk nodded.

"Who are you?" the man asked Fritz.

The latter introduced himself. "He—he was my uncle," he said unsteadily.

"What do you know about this, Baca?" the detective wanted to know.

"Nothin'," Silk stated bluntly. "I was stittin' here readin' when this kid come in—told me about old John. It's—it's awful, ain't it."

One of the detectives was a youth hardly eighteen—Jimmie Christian. He was developing, among his many other pursuits, a theory of crime detection. He had secured the full cooperation of the police department. He said quietly to Baca, "Got a gun?"

"Sure," said Baca.

"Get it."

Silk rummaged in the suitcase and came up with the weapon. The young man examined it carefully, handed it to one of the officers.

"Hasn't been fired in a long time evidently."

"Naw," the other replied after a keen scrutiny of the shiny barrel, inside and out. "Clean as a whistle."

Jimmie said, "Let's get over

across the hall. You come along, Baca."

Old Waggoner lay at the feet of his beloved piano. A pistol was clutched in his right hand. His eyes were open, indicating that the lethal slug had ended life instantly.

The coroner was there before them. "Plain case of suicide, looks



like to me," he said with the casualness that his calling creates. "Dead about four hours."

"Yeah," replied one of the detectives. He carefully removed Waggoner's gun from the cold hand. Then he turned to a uniformed motor officer. "Kelly," he said, "trot these two gats down to headquarters and have Peters look 'em over. Hurry back."

The motor cop departed.

Silk, seated on the worn sofa, hid the laugh that bubbled inside him. These dumb dicks!

Jimmie Christian strolled over to the piano, glanced casually at the sheet of hand-written music, and began playing runs with one hand. He played a few bars, paused, then repeated the procedure. At length he seated himself on the bench and played the composition through.

"Huh," said one of the detectives, "not bad, Jimmie. Didn't know it was in you."

Kelly returned with the two guns and Jimmie asked to see

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them. The motor officer whispered something, turned and left the room. Jimmie looked the guns over slowly. Then he faced Baca.

"You murdered Waggoner!" he snapped.

Baca leaped up, snarled a curse. "Don't be funny, copper!"

"I'm not. Look here." Jimmie held out the pistols. They looked identical. "You made one serious blunder when you exchanged the barrels on these gats after shooting Waggoner with yours. You see, a fine scratch extends down the barrel of Waggoner's gun, but ends at the frame. The other end of that scratch, Baca, continues on the frame of your gun!"

Silk turned a pasty color. Then his courage flowed back. "Yer nuts! You can't pin this on me!"

"No?" answered Jimmie calmly. "Then we'll do it this way: Waggoner himself accused you of his murder. That mirror above his piano—anybody entering the door there would be plainly visible to the player. Now then listen, if you want further proof." Young Christian sat down on the bench and played a few bars of the music. He repeated the run.

"Know what that music spells, Baca?" he asked softly. "Those last four notes, written in Waggoner's own handwriting. They spell . . . B-A-C-A!"

Read **KICKBACK** in the  
August issue of **SMASH**  
**COMICS** - on sale June 19th.

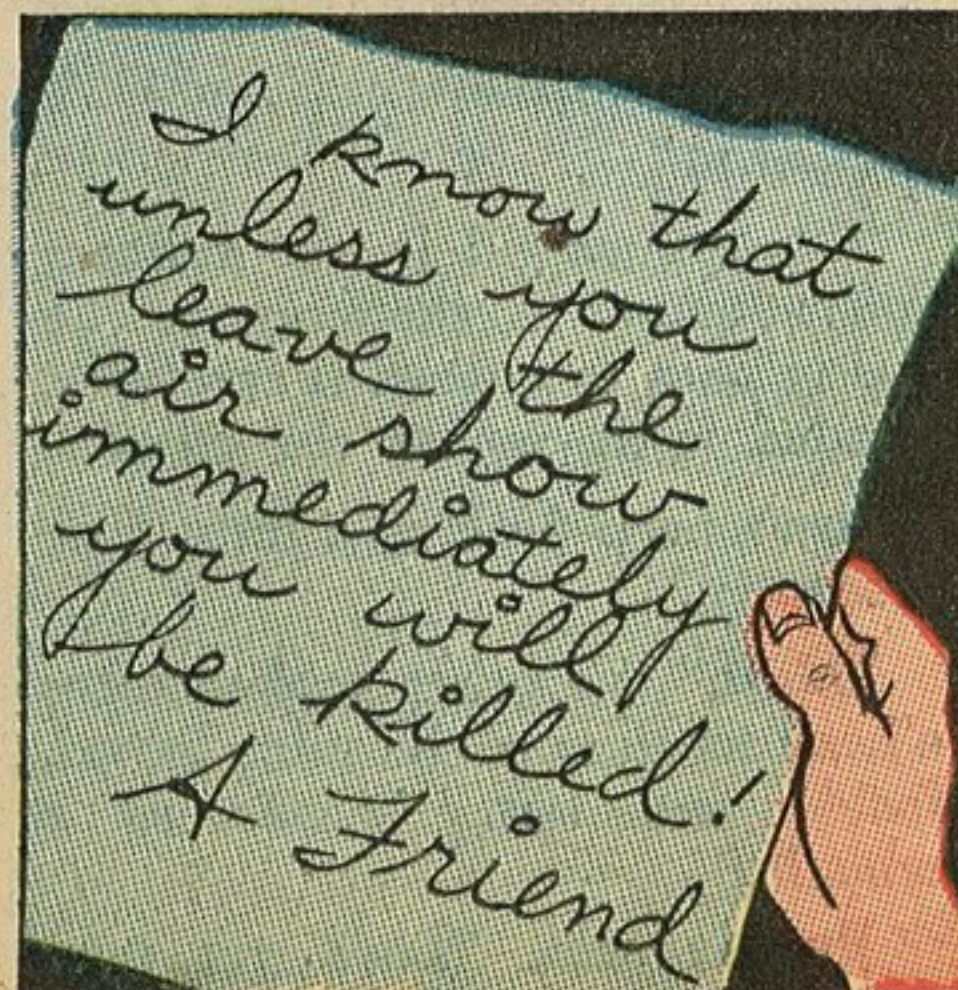


# CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

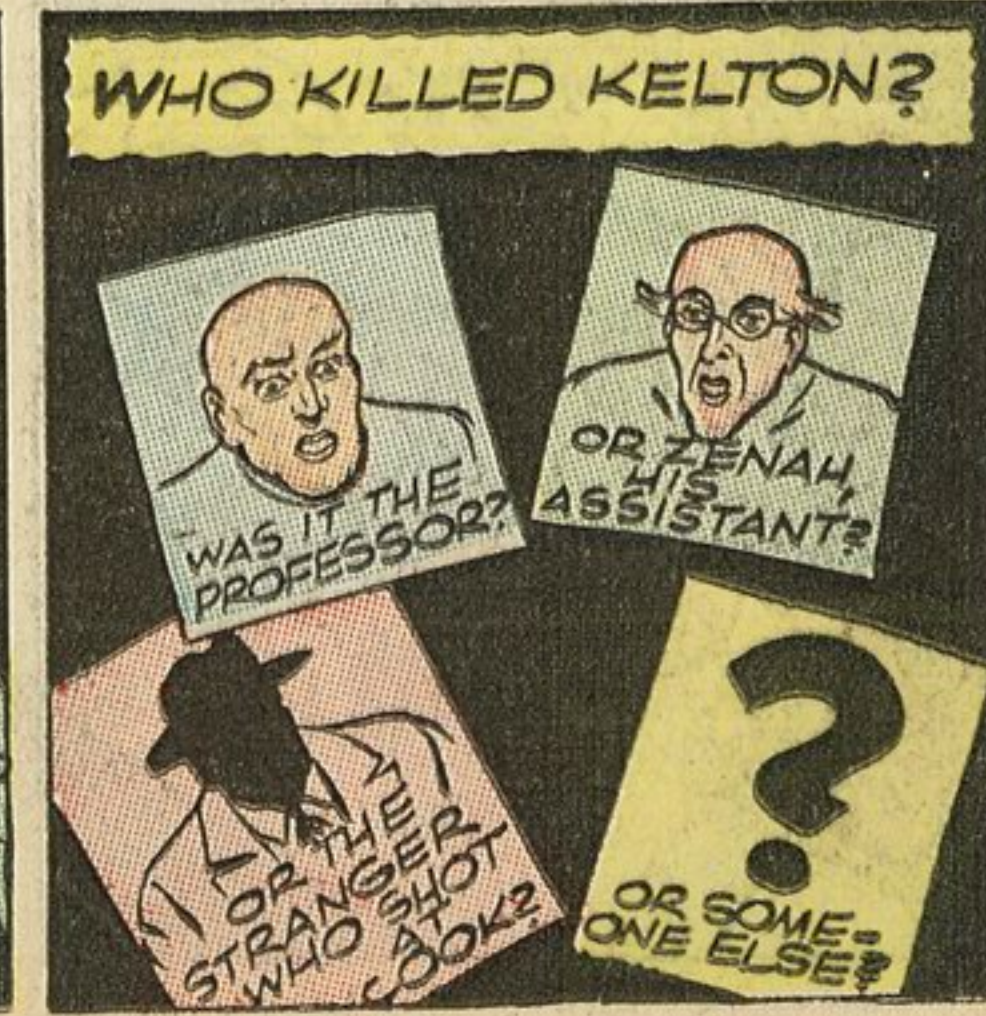
## THE ROCKET MURDER MYSTERY

THE 1940 LONDON AIR SHOW IS IN FULL SWING... THE CROWDS MILL ABOUT, VIEWING THE LATEST TYPES OF AIRCRAFT... SUDDENLY...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE HAVE A GREAT SURPRISE FOR YOU--A ROCKET PLANE WILL BE SENT TO THE PLANET MARS FROM THIS AIR SHOW TONIGHT!









PROFESSOR, I'LL KEEP OUT OF THE PICTURE UNTIL YOU SEND THE ROCKET OFF TO MARS -- THEN I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS --



A SHORT WHILE LATER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE ROCKET IS READY TO LEAVE FOR MARS!!



--IF YOU WILL WATCH THE OBSERVATORY FROM THE OUTDOOR ARENA YOU WILL SEE IT TAKE OFF--



THOUSANDS OF SPECTATORS FILE INTO THE OUTDOOR THEATER NEXT TO THE OBSERVATORY

I WONDER WHY THE PROFESSOR INSISTED WE WATCH THE TAKE-OFF FROM OUT HERE, COOK?

I'VE GOT A FEELING WE SHOULD'VE STAYED IN THERE--



THE TIME ARRIVES--AND THE ROCKET SOARS LIKE A BULLET!



THEN, SUDDENLY A SCREAM COMES FROM THE SPOT OF THE TAKE-OFF

**H-E-L-P!!**

CHIEF! COME QUICK!!



WHAT'S THE MATTER?

READ THIS!!



To the world: Everyone believed that I was sending the rocket to the planet mars without a human pilot-- I had perfected a robot to send it, but I could not resist seeing the glories of a new planet myself--

--specially an arm of since I suspected by murder land, a crime of which I am innocent-- Professor Lapstein

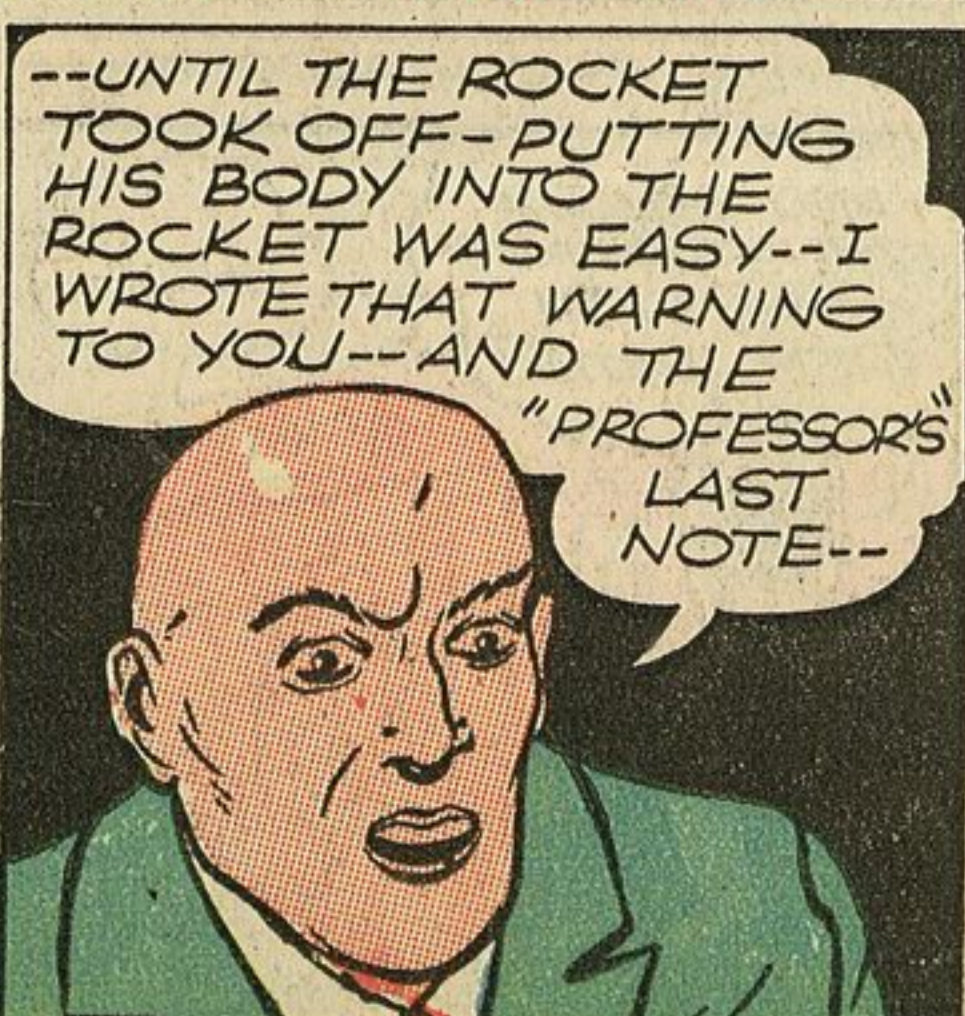
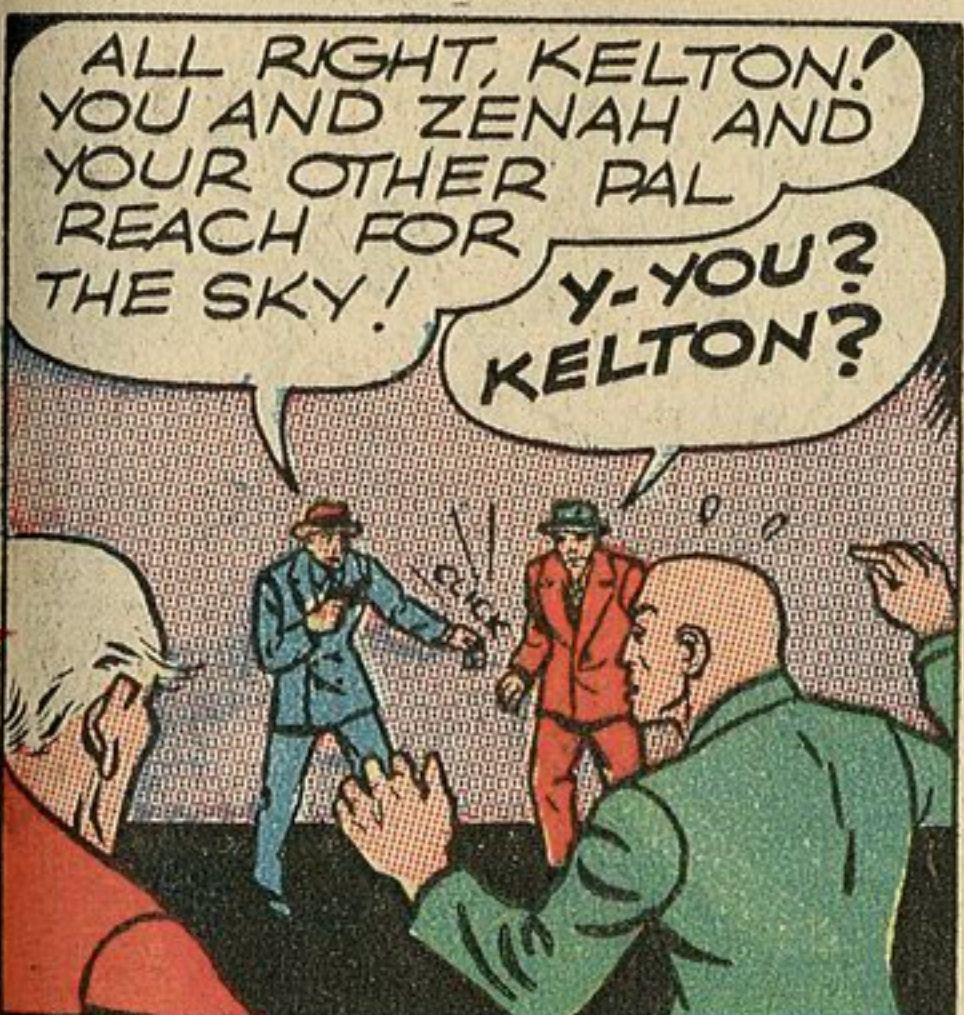
I TRIED TO STOP HIM FROM ENTERING THE ROCKET BUT-- I-I- OH, I FEEL GROGGY!!



GET HIM SOME WATER, SOMEBODY! --AND GET THIS CROWD OUT OF HERE!

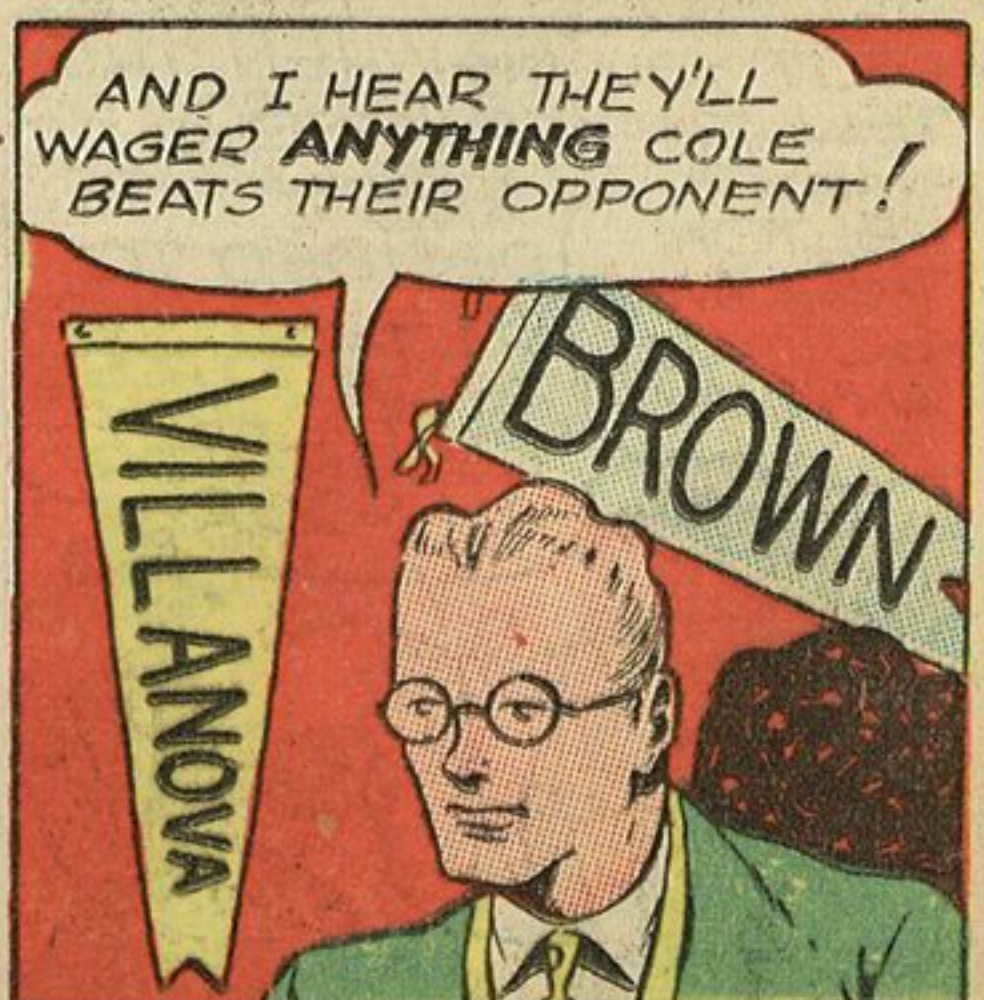








# CLIP CHANCE





**SATURDAY,  
JUST BEFORE  
THE MEET  
BETWEEN  
CLIFFSIDE  
AND  
COLE  
COLLEGE  
IS TO  
START-**

I'VE GOT TO HURRY,  
SPUD, I'M LATE  
NOW!

OKAY, I'LL  
SEE YOU IN  
THE GYM!

SHAKE IT UP, CLIP-  
THE FIRST EVENT GOES ON  
IN TEN MINUTES!

OKAY-

AND REMEMBER, FELLOWS-  
IF WE CAN WIN THIS MEET  
WE'LL GAIN NATION-WIDE  
RECOGNITION, SO GO OUT  
THERE AND  
WIN!

MEANWHILE, SPUD WANDERS  
ABOUT THE BIG INDOOR TRACK-

HERE'S A GUY WHO LOOKS  
LIKE HE MIGHT BE DUMB  
ENOUGH TO BET CLIFFSIDE  
WILL BEAT US, CHUCK!

HEY, SHRIMP-  
WAIT UP!

THE NAME'S  
SPUD- WHAT  
DO YOU WANT?

WHO DO YOU  
THINK WILL  
WIN THE MEET,  
MR. SPUD?

CLIFFSIDE,  
I HOPE!

I'VE GOT TEN  
THAT SAYS,  
THEY WON'T!

SORRY,  
I'M NOT  
BETTING!

NOW, IF THAT ISN'T  
JUST LIKE A LOYAL CLIFF-  
SIDE ROOTER- THEY HAVEN'T  
GOT THE COURAGE OF  
THEIR  
CONVIC-  
TIONS!

C'MON, CHUCK- HE PROBABLY  
KNOWS COLE WILL  
WIN IN A  
WALK!

I'LL TAKE THAT  
BET, WISE  
GUY!

COLE

THANKS,  
SUCKER!

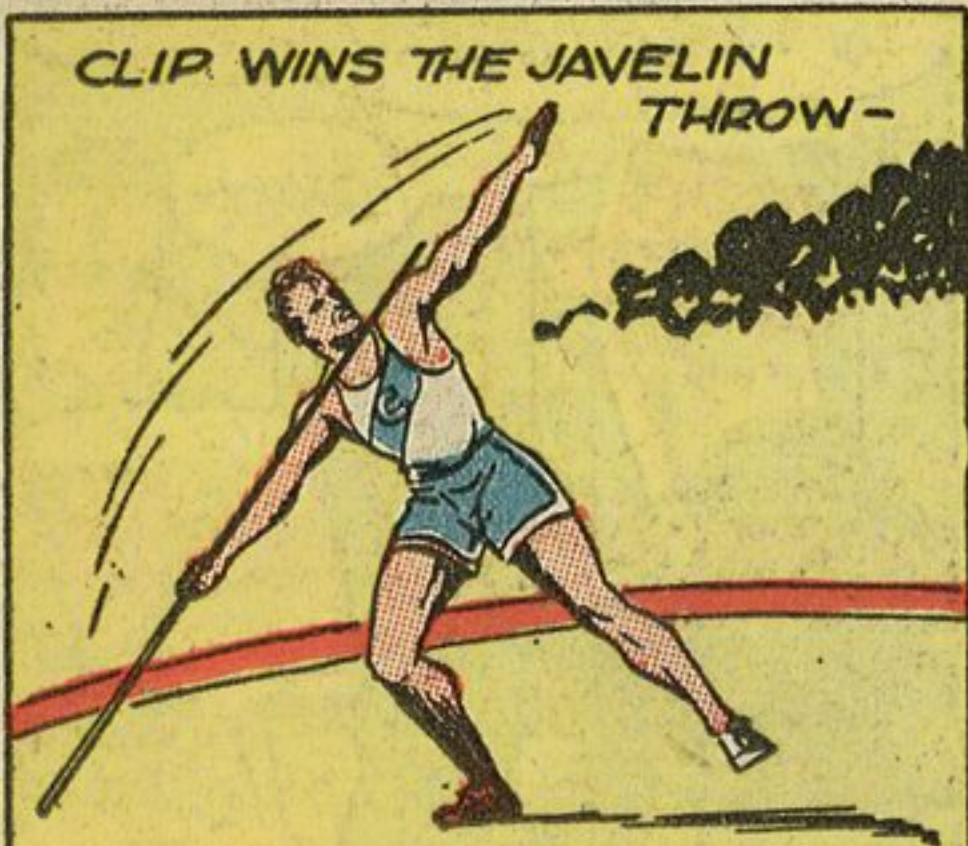
COLE OPENS THE MEET BY  
TAKING THE 100 YARD DASH  
IN RECORD TIME ----





THE TWO TEAMS BATTLE BITTERLY-----

CLIP WINS THE JAVELIN THROW--



WOW!-  
WHAT  
COMPETITION!

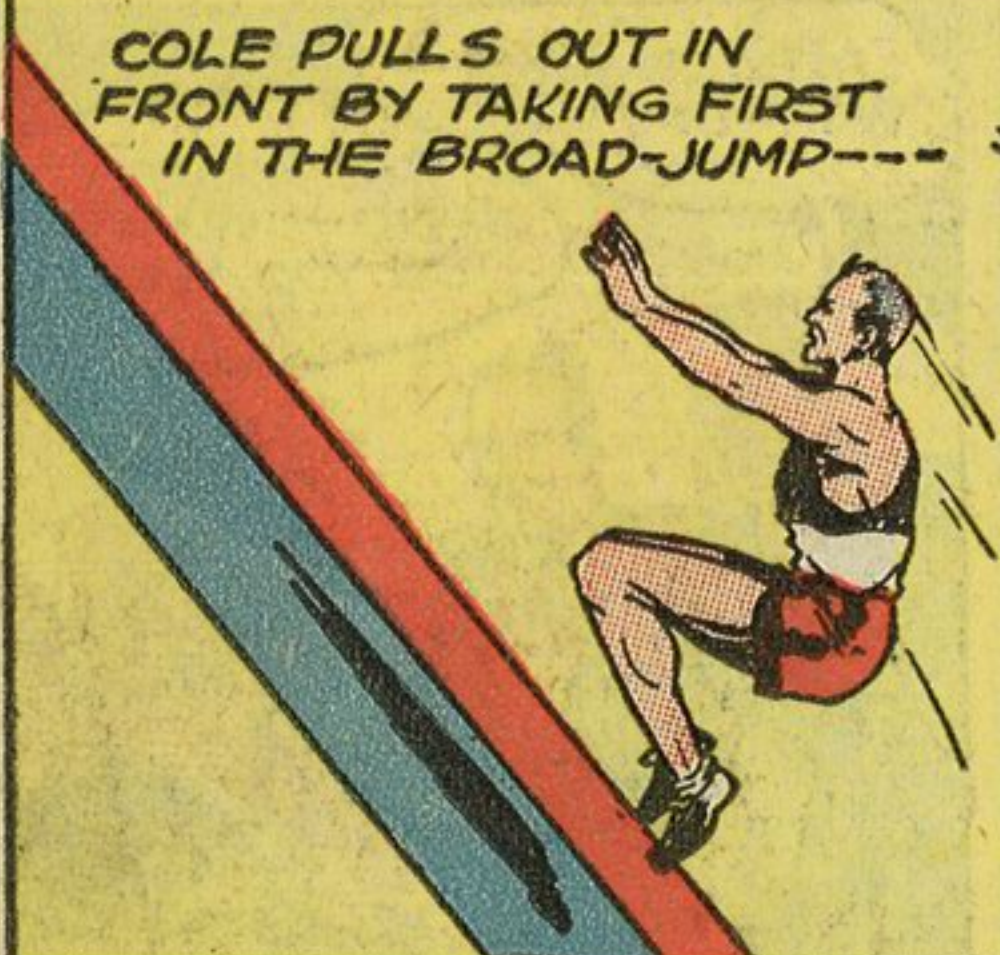
YOU SAID IT-  
THIS TEAM ISN'T  
GOING TO BE  
ANY PUSH-  
OVER FOR  
COLE--



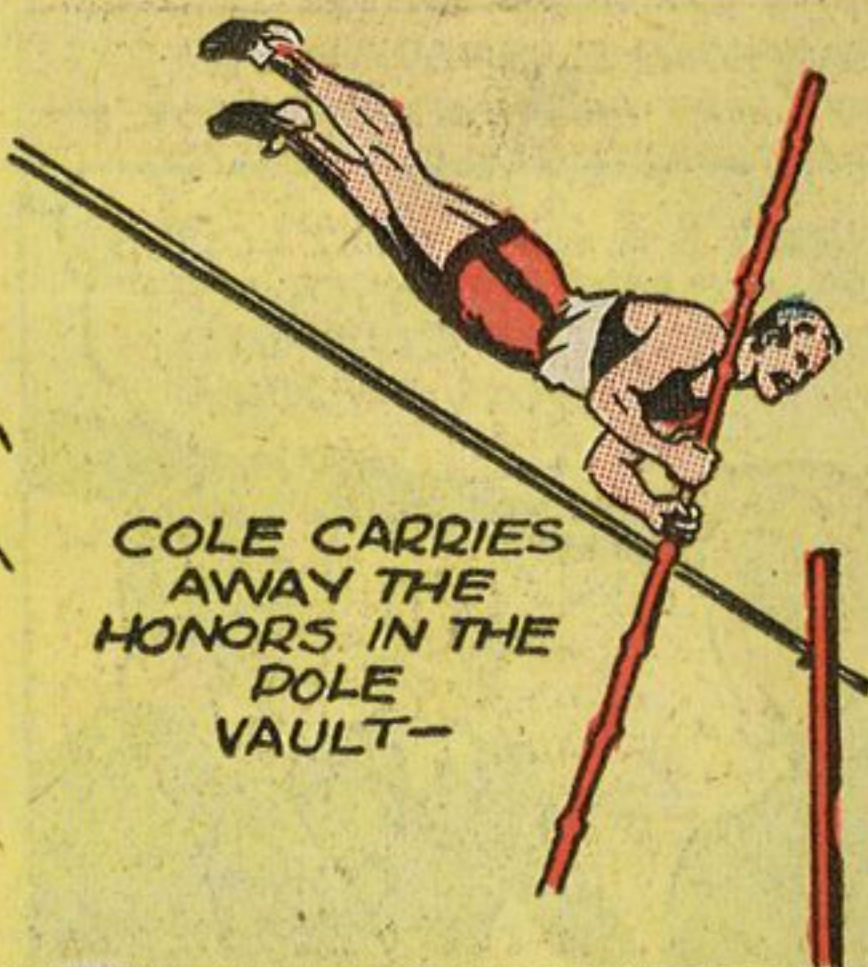
CLIP EASILY WINS THE  
DISCUS THROW WITH A  
HEAVE OF 154 FEET--



COLE PULLS OUT IN  
FRONT BY TAKING FIRST  
IN THE BROAD-JUMP---



COLE CARRIES  
AWAY THE  
HONORS IN THE  
POLE  
VAULT--



DICK ARNOLD, CLIFFSIDE'S  
CRACK MILER, FINISHES  
FAR OUT IN FRONT  
OF THE COLE  
MAN----



CLIP,  
WE'RE  
DOING!  
GREAT!

HOW MANY  
POINTS DO  
WE HAVE,  
COACH?



I DON'T  
KNOW, THEY'LL  
POST THEM IN A  
MOMENT--LOOK,  
CLIP-- THEY'RE  
POSTED!

WOW!



### POINT SCORE

COLE 45

CLIFFSIDE 45

NEXT EVENT

TWO MILE RUN

CLIP, IT'S UP TO YOU-IF  
YOU WIN, GOOD- IF YOU  
LOSE IT'S NO DISGRACE,  
JUST REMEMBER-- WE'VE  
PRESSED  
COLE HARDER.  
THAN ANY  
TEAM THEY  
EVER MET--



CONTESTANTS FOR THE  
NEXT AND LAST EVENT,  
THE TWO MILE RUN, WILL  
REPORT AT THE STARTING  
LINE---



THAT  
MEANS ME,  
COACH!

GOOD  
LUCK,  
CLIP!

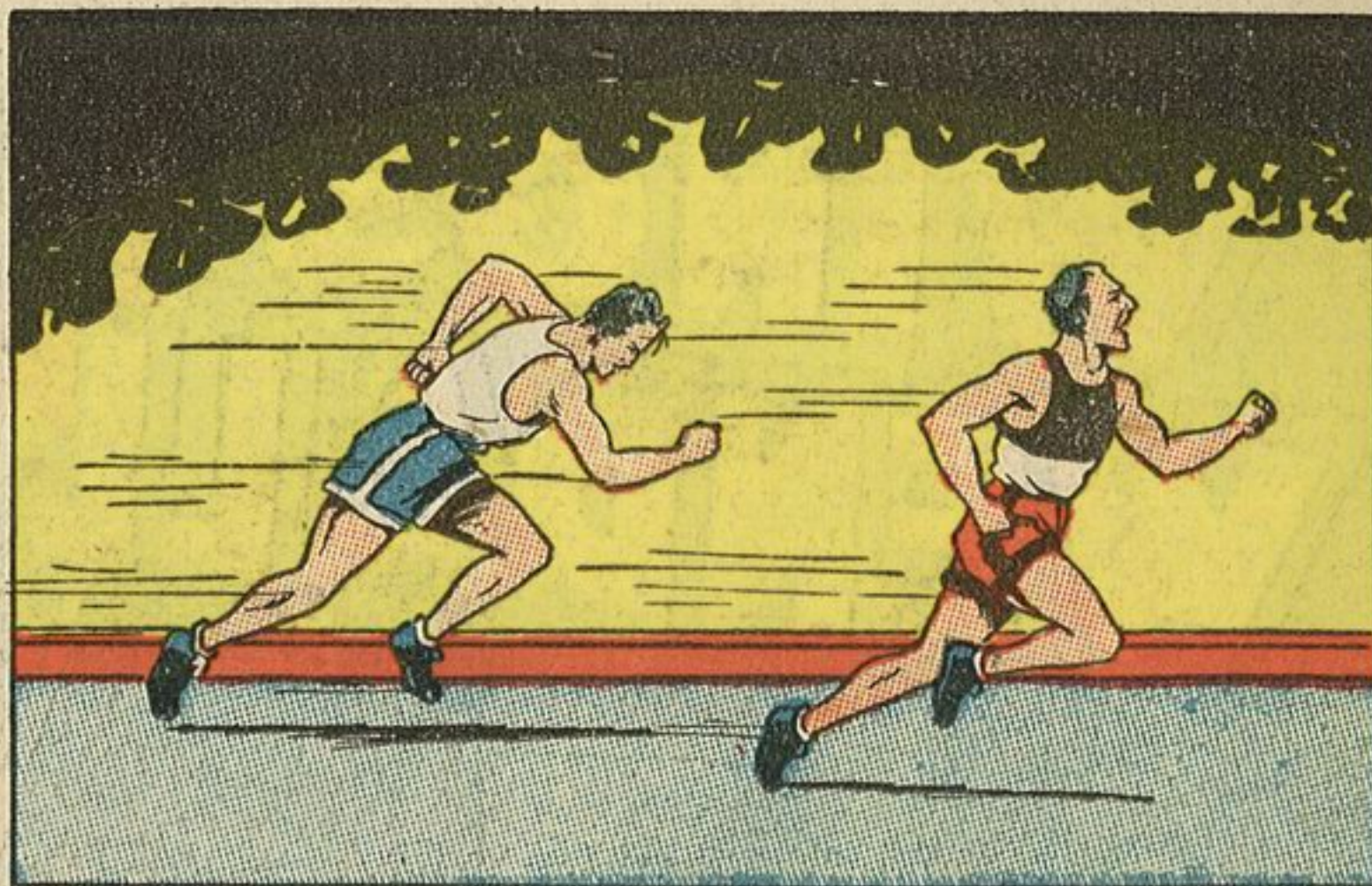






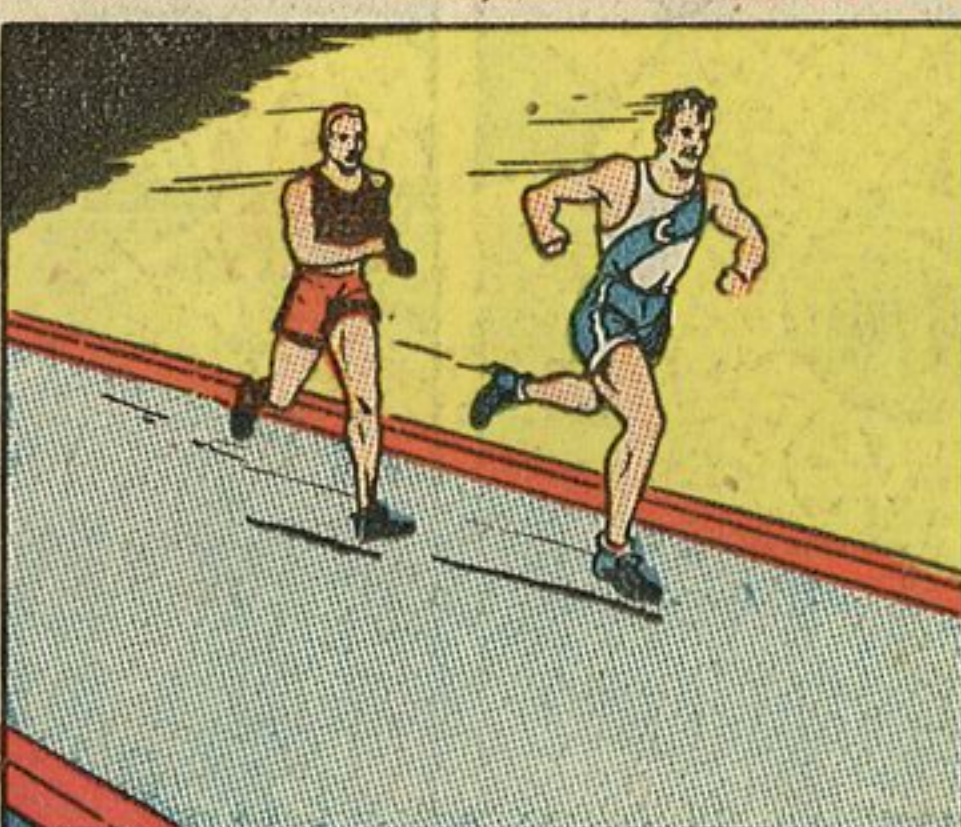
THEY'RE OFF!

AND  
GIL  
FOX,  
COLE'S  
ACE,  
TAKES  
THE  
LEAD--



AT THE QUARTER, CLIP  
CLOSES THE GAP---

--AND AT THE HALF HE  
PASSES HIS OPPONENT

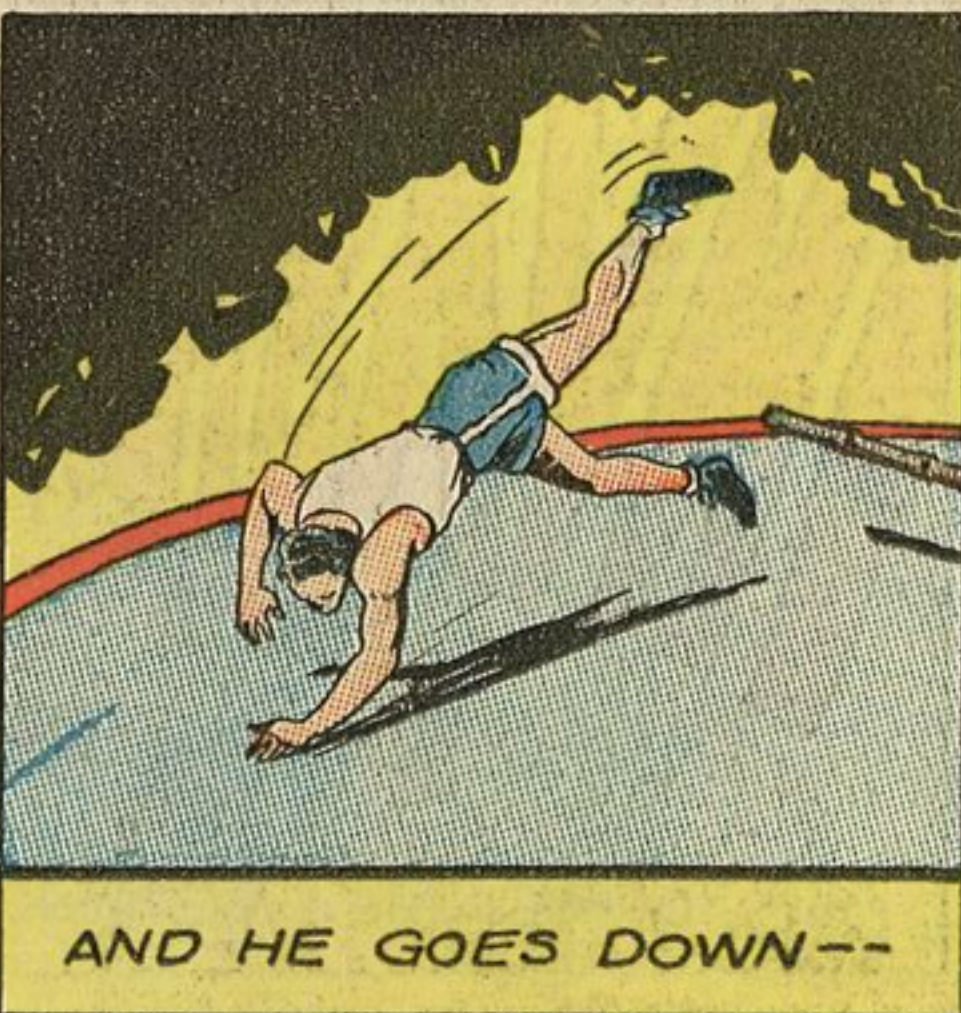
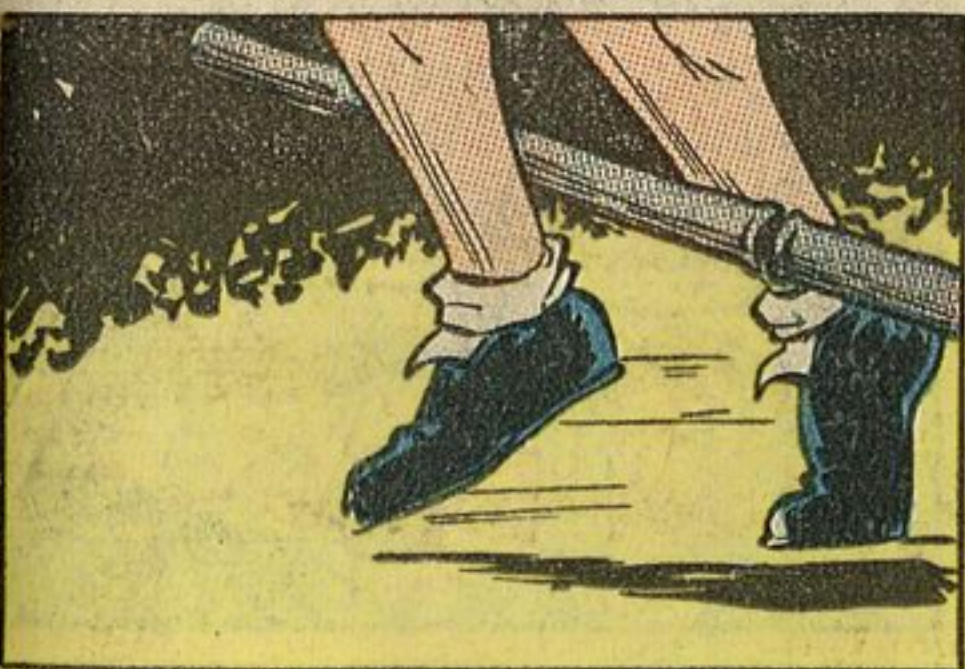


CHUCK! CLIFFSIDE TOOK  
THE LEAD AND IF THEY  
WIN WE CAN'T COVER  
THE BETS I  
MADE--I'VE  
GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING--

BE CAREFUL,  
BUB--

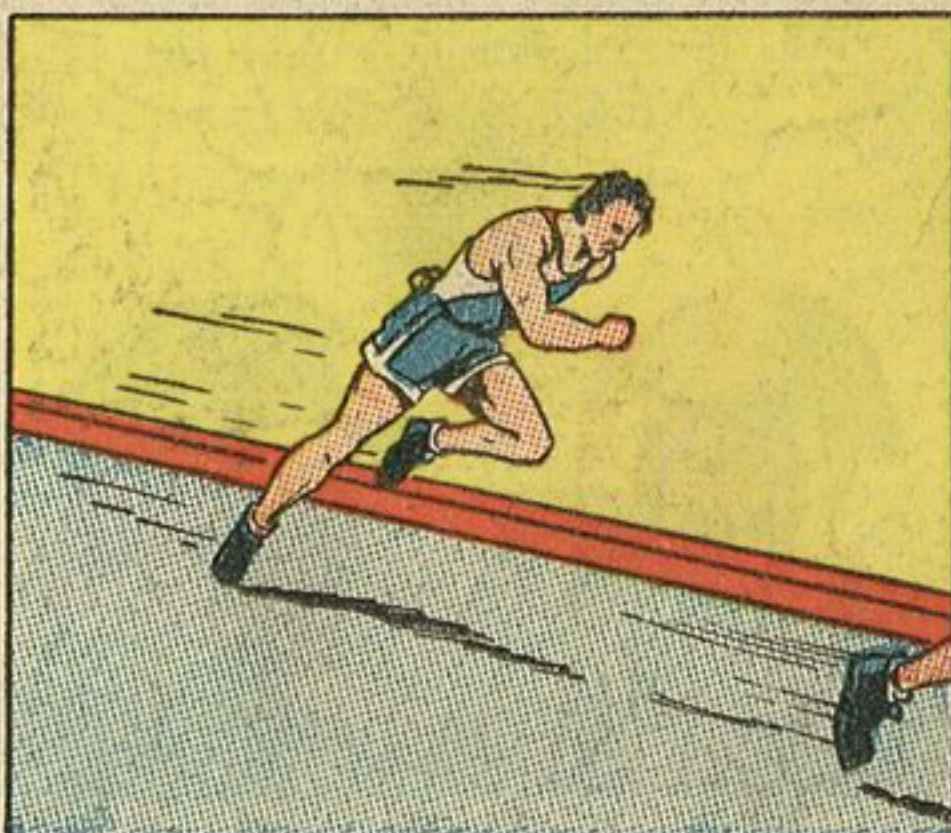


AS CLIP PASSES A DARK  
CORNER OF THE TRACK, GOING  
INTO THE HOME STRETCH, A  
VAULTING POLE IS THRUST  
BETWEEN HIS FEET---

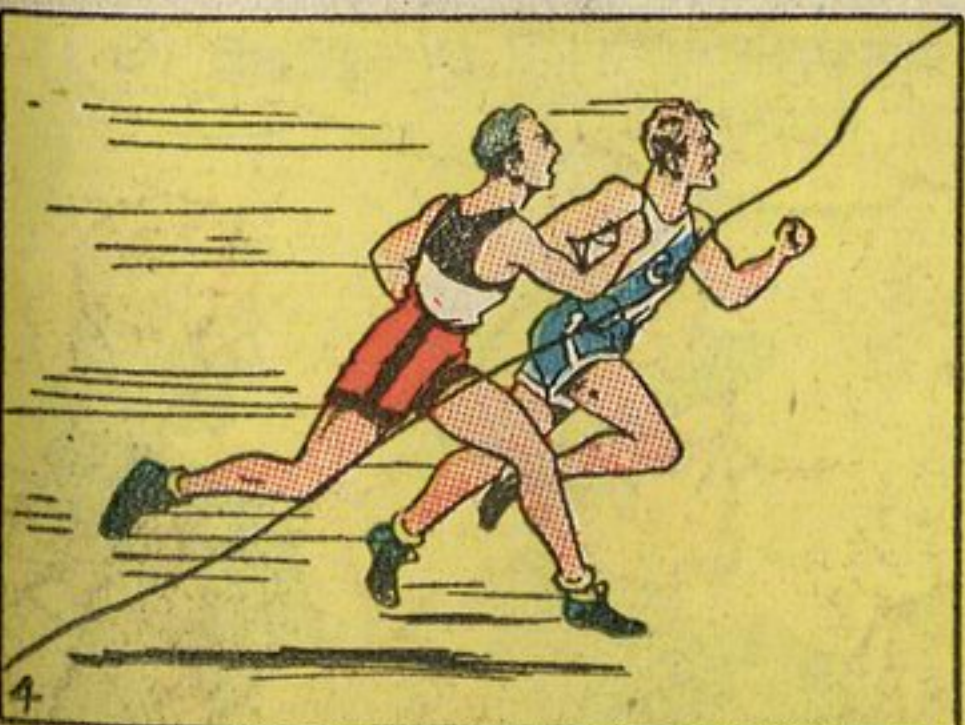


AND HE GOES DOWN--

--BUT IS UP ON HIS FEET  
IMMEDIATELY---



--AND CROSSES THE FINISH  
LINE A STEP AHEAD OF FOX  
TO WIN THE RACE AND THE  
MEET FOR CLIFFSIDE--



CLIP,  
HERE'S THE  
GUY WHO  
TRIPPED  
YOU!

OH, YEAH--?  
HOW'D YOU  
FIND HIM, SPUD?

I MADE A BET WITH HIM  
AND I FIGURED HE LOOKED  
LIKE THE TYPE THAT MIGHT  
RUN OUT ON ME IF HE  
LOST, SO I FOLLOWED HIM  
AROUND--NATURALLY,  
I SAW HIM TRIP  
YOU--AND LET  
HIM HAVE THIS  
HOCKEY STICK  
ON THE HEAD!





# WINGS WENDALL

OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

by VERNON HENKEL

FROM THE GREAT AMERICAN SOUTHWEST DESERT MARCHES THE METALLIC-GARBED ARMY OF AN UNKNOWN POWER. MIGHTY LEGIONS WHICH THREATEN TO DESTROY THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF DEMOCRACY, THE UNITED STATES!

BEFORE AMERICA CAN REALIZE ITS PERIL THE INVADERS SMASH INTO THE VAST OIL FIELDS OF TEXAS AND OKLAHOMA---



... THEN THEY ARE STOPPED BY A DEFENDING AMERICAN FORCE, A MERE HANDFUL OF GRIM WARRIORS WHO KNOW BUT ONE CODE... VICTORY OR DEATH!



GENERAL ADAMS...ORDERS FROM THE PRESIDENT..HOLD YOUR POSITIONS..FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN IF NECESSARY!

YES SIR!



## INVASION

AT WASHINGTON, D.C. ...TURMOIL GRIPS THE NATION'S CAPITOL AS CONGRESS HURRIES INTO A SPECIAL SESSION TO MEET THE EMERGENCY

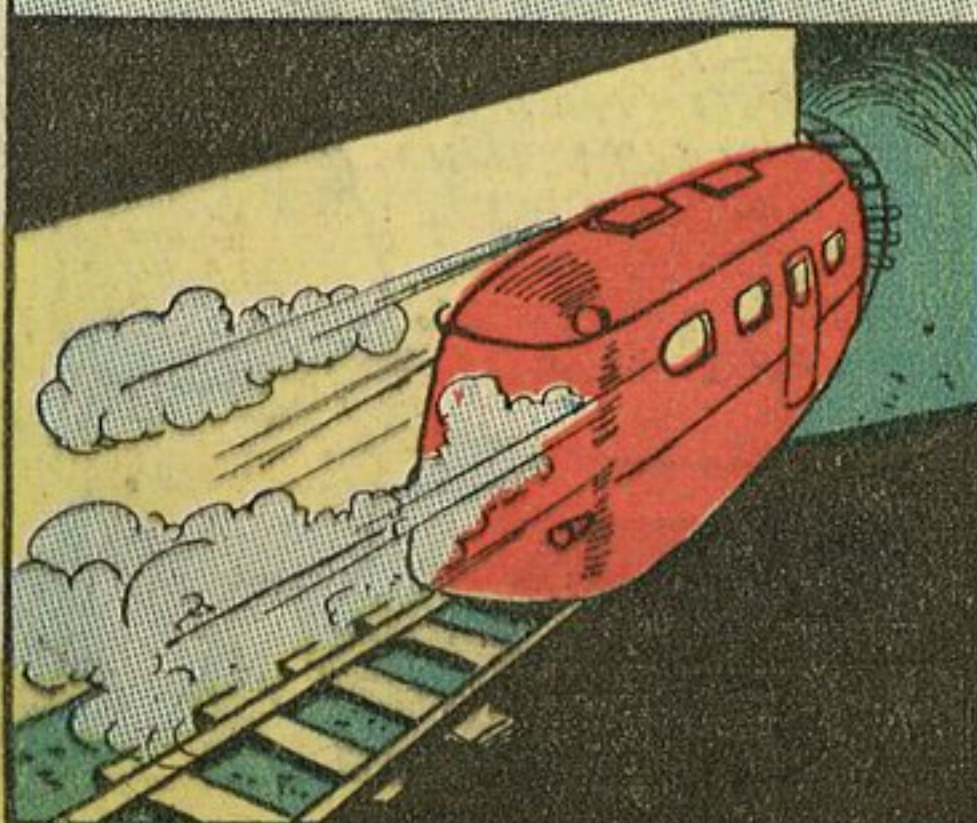


ARMY INTELLIGENCE HEAD-QUARTERS...

CAPTAIN WENDALL, THE INEVITABLE HAS COME... THE PRESIDENT HAS APPOINTED YOU AS A SPECIAL AGENT TO WORK UNDER HIS ORDERS ALONE ...YOU WILL REPORT TO HIM AT ONCE!



WINGS TAKES A SECRET UNDERGROUND CAR TO A SPECIAL HIDDEN MEETING HALL...



MISTER PRESIDENT, WE FACE THE GRAVEST CRISIS IN THE HISTORY OF OUR COUNTRY... THE ACTUAL INVASION OF AMERICA! WE MUST CRUSH THE METALLIC ARMY BEFORE THEY STRENGTHEN THE POSITIONS THEY NOW HOLD! HERE IS MY PLAN...





SUDDENLY, BEFORE WINGS CAN OUTLINE HIS PLAN, THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN AND...

MISTER PRESIDENT!  
MISTER PRESIDENT!



OUR ARMY IS BEING CUT TO SHREDS! THE INVADERS HAVE A NEW HORRIBLE WEAPON.. HUGE PROJECTILES, WHICH ALWAYS SCORE DIRECT HITS, ARE

BLASTING OUR LINES TO PIECES!

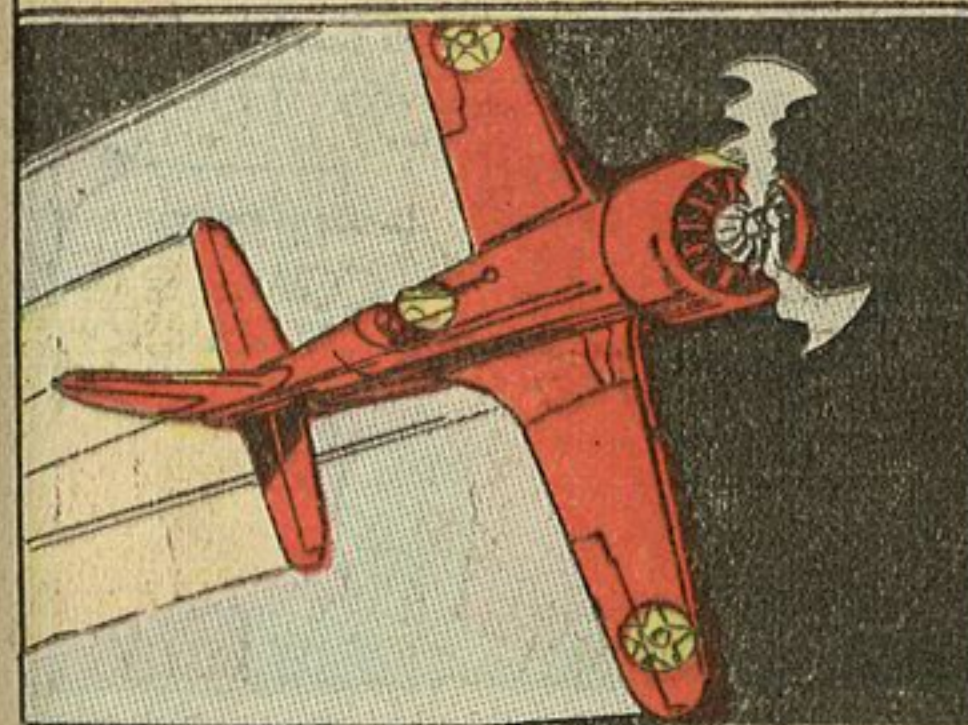


THAT CHANGES MY PLANS! I'M LEAVING FOR THE FRONT IMMEDIATELY!

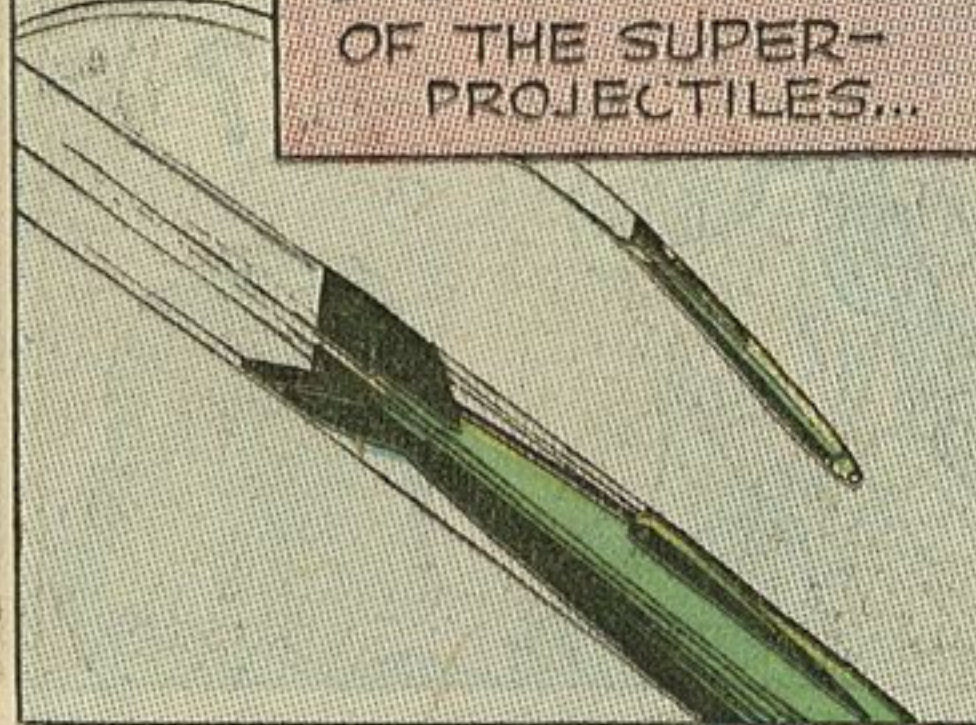
GOOD LUCK, WINGS, THE FATE OF AMERICA RESTS ON YOUR SHOULDERS!



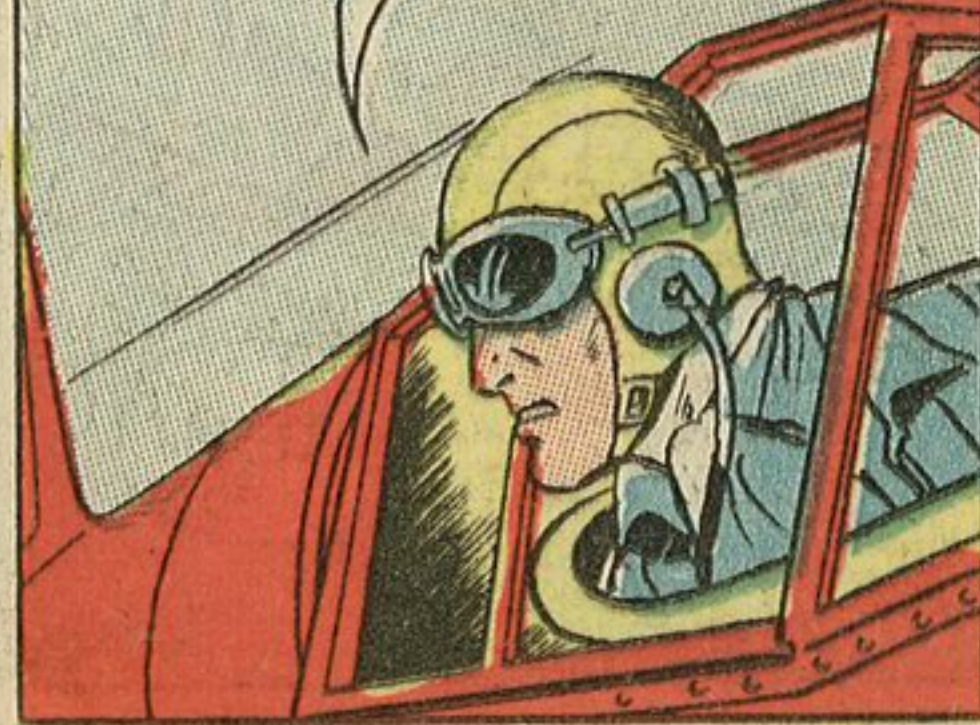
A SILVER STREAK KNIFES THROUGH THE NIGHT. CAPTAIN WENDALL IS ON HIS WAY...



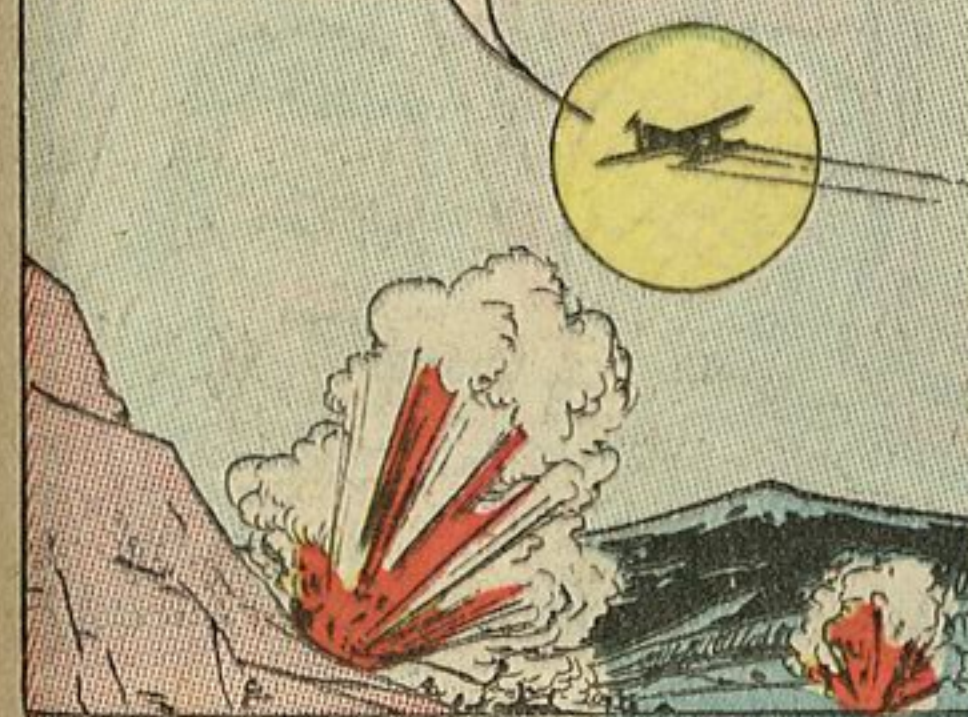
AS HE NEARS THE FRONT, HE HEARS THE PIERCING, EAR-SPLITTING WHINE OF THE SUPER-PROJECTILES...



OUR POOR SOLDIERS DOWN THERE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!



I'LL DESTROY THOSE SUPER GUNS IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!

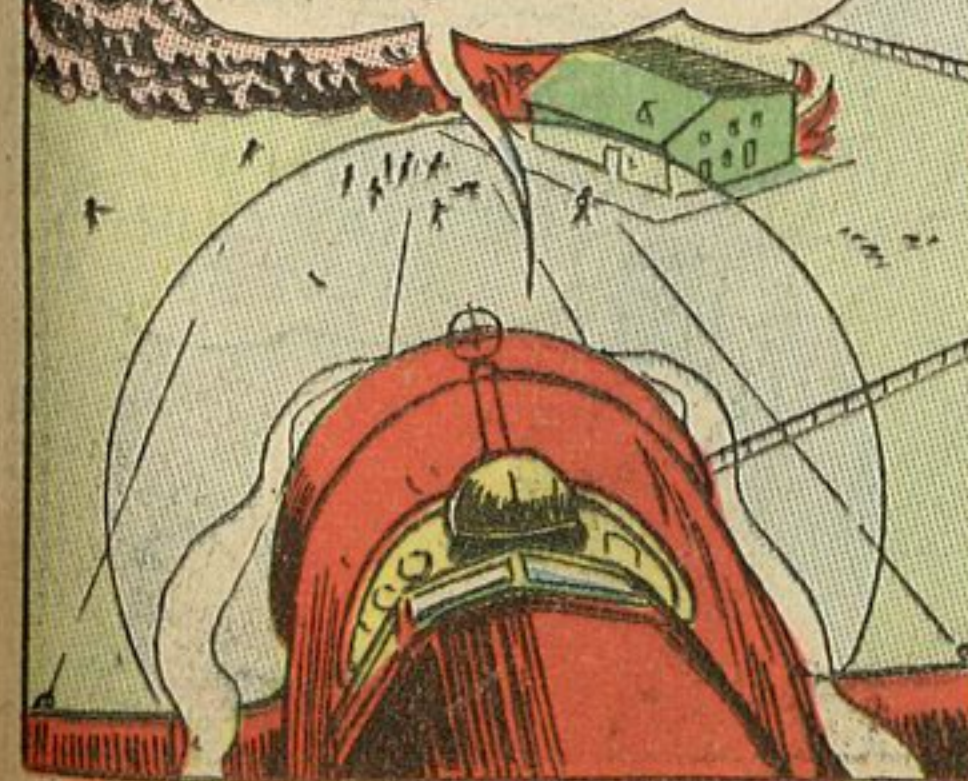


DIVING LOWER, WINGS' ATTENTION IS SUDDENLY ATTRACTED TO A BURNING RANCH HOUSE...

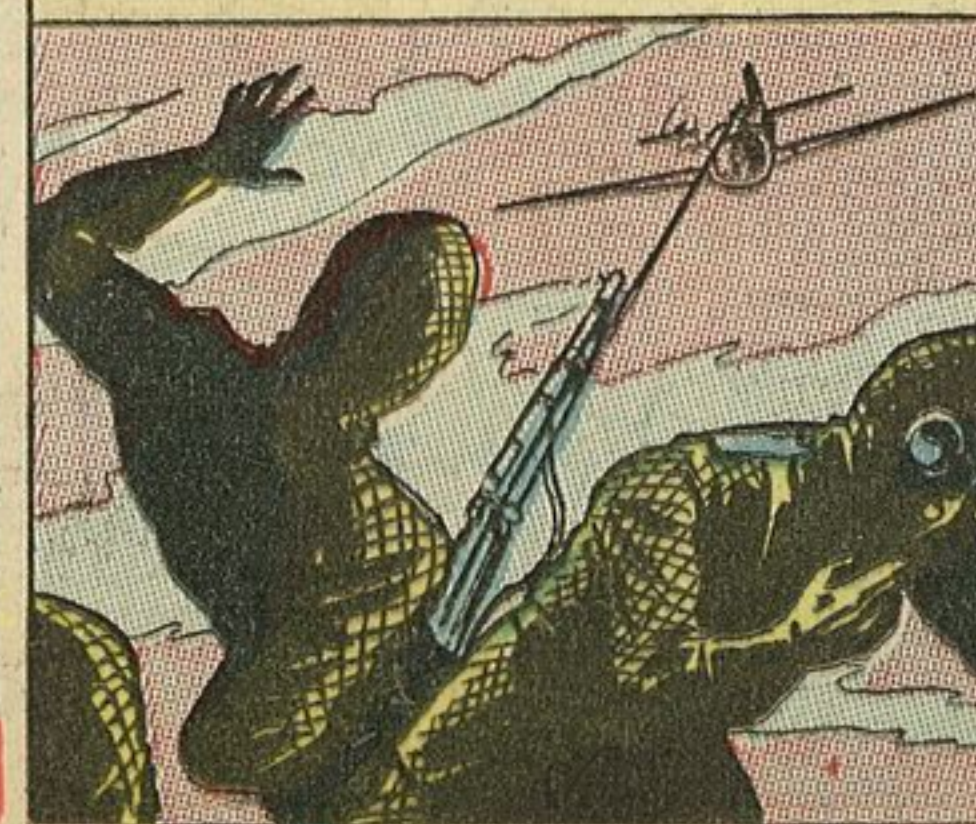


AMERICANS...TRAPPED! BEHIND THE LINES! MAYBE I CAN HELP THEM!!

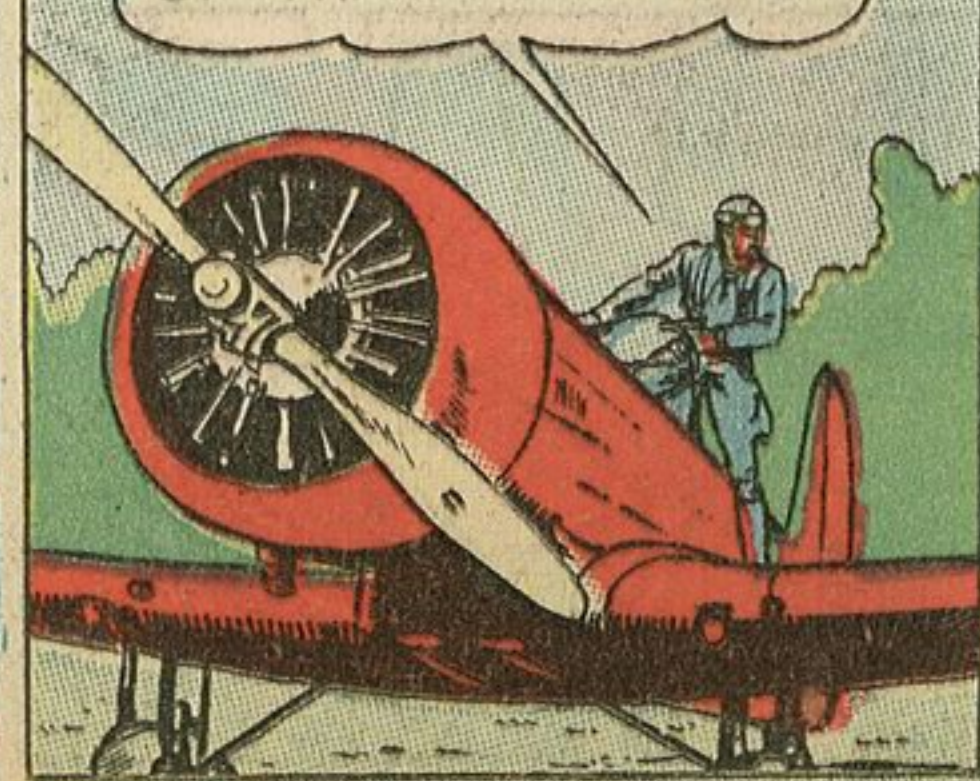
HERE'S YANKEE LEAD, YOU YELLOW FOREIGN RATS!



THE INVADERS FLEE BEFORE WENDALL'S WITHERING FIRE!

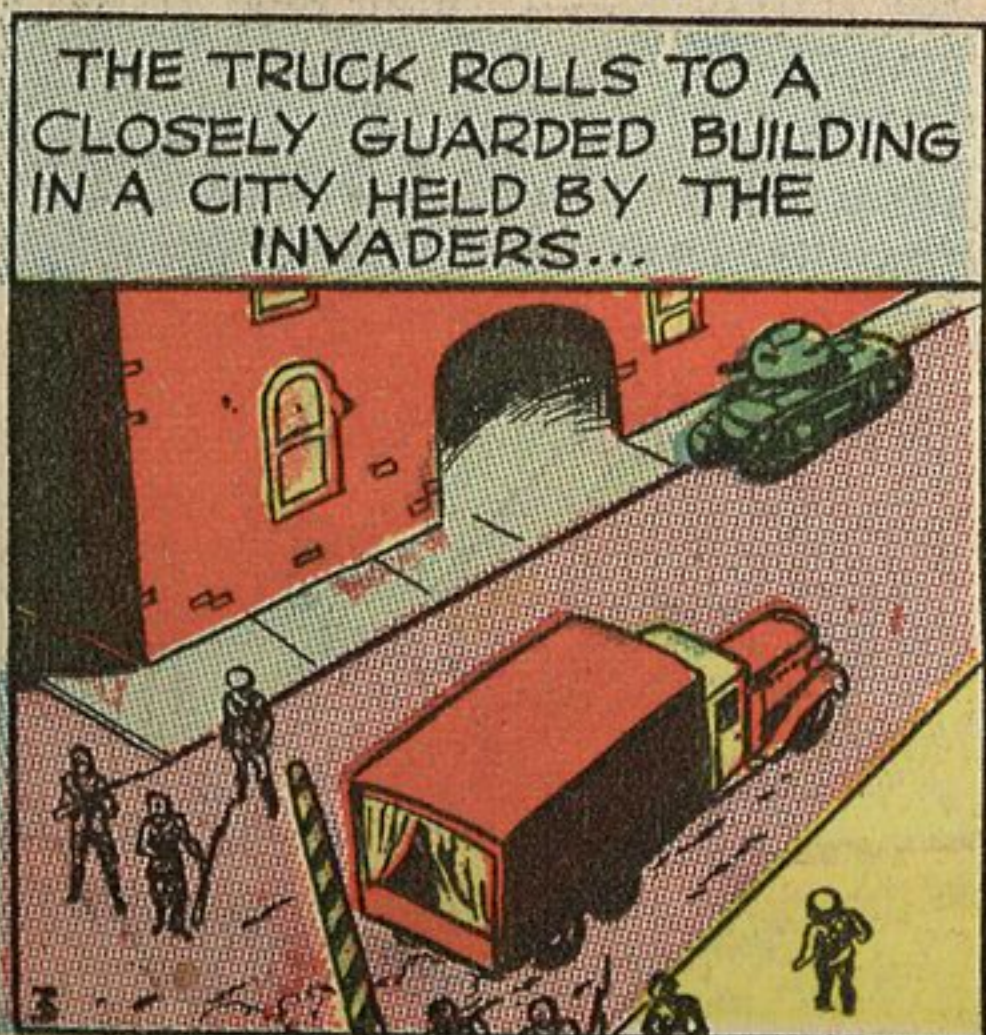
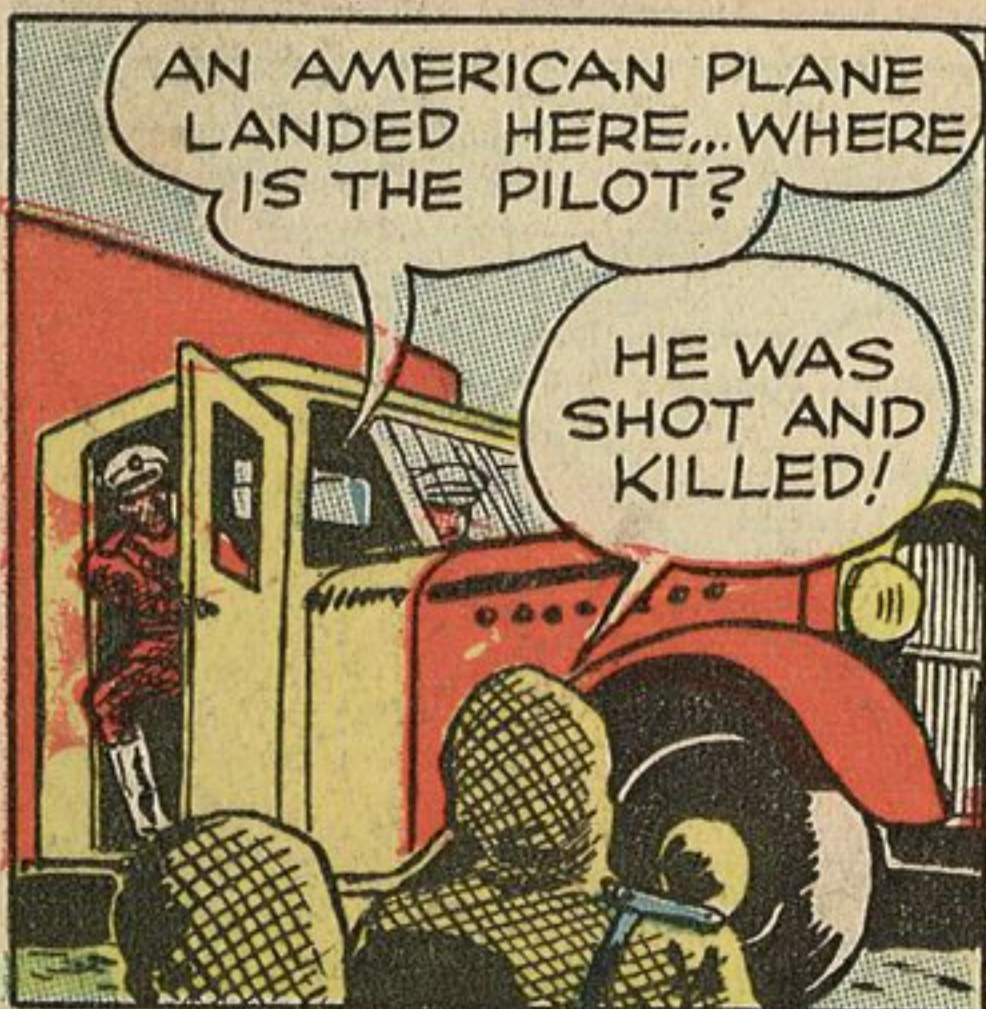


THE FOLKS IN THE HOUSE.. I'LL TRY TO GET THEM OUT OF THAT FURNACE!





AS WINGS RUSHES TOWARD THE BURNING BUILDING HE HEARS A SCREAM...





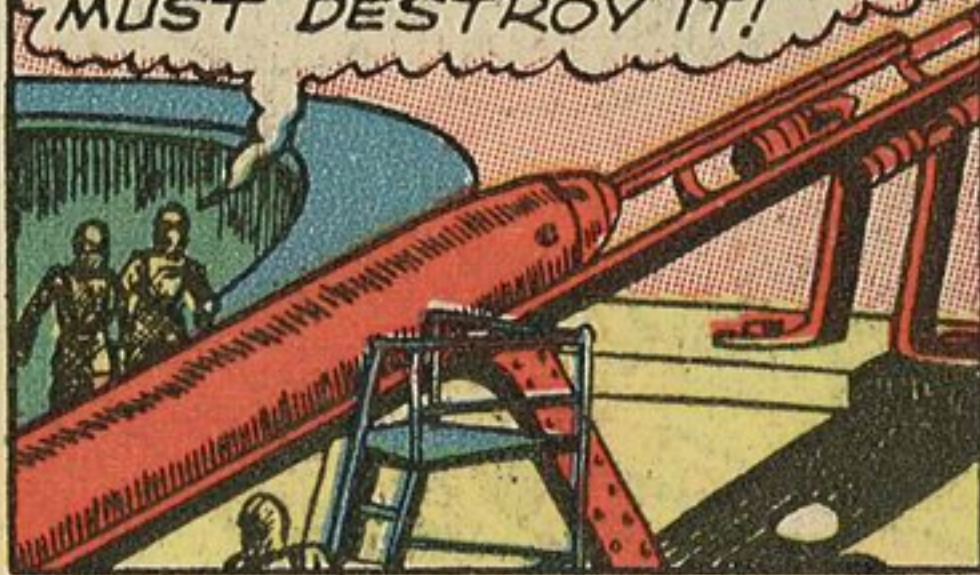
ZERGOFF ADDRESSES THE GROUP IN HIS OFFICE...

YOU MEN ARE ASSIGNED TO SUPER GUN NUMBER 4.. REPORT TO CAPTAIN HARDT!

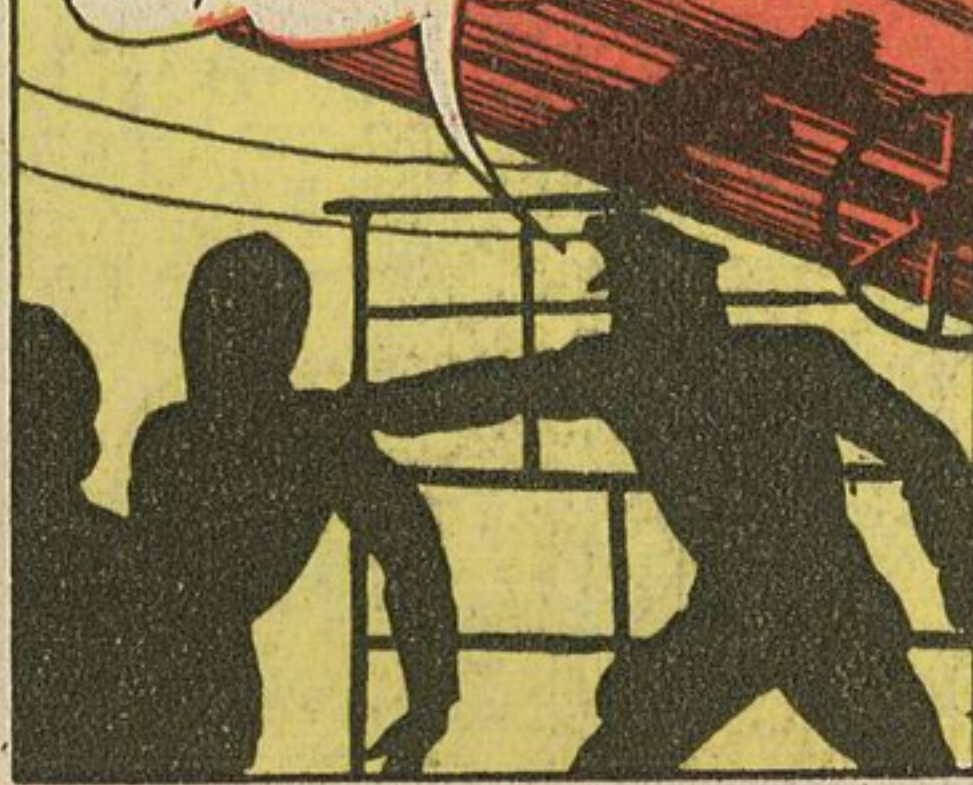


WINGS AND HIS COMPANIONS REACH THE GUN POSITION..

EVERY TIME THAT GUN FIRES IT KILLS MANY OF OUR FELLOW AMERICANS! WE MUST DESTROY IT!



WELL! STOP GAPING, YOU TWO! GET A MOVE ON, OR...



WHAT?!! THAT'S A GIRL!



AMERICAN SPIES! GET ZEM, MEN!



WHAT'LL WE DO? THEY'VE GOT US!

THEY ONLY THINK THEY'VE GOT US!

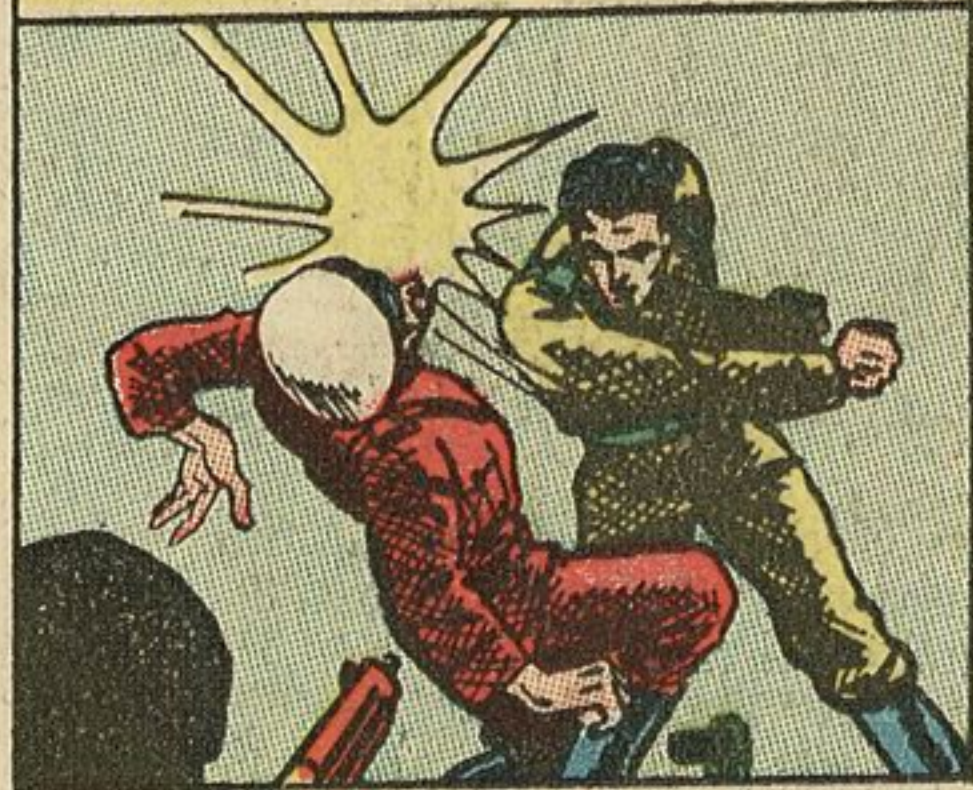


WING'S GUN BLAZES AT THE MEN NEAREST THE BIG ROCKET GUN...

MY LAST BULLET! GET BEHIND ME, SISTER!



REALIZING THAT CAPTURE MEANS DEATH, WENDALL LASHES OUT SAVAGELY...



OUT OF MY WAY, MUGS!



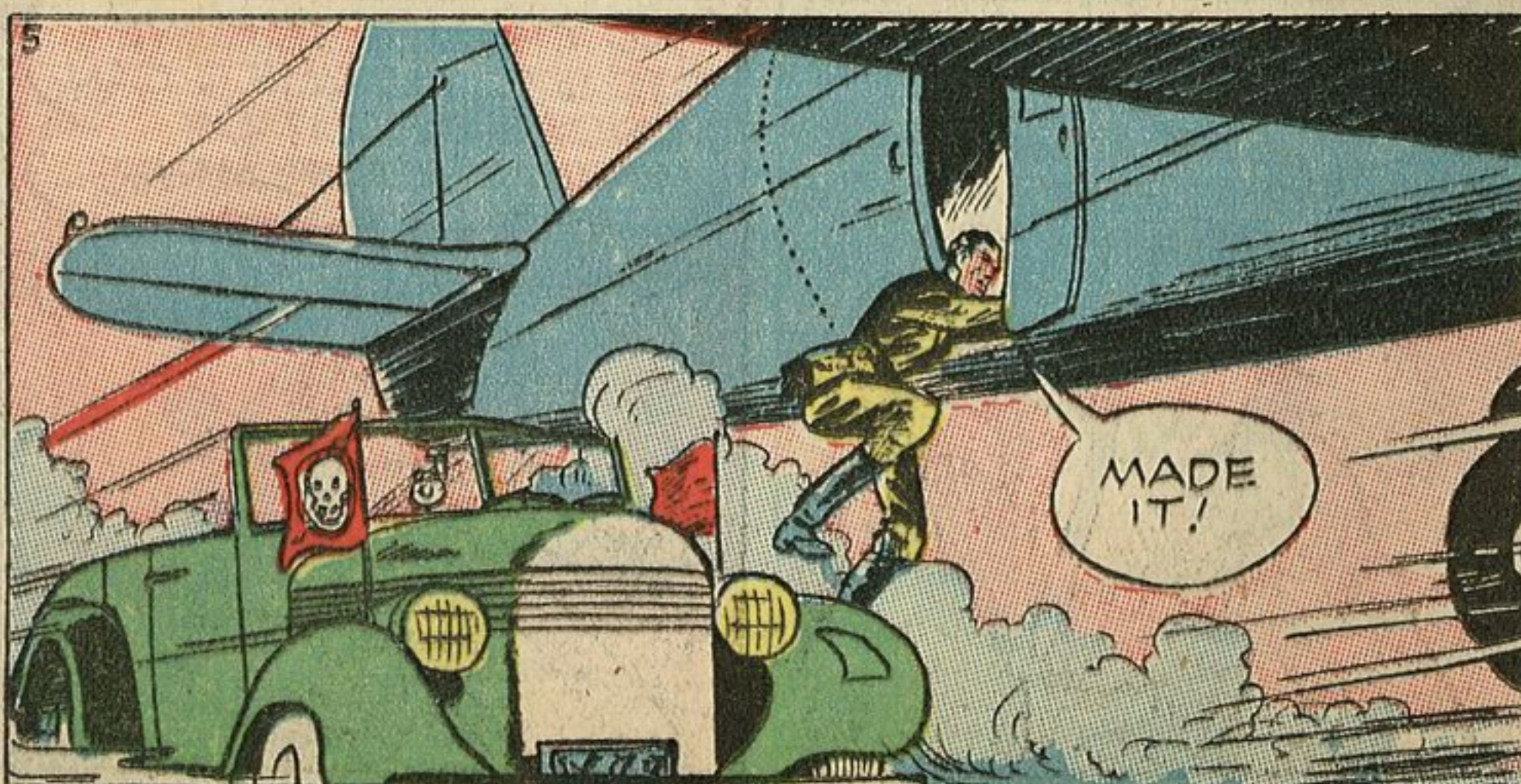
WINGS! HELP!



NO CHANCE TO SAVE THE GAL, NOW! IF I CAN ONLY GET OUT OF HERE MYSELF MAYBE...





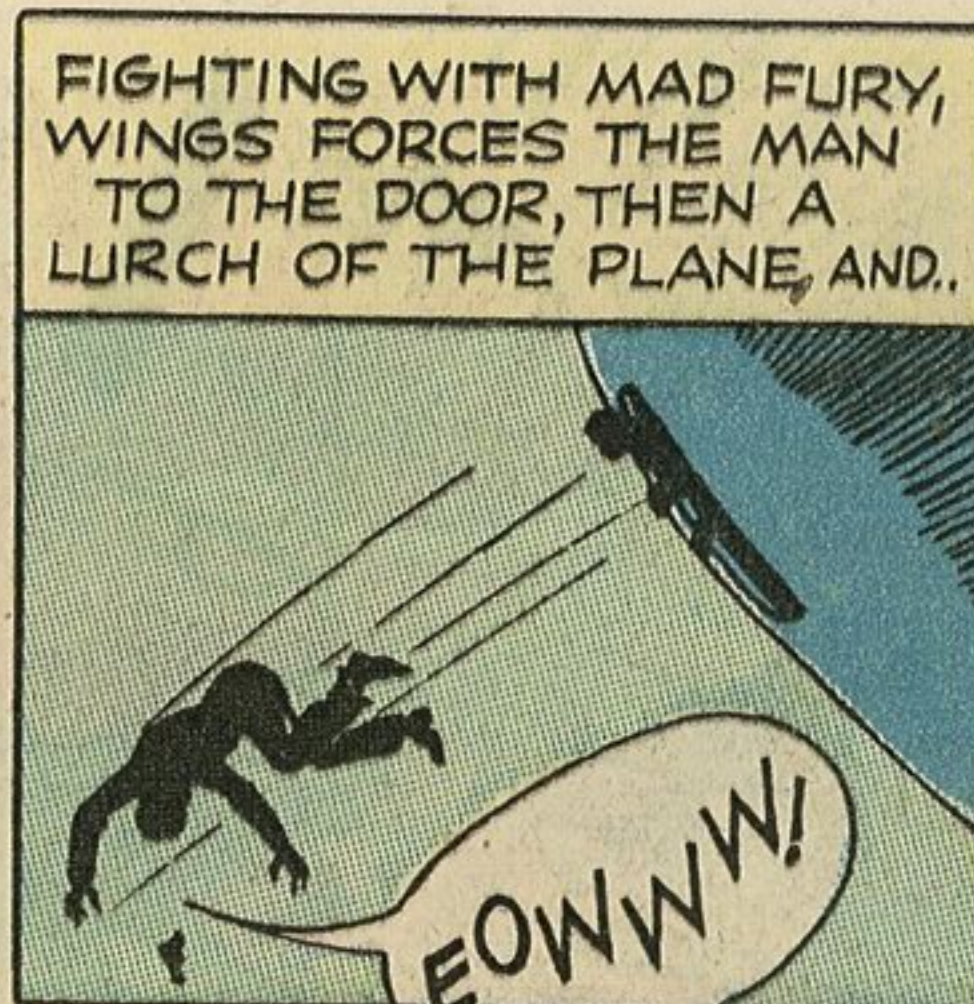






WENDALL GRAPPLES WITH THE AIRMAN WHO FACES HIM...

BANG!



FIGHTING WITH MAD FURY, WINGS FORCES THE MAN TO THE DOOR, THEN A LURCH OF THE PLANE, AND..

EOWWW!



NOW TO TAKE OVER THIS SHIP!



SET THE AUTOMATIC CONTROLS, PILOT! THEN YOU AND YOUR CO-PILOT JUMP!



THE FLIERS BAIL OUT, LEAVING WINGS ALONE IN THE PLANE...



WHEW! IF THEY EVER KNEW THAT GUN OF MINE WAS EMPTY!



STRANGE INSTRUMENTS FOR AN AIRPLANE..WAIT A MINUTE! THIS IS THE RADIO-CONTROL PANEL WHICH DIRECTS THE FIRE OF THE SUPER LAND GUNS!



RIPPING OFF HIS DISGUISE, WINGS AGAIN REVEALS HIS UNITED STATES ARMY UNIFORM...

NOW TO GET BACK TO THOSE CONTROLS!



I'LL FIRE THE SUPER GUNS..BUT THIS TIME I'M SURE THEY WON'T BE AIMED AT AMERICANS!



FLYING OVER THE GUN POSITIONS, WINGS FIRES THE PROJECTILES..

NUMBER ONE..NUMBER TWO..NUMBER THREE..NUMBER...WHAT TH'?? IT'S THE GIRL!



FIRE UP THERE! FIRE NUMBER FOUR, YOU FOOL!

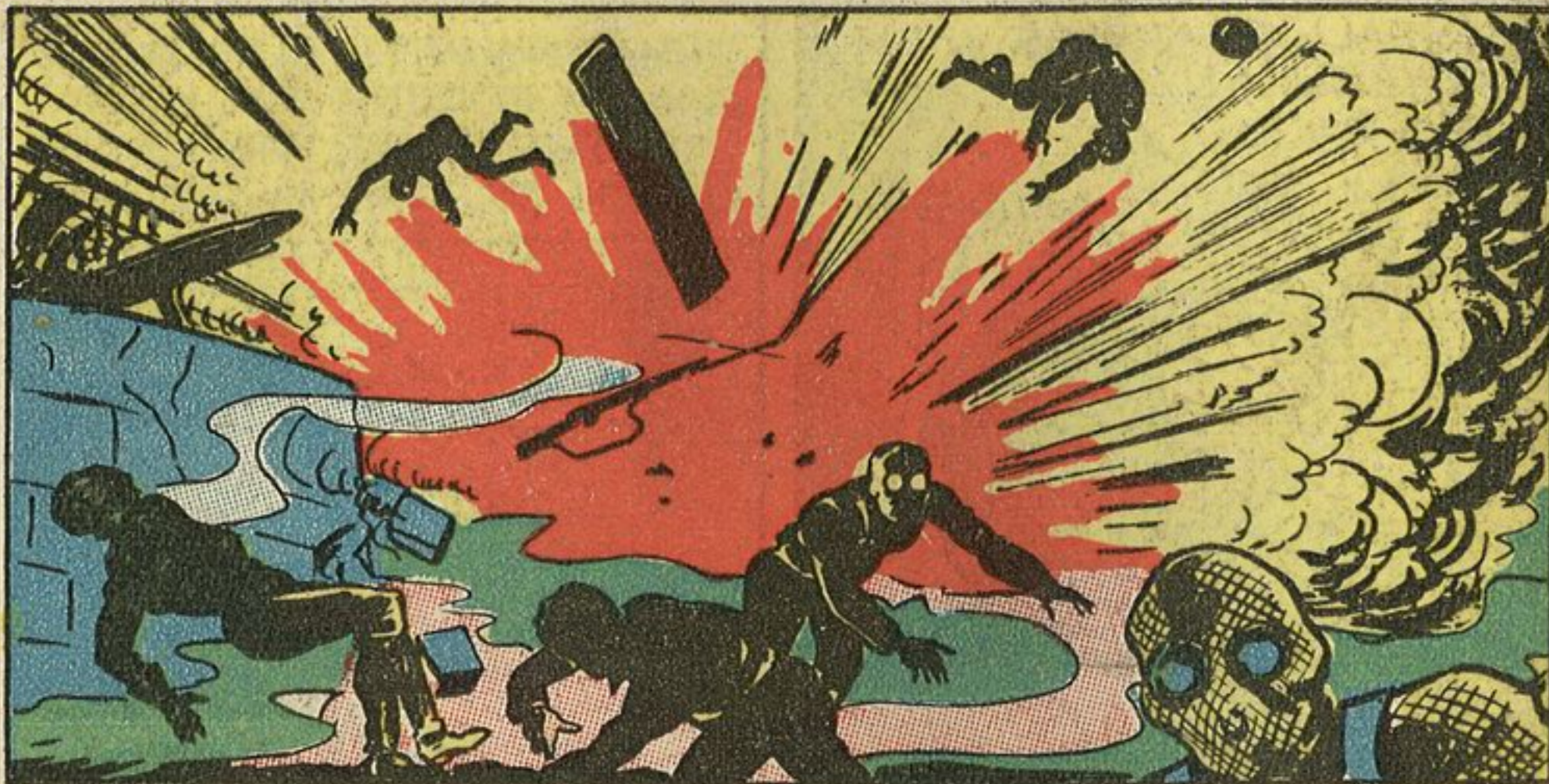
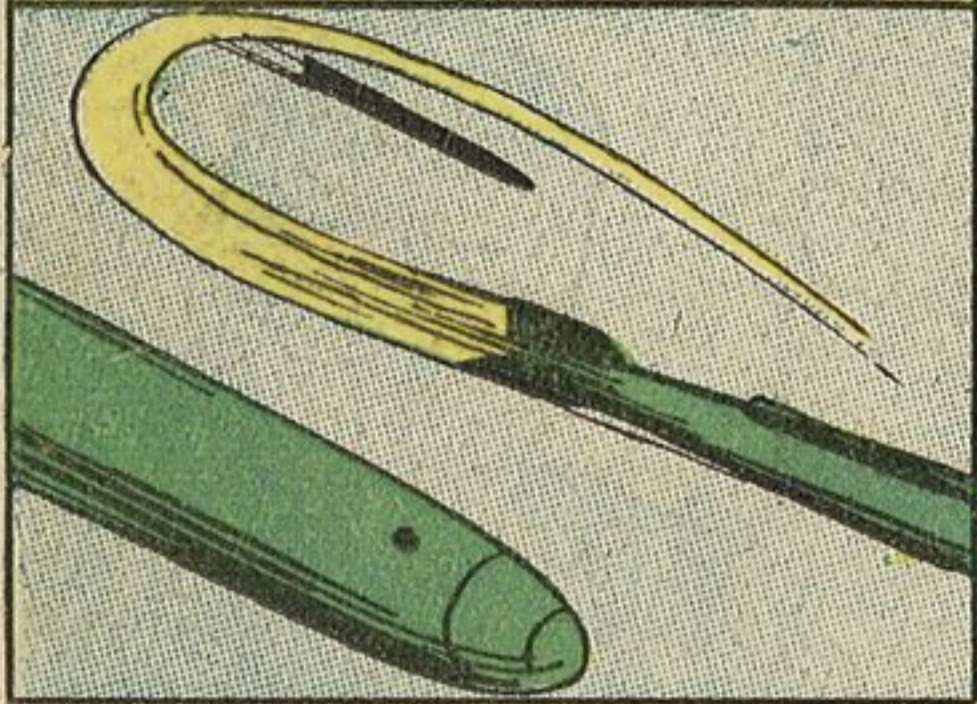
OH H H... NO-NO!



LUCKY I DIDN'T TOUCH OFF NUMBER FOUR! NOW FOR THE DIRECTION CONTROLS OF THOSE FIRST THREE...



AND WINGS DIRECTS THE  
SUPER ROCKETS BACK AT  
THEIR OWNERS' HEAD-  
QUARTERS!



WHILE BACK AT THE  
AMERICAN FIELD BASE...

THOSE ROCKETS ARE  
DESTROYING THE ENEMY  
HEADQUARTERS..WE'LL  
ATTACK AT ONCE!



THE UNITED STATES ARMY  
ADVANCES!

.. AND ZERGOFF SEES HIS  
DREAMS OF EMPIRE CRUSHED.

THE AMERICANS ADVANCE!  
WE ARE BEATEN, HARDT!

NO-NO! THERE IS  
STILL NUMBER  
FOUR ROCKET.. I  
CAN FIRE IT FROM  
THE GROUND!

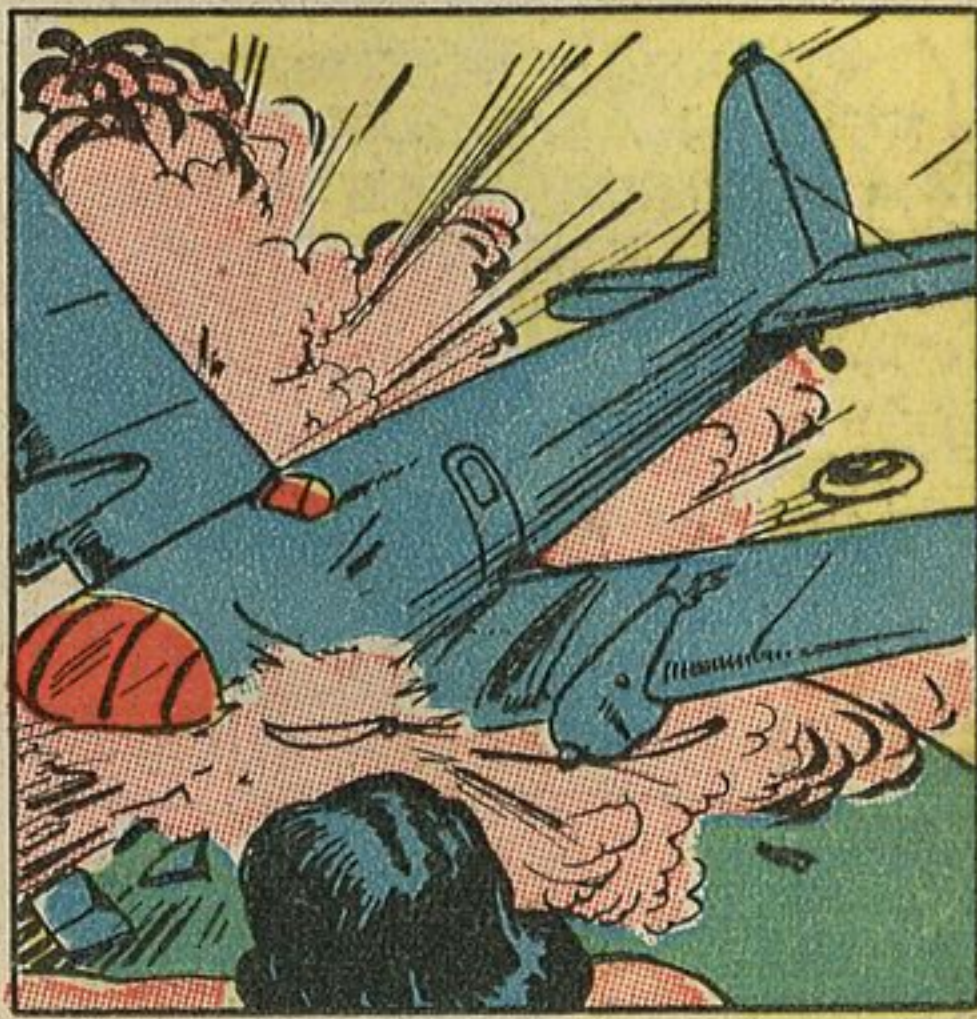


ONE SMASHING BLOW  
WILL CRUSH THE  
AMERICANS! AND YOU'LL  
DIE AS I PROMISED!



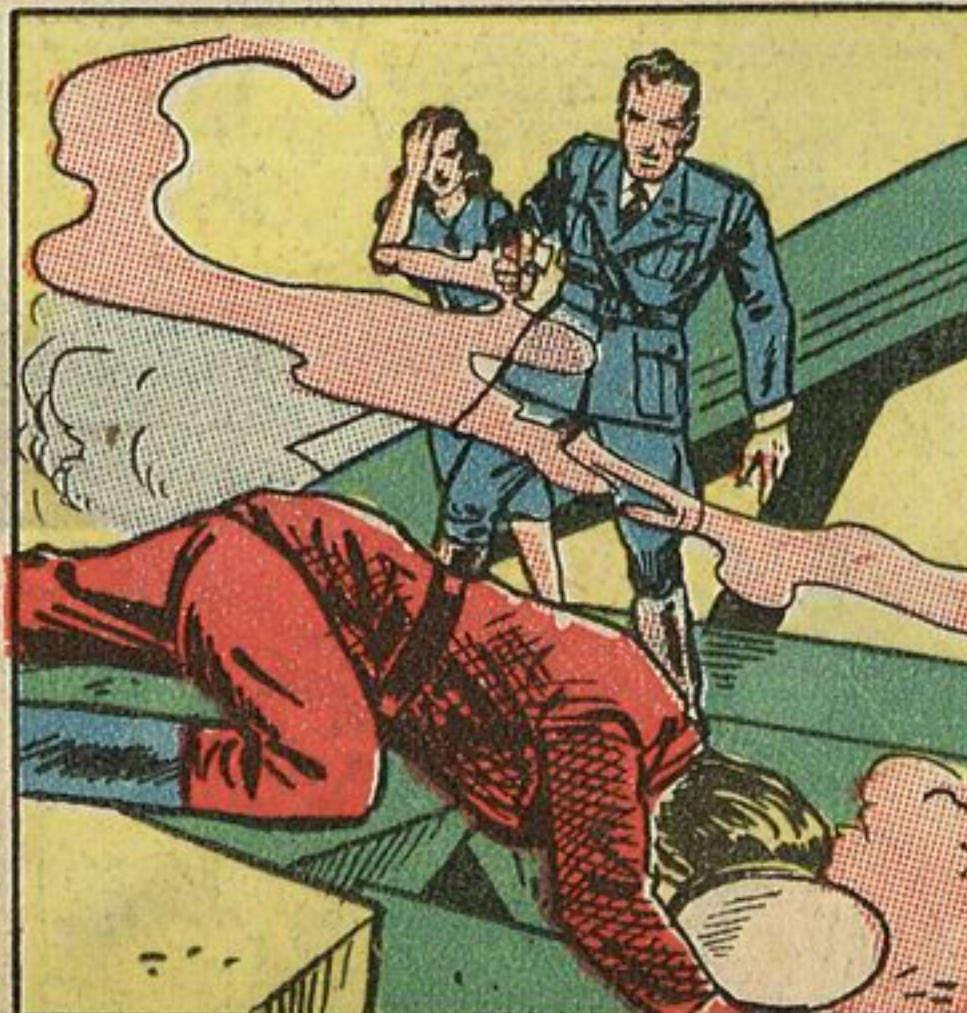
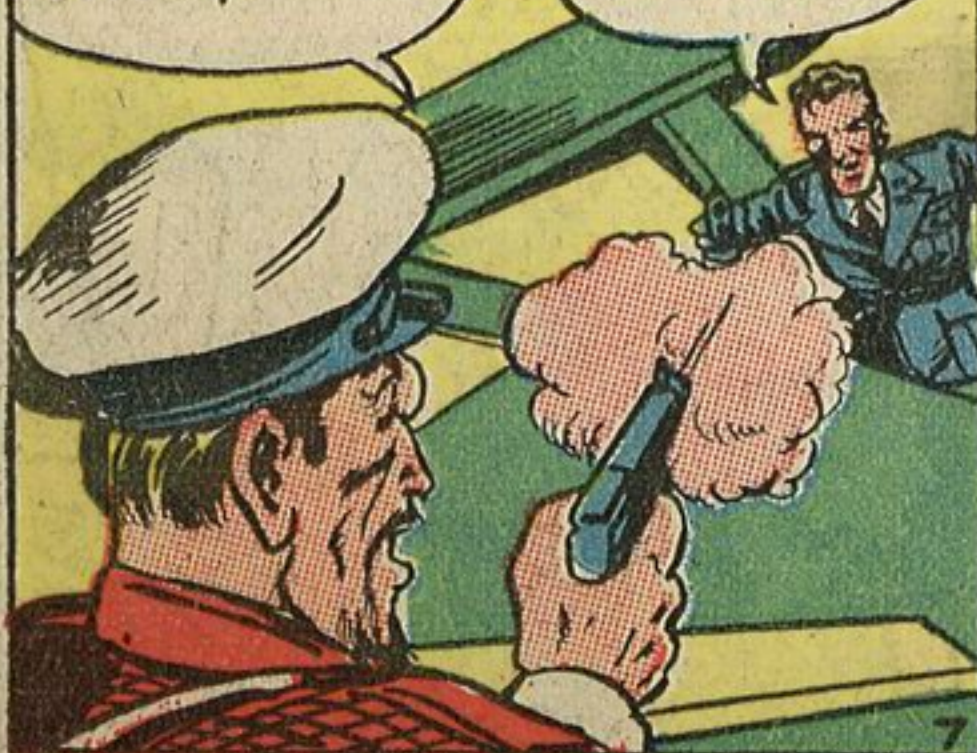
.. BUT HIGH ABOVE THE  
SUPER GUN...

I'VE JUST ONE THING  
TO DO YET...HERE GOES!



HA! IF CRACK-  
UPS DON'T  
KILL YOU, I  
WILL, SPY!

NOT IF I  
SHOOT  
FIRST,  
HARDT!



WELL,  
WE'VE  
ROUTED  
THE  
INVADERS,  
WENDALL!

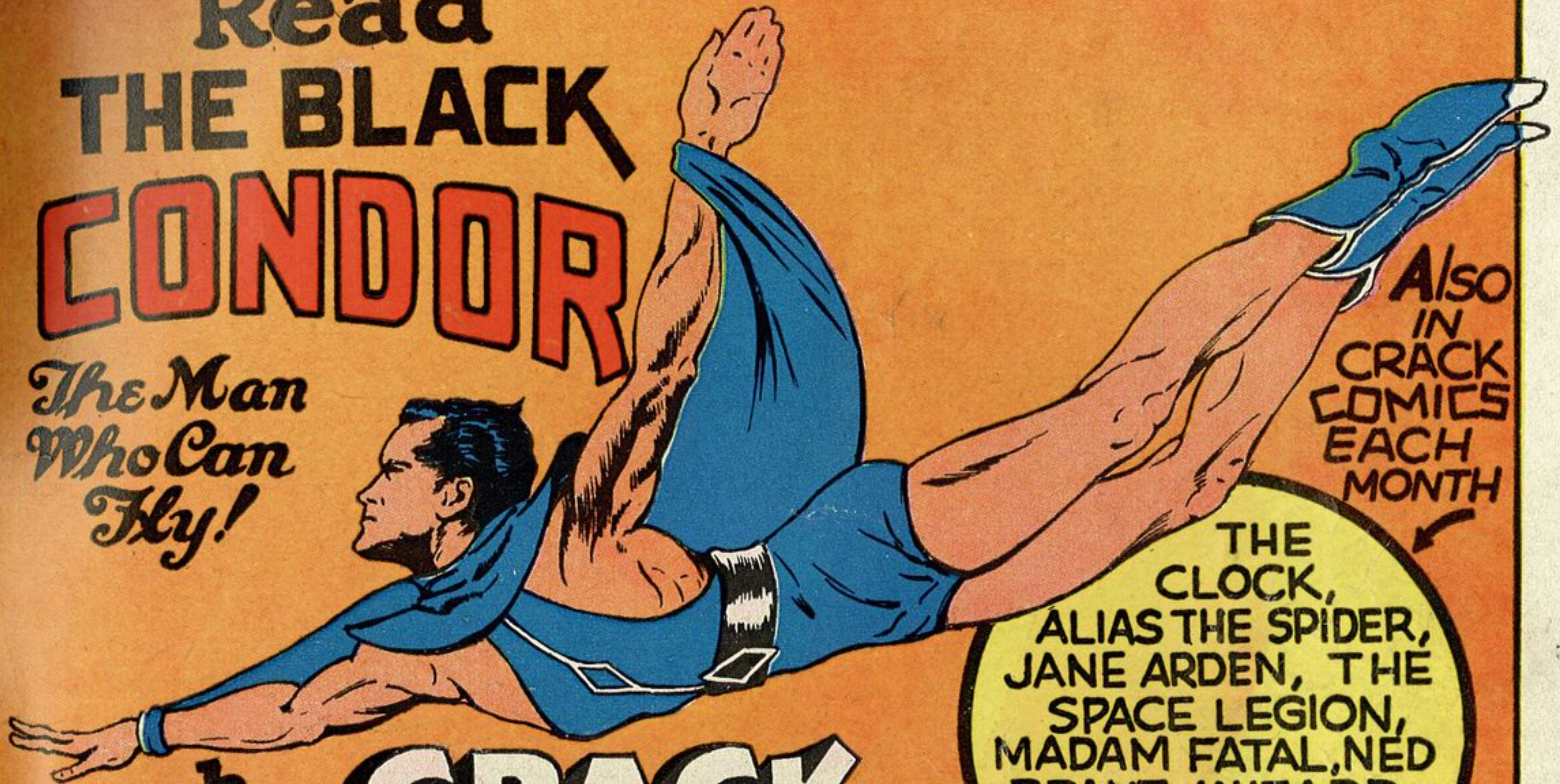
FINE! I MUST  
DASH BACK TO  
WASHINGTON  
AND SEE WHAT  
THRILL THEY  
CAN COOK UP  
FOR ME NOW!





# Read THE BLACK CONDOR

*The Man  
Who Can  
Fly!*



Also  
IN  
CRACK  
COMICS  
EACH  
MONTH

Each  
Month  
in **CRACK**  
COMICS

THE  
CLOCK,  
ALIAS THE SPIDER,  
JANE ARDEN, THE  
SPACE LEGION,  
MADAM FATAL, NED  
BRANT, WIZARD  
WELLS ~ AND  
MANY  
OTHERS

WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,  
WAS JUST A LAD,  
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.  
THERE WERE NO MAKES,  
WITH COASTER BRAKES  
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,  
WAS VERY LIKE,  
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,  
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,  
FANCY-VESTED,  
GENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



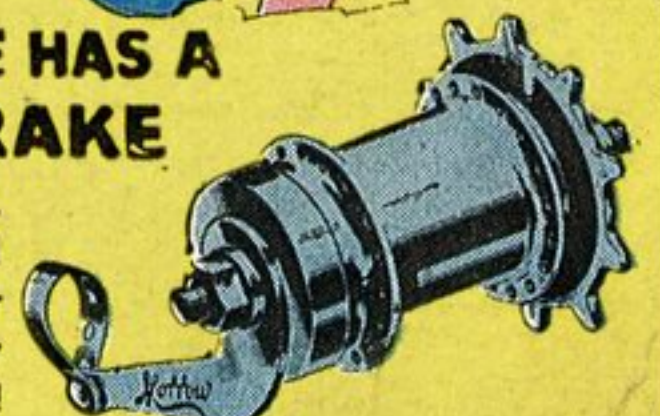
ITS MORROW BRAKE,  
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,  
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING.  
TO SPEED, AND STOP,  
AND CLIMB THE TOP,  
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,  
OR UNK OR MA,  
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING-  
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,  
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,  
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!

**BE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A  
MORROW COASTER BRAKE**

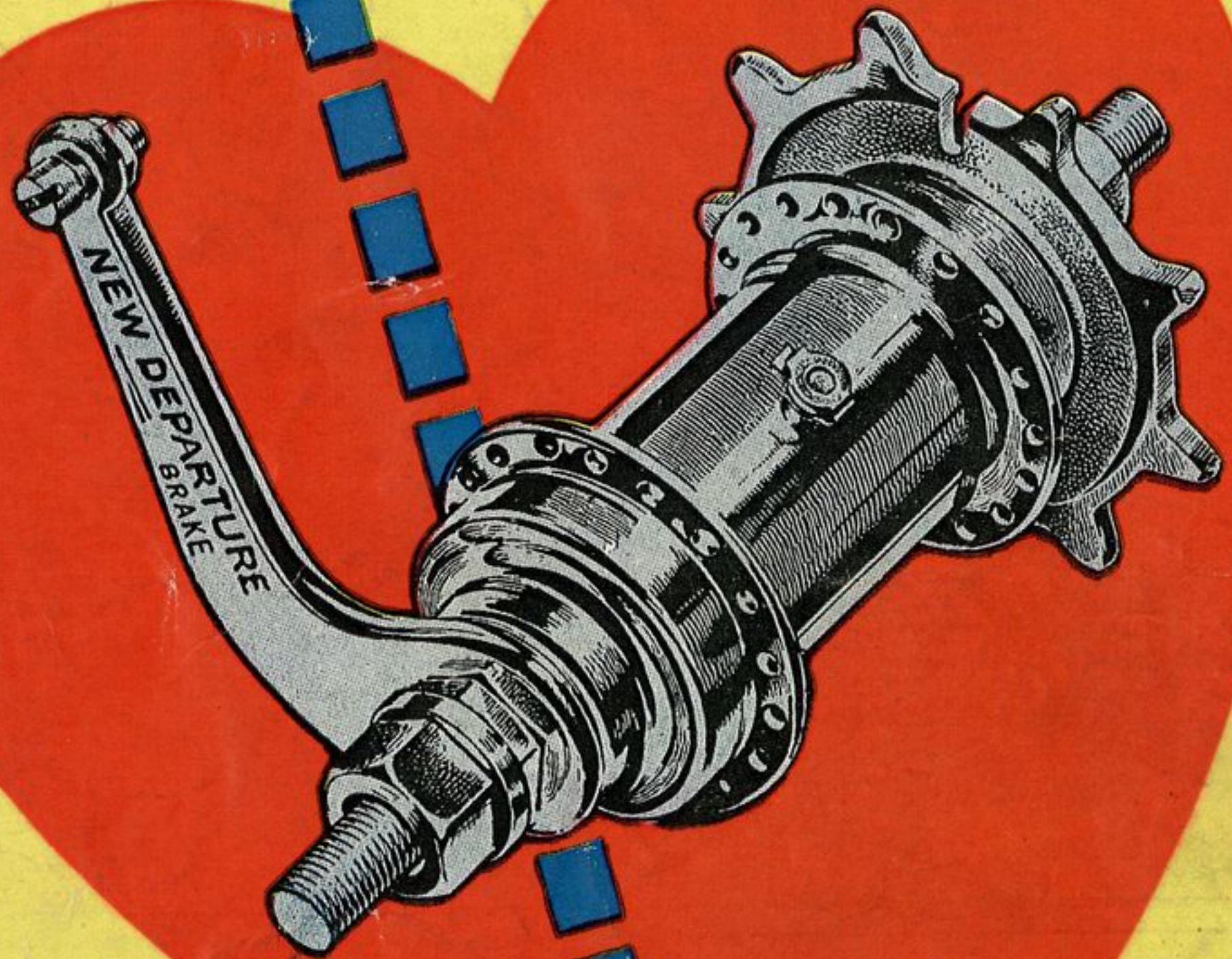
Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping,  
easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball  
bearings (31) than any other brake. Your  
bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow  
Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of Bendix Aviation Corporation, Elmira, N. Y.



# THE HEART OF THE BICYCLE



## NEW DEPARTURE

### *Coaster Brake in the Rear Hub*

This better brake is certain in its braking action always — hot or cold, wet or dry. Lightest weight — greatest braking power — gives smoother, quicker stops. Be sure your bicycle has a genuine NEW DEPARTURE Coaster Brake in the rear hub. The genuine costs no more!



LOOK ON THE HUBS OF YOUR BICYCLE FOR THE NAME **NEW DEPARTURE**, MOST FAMOUS NAME IN BICYCLING